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DE LAMARTINE S

VISIT TO

# THE HOLY LAND

Recollections of the Bast,

ACCOMPANIED WITH

INTERESTING DESCRIPTIONS AND ENGRAVINGS OF THE
PRINCIPAL SCENES

OUR SAVIOUR'S MINISTRY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE

FRENCH OF MONSIEUR ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE, Author of the French Academy,

BT

THOMAS PHIPSON, ESQ.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. 1.

LONDON: GEORGE VIRTUE

1845

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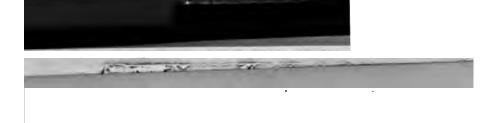
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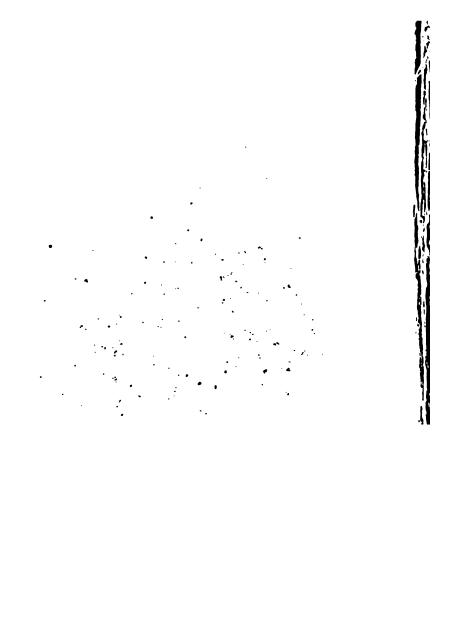
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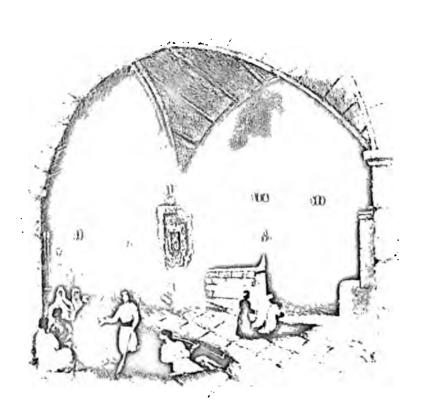


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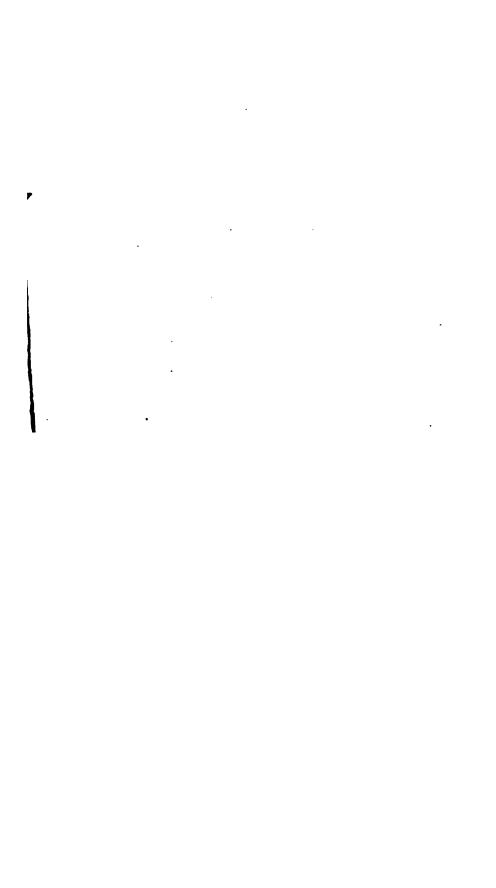


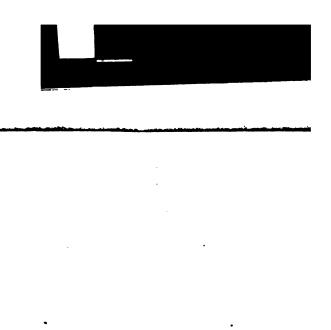


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images, and reflections which the earth and its inhabitants communicate when interrogated; when he has matured his mind and drawn his conclusions, he then speaks in his turn, and gives to his generation his thoughts, good or bad, right or wrong, either under the form of a philosophical treatise or of a poem. He then gives forth his opinion, that opinion which every thinking man is called upon to give. That moment will, perhaps, one day come for me, as yet it has not arrived.

As to travels, that is, a complete and faithful description of the countries passed over, of the events which happened personally to the traveller, of the combined effect of the impressions, which places, men and manners have made, of this I thought even still less. As far as the East is concerned, this has been already performed in England, and is at the present period in progress in France, with learning, talent, and success which I have not flattered myself I can surpass. M. de Laborde both writes with all the talent that characterized the traveller in Spain, and draws with the pencil of most distinguished artists. M. Fontanier, the consul at Trebisond, is continually giving us just and lively delineations of the most unexplored parts of the Turkish empire. And all that historical, moral, and picturesque curiosity can desire to know respecting the East, is amply satisfied by the " Eastern Correspondence" of M. Michaud of the French Academy, and his brilliant young coadujutor, M. Poujoulat. chaud, who is an experienced author, a perfect gentleman, and a classical historian, enriches the description of the places he passes over, with recollections of the crusades which still live in his imagination. He compares the scenes with the history, and the history with the scenes; his matured and analytical mind pierces both through past ages, and through the habits of the people whom he visits, and diffuses the relish of his pointed and graceful wisdom over the manners, customs, and arts of the nations he passes through. He resembles a sage, venerable in learning and in years, conducting a young man by the hand, and showing him with a smile, scenes both





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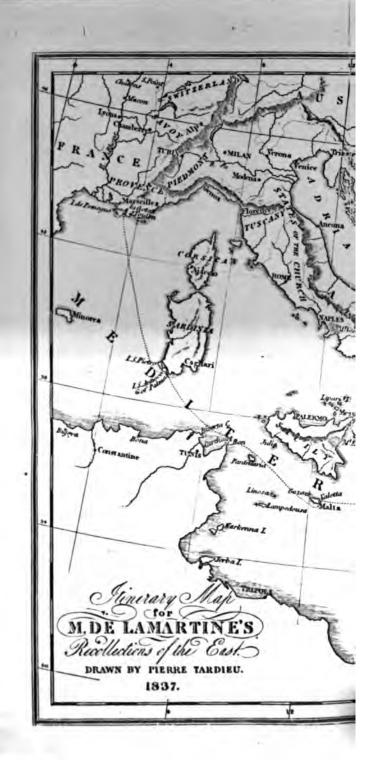
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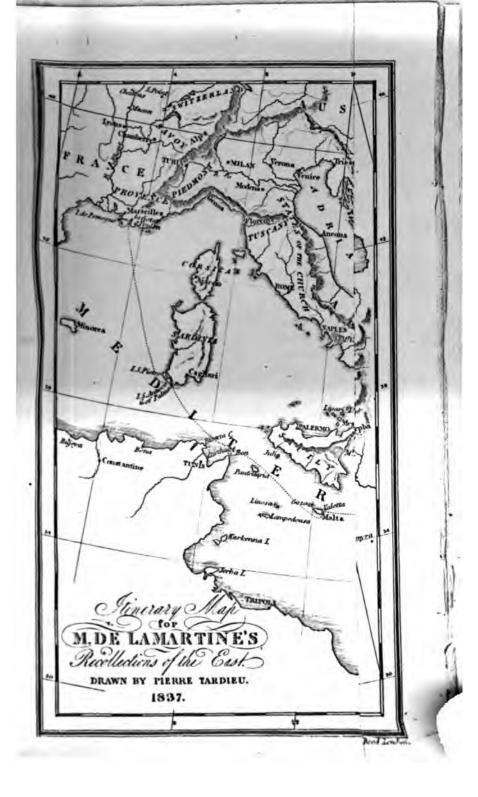
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# RECOLLECTIONS OF THE EAST.

### MARSEILLES, May 20, 1832.

WHEN my maternal grandmother was on her death-bed, my mother received from her a beautiful Royaumont Bible, in which she taught me to read in my early infancy. Bible had engravings of sacred subjects opposite every page. There were Sarah, Tobias and his angel, Joseph and Samuel. There were especially, those beautiful patriarchal scenes, where the solemn and primitive scenery of the East was mingled with all the transactions of the simple and wonderful lives of the earliest men. When I had said my lesson well, and read almost without fault the half page of sacred history, my mother uncovered the engraving, and holding the book open on her lap, used to show it, and explain it to me by way of reward. She was endowed by nature with a pious and affectionate mind, and a most vivid and sensible imagination; all her thoughts were reflections, and all those reflections were pictures. Her mildly beautiful and noble countenance displayed through her cheerful features the warmth of her affections, and the vivacity of her fancy; and

This version of the scriptures was translated into French from the Latin, by Louis Isaac, le Maistre de Sacy, otherwise called le Sieur Royanmont. It was published at Paris in 1789-1804, in 12 vols. 4to. embellished with three hundred engravings, after drawings by Marillier and Monsiau; the scenery and figures of which are exquisite in design and execution.—Transl.

### RECOLLECTIONS OF THE EAST.

the deeply affectionate sound of the silver tones of her impassioned voice, added to all she said a forcible and lovely charm, which now re-echoes in my ear after six sad years of silence. The sight of these engravings, and the poetical explanatory observations of my mother, produced in me very early a biblical taste and inclination, and the transition was easy, from a delight in the facts themselves, to a desire of seeing the localities in which they took place.

Thus at the age of eight years, a desire was kindled within me to go to visit those mountains on which the Deity descended; those deserts where the angels came to show to Hagar the hidden spring which would re-animate her poor child, then banished from home, and expiring with thirst; those rivers which flowed out of the terrestrial paradise, and that heaven where Jacob beheld the angels ascending and descending on the ladder. This desire was never extinguished; I have mused ever since on a journey in the East as a great object of my internal life.

I was continually constructing in my thoughts a vast religious epic, of which those beauteous places should be the principal scenes, and it appeared to me also that spiritual doubts and religious perplexities would there find a satisfactory solution. Thence was I to draw the descriptions for my poem; for a grand poem was always the very soul of my intellect, as love was always that of my heart. Should I ever be thought worthy of a tombstone, "God, Love, Poetry" are the three only words I should wish to be engraved on it.

This was the source of the ideas which now impel me to the shores of Asia. This is the reason why I am now at Marseilles, taking so much pains to quit a country that I love, in which are my friends, and where some fraternal thoughts will follow me with tears.

# Marseilles, May 22.

I have freighted a vessel of 250 tons, and with a crew of sixteen men. The captain is an excellent man; I am much pleased with his countenance. His voice has that firm and

sincere accent which marks unshaken probity and a clear conscience. Gravity is marked in his features, and his eye has that upright, free, and lively expression, which is a sure sign of prompt, energetic, and intelligent resolution. He has, moreover, a mild disposition, polished manners, and a good education. I have examined him with the care which should always be exercised in the choice of a mau, to whom is confided not only fortune and life, but also the lives of a wife and an only child, three lives which are thus concentrated in one. May God preserve us, and bring us back in safety!

The name of the vessel is the Alceste, that of the captain, M. Blanc of la Ciotat. The owner is one of the worthiest merchants in Marseilles, M. Bruno Rostand. He loads us with kindness and favours. He has himself resided for some time in the Levant. Intelligent, and capable of undertaking the highest employments, his integrity and talents have acquired for him, in his native town, a reputation equal to his fortune. He enjoys it without ostentation, and being surrounded by a lovely family, his only occupation is to spread among his children the lessons of loyalty and virtue. What a country would that be where such families were found in every class of society. And how beautiful an institution is that of the family; which protects, preserves, and perpetuates the same long cherished sanctity of morals and nobility of sentiment, whether it be in the cottage, the shop, or the mansion.

May 25,

Marseilles entertains us as handsomely as if we were the progeny of her beautiful skies; it is a place full of generous feeling and poetic taste; its inhabitants treat poets as their brethren, they are poets themselves; and I have found in the ordinary intercourse of society, among the academicians, and amid the youth who are just entering into life, a number of talented minds, formed not merely for the honour of their native province, but also for that of the whole of France. The north and south of France appear to me to be in this

respect, very much superior to the central provinces. Imagination languishes in the too temperate climates of the middle regions. Poetry is either the daughter of the solar heat, or of perpetual cold. We have either a Homer or an Ossian, a Tasso or a Milton.

May 28.

I shall carry away in my heart a perpetual remembrance of the kindness of the inhabitants of Marseilles. They seem to wish to augment the anguish which presses on the heart when we are about to quit our native country, without knowing whether we shall ever see it again. I would wish also to carry with me the names of those who have treated me with more peculiar kindness, and the remembrance of whom will always remain with me as the last, sweet recollection of my native soil. M. J. Freyssinet, M. de Montgrand, MM. de Villeneuve, M. Vangaver, M. Autran, M. Dufeu, M. Jauffret, &c. &c.; all eminently distinguished by genius and intellect; philosophers, statesmen, authors, or poets. Oh, may I see them again, and pay them at my return those obligations of gratitude and friendship which it is so pleasant to owe, so delightful to discharge!

These are some verses which I composed this morning while passing over the sea, between the islands of Pomegua and the coast of Provence. They are an adieu to Marseilles, which I quit with a feeling of filial love. Among the stanzas there are some which look farther forward, and which make a deeper impression on my heart.

### ADIEU.

#### A TRIBUTE TO THE ACADEMY OF MARSEILLES.

I trust to the boisterous sea, The objects most dear to my heart; My child and her mother with me, 'Mid doubts and through dangers depart.' Yet 'tis not through thirsting for gold,
'Tis not through vain longing for fame,
Nor exiled, like Dante of old,
By faction's tyrannical flame.

Oh no! I abandon with tears, My dwelling embosom'd in trees, My father advancing in years, My servants all anxious to please

My sisters so tender and kind, The friends of my heart and my choice; The scenes which have nurtured my mind, Whose rocks have re-echo'd my voice.

Now, there, in that peaceful retreat, They tremblingly start at the wind; They seek the last prints of my feet, While I leave them all far behind.

My soul with the wings of a dove, Will eastward incessantly roam; Though plenty, contentment, and love, Have furnish'd a warm nest at home.

I've every comfort and good,
That nature can ever demand—
But never in Egypt have stood,
That ancient and wonderful land.

The seas, and the skies, and the meads, I never have hitherto seen;
That witness'd the holiest deeds,
Which e'er on our planet have been.

Nor travell'd with camels so dull, Those ships of the oceans of sand, To Bethel, or Hehron's old well, Or pass'd over Job's native land.

Nor Lebanon's shade ever felt, Nor Tyre seen smitten by God; 'Mid Palmyra's ruins ne'er dwelt, Nor Memnon's vast empire e'er trod. And never as yet have I heard The sighing of Jordan's loud waves; My soul has ne'er felt herself stirr'd, In depths of prophetical caves.

Nor trod o'er those sanctified grounds, Where Jesus has suffer'd and wept; Nor yet in Gethsemane's bounds, Devotional vigils e'er kept.

My lips have ne'er press'd with delight The soil where my Saviour last trod, Nor kiss'd in the watches of night 'The tomb of the great Son of God.

My heart never felt itself move
In viewing the spot where he died,
Where agony damp'd not his love,
Where blood freely flow'd from his side.

Tis therefore I hazard my days, Though ignorance laugh and deride, She knows not how blest are my ways, When trav'lling with God for my guide.

Adieu, then, my sisters and sire, My house built beneath the huge tree, My dog couch'd alone by the fire, My horses now bounding and free.

And thou, O my country, more tost By tempests, than I and my bark, Thy shores in the distance are lost, And fade from my sight in the dark.

The fates of the world thou must guard, Yet thick clouds hang over thine own, May God in his mercy regard Thy freedom, religion, and throne.

Marseilles! thou sweet portress of France, Who welcom'st her guests from the main, With grief on my way I advance, With joy may I see thee again!

June 13.

We have been to see our vessel, destined to be our habitation for so many months. It is divided into little cabins, in each of which there is room for a hammock and a chest. The captain has had some small windows cut out, which will give a little light and air to the cabins, and may be opened when the waves do not run too high, or the brig does not lean too much to the leeward. The chief cabin is appropriated to Madame de Lamartine and Julia. The waiting women will sleep in the captain's small cabin, which he has cheerfully given up to our use.

As the weather is fine, we shall take our meals on deck, under an awning spread at the foot of the main-mast. The handsomest ornament of the chief cabin is a library of five hundred volumes, all choice books, of history, poetry, and travels. Stands of arms are placed in the corners, and I have bought an additional private collection of muskets, pistols, and swords to arm ourselves and our people. The seas of the Archipelago are infested by Greek pirates, and we are determined to fight it out to the last, and never permit them to board us but by the loss of our lives. I have two lives to defend, much dearer to me than my own. There are four guns on the deck, and the crew, who are well aware of the fate reserved by the Greeks for the wretched sailors who fall into their hands, are determined to die rather than surrender.

June 17.

I am taking with me three friends. The first is Amedée de Parseval, a man such as Providence attaches to our path when he foresees we shall stand in need of a support which will not fail us in the time of misfortune and danger. We have been united from our earliest youth by an affection which has never been found wanting at any one period of our lives. My mother and myself loved him as a son and a brother, and whenever any evil had befallen me, he was always sure to be present to take in it the principal share; the

whole of it, had it been possible. He has a heart that finds joy or sorrow only in the interests of others. When I was at Paris about fifteen years ago, solitary, ill, ruined, despairing, and dying, he watched through whole nights in my chamber of affliction. When I have lost some fondly loved being, he has always arrived with alleviating sympathy. At the death of my mother, he reached me as quickly as the mournful intelligence, and conducted me two hundred leagues to the tomb, where I sought in vain for that last farewell which she had indeed addressed to me, but which I had never heard. Since then—but my woes are not yet over, and I shall prove the depth of his friendship whenever there is despair to be stifled in my heart, and shall ever find his tears ready to be mingled with mine.

Two worthy, clever, well educated, and first-rate men, have also arrived to accompany us in our pilgrimage. One is M. de Capmas, a sub-prefect deprived of his situation by the revolution of July, and who preferred the chances of a painful and precarious future to the preservation of his place. An oath would have been repugnant to his feelings of loyalty, and at the same time would have appeared mercenary. He is one of those men who count all as nothing when compared with a point of honour, and with whom political sympathies have all the warmth and purity of established principle.

Our other companion is M. de la Royëre, a physician of Hondschoote. I became acquainted with him at my sister's house during the time I was thinking of my departure. The purity of his mind, the simple originality of his genius, the elevation of his political and religious sentiments, attracted my attention. I wished to take him with me rather as an interesting mental associate, than in his professional capacity. I am since very glad that I did so; I set more value on his character and genius than on his talents, though even these last are very respectable. Our conversation turns oftener on politics than on medicine. His views and ideas on the present and future state of France are enlarged, and unwarped by personal attachments or aversions. He knows that Pro-

vidence has no respect to persons; and, like myself, he sees in civil politics, principles and not men. His thoughts go to the bottom of a subject, without heeding what or where they may pass, and his mind contains neither prejudice nor prepossession, not even in favour of his own religious tenets, his attachment to which is yet sincere and fervent.

Six servants, most of them either born in my paternal mansion, or for a long period its inmates, complete our party. All of them expect to travel for themselves, and brave cheerfully the fatigues and dangers which I have not attempted to conceal from them.

At anchor in the road before the little bay of Montredon, July 10, 1832.

I am now started, and the waves have our destinies in their power. I am now only connected with my native soil by the thoughts of the fondly cherished beings I have there left behind me, more especially of my father and my sisters.

To explain to myself how it is that now, being already past my youth, and at a time of life when man quits the ideal world to enter into that of material pursuits, I have abandoned my elegant and peaceful life at Saint Point, and all the innocent delights of a home made lovely by my wife, and ornamented by my child; to explain, I say, to myself, why I wander on the vast ocean towards unknown shores, and an uncertain future, I am obliged to trace up all my reflections to their source, and to search in them for the cause of my tastes and inclinations for travel. It is because the imagination has also its wants and affections. I was borr a poet; that is, understanding more or less of that beauteous language in which God speaks to all men, but more clearly to some than to others, through the medium of his works. While yet young, I had understood this voice o nature, this language formed of images, and not of sounds in the mountains, forests, lakes, precipices and torrents of m own country, and of the Alps; I had even transcribed int VOL. 1.

written language such of those accents as had most powerfully affected me, and which then in their turn caused similar emotions in others. But those accents no longer sufficed me; I had exhausted the few divine words which our European countries offer to our notice, and I thirsted to listen to others on more brilliantly eloquent shores. My imagination became enamoured of the Eastern seas, deserts, mountains, manners, and footsteps of the Deity. Throughout my life, the East had been my dream in the dark and foggy days of autumn and winter in my native valley. My body, like my mind, is the child of the sun, it needs the influence of those life-giving rays of heat and light, which that luminary darts, not between the broken edges of our western clouds, but from the clear depth of that purple heaven whose concave resembles the roof of a heated furnace; those rays, which are not merely cool pencils of light, but which descend intensely hot, scorching the bleached rocks and the sparkling peaks of the mountains, and tinging the ocean with billows of fire. I wished to press in my hand some of the earth that formed the first home of our race, the land of miracles; to go through and see those scenes where the gospel was enacted.that great drama which exhibited divine wisdom in conflict with human perversity and error, and where the martyrs of moral truth watered with their blood the soil which afterwards produced the perfection of civilization. And moreover I was. and almost always had been, a christian in heart and imagination, through the continual care of my excellent mother. I had sometimes indeed failed to be so in the worse and more wicked days of my early youth, but more lately, affliction and love, that perfect love which purifies all that it inflames. have alike tended to impel me to that first asylum of my thoughts, to those inward consolations which are sought for from memory and hope, when the feelings are paralyzed, and all the desolation of life appears to our view, after extinguished affection, or death has left us nothing in the world to love. These christian sentiments had become sweetly habitual to my thoughts; I often asked myself-

Where is perfect, evident, incontrovertible truth? If it be any where, it is in the heart, in that evidence which is fell. and against which no reasoning can prevail. But spiritual truth is by no means complete, it dwells with God, and not amongst us; our vision is too contracted to take in one of its Every truth, as it regards us, is merely relative; what is most useful will therefore prove to be most correct; that doctrine which teaches the greatest number of divine virtues will also contain the greatest number of divine truths, for that which is the good is also the true. Here is all my religious reasoning, my philosophy can go no higher, it saves me from all doubt, and from interminable reasonings of the mind with itself; leaving me that heartfelt religion, which combines itself so admirably with the various sentiments of the spiritual life, and which, while it resolves nothing, gives perfect satisfaction.

## July 10, 7 o'clock, P. M.

I have been saying to myself—This pilgrimage, if not exactly that of a christian, still that of a man and of a poet, would have so pleased my poor mother. Her mind was so ardent and imaginative, and took with such rapidity and precision the impressions of places and things. How her soul would have felt itself elevated in sight of the holy but deserted theatre of the grand exhibition of the gospel, that perfect drama where human nature, and the divinity hid in humanity, each enacted their part; the one the crucifier, the other the crucified! This journey of the son of her love will cause her to smile, even in the celestial habitation where I now seem to see her; she will watch over us, she will place herself like a second providence between us and the tempests, the simoom, and the Arab of the desert. She will protect from every danger her son, her adopted daughter, and her grandchild, whom, as the visible angel of our destiny, we take with us wherever we go. She was so fond of her! her looks rested with so ineffable a tenderness, so deep a pleasure, on the lovely countenance of that child, the last and most beautiful

hope of her numerous family. And if there be, indeimprudence attendant on that enterprise which we have often thought over together, she will obtain its pardon fron high on account of the motives that prompt it, which love, poetry, and religion.

The same evening

Politics come to assail us even here. The immedi futurity of France promises well. A generation is grow up who will have, by the virtue of their times, a compl disengagement from our rancour and recrimination of fo years. Little will it matter to them to what old and invidic party denomination any one may have belonged. They v take no interest in our quarrels; they will have neither p judice nor revenge in their hearts. They will stand pure a strong at the commencement of a fresh career, with all enthusiasm that enkindles at a fresh subject; but we ha embarrassed our course with our aversions, passions, a ancient disputes. Let us give way to them. How shoul have rejoiced to enter under the same name, and to min my voice among theirs, in that hall which now only ech with continual repetitions, which will find no response the future, and, where they fight only against names. 1 hour will arrive when the beacon of reason and mor shall beam on our political tempests, when the new system society which the world begins to foresee and understa shall be arranged; the system of love and kindness amon men; the politics of the gospel. I cannot, for my own pa reproach myself with any selfishness in this respect; I wo have sacrificed to duty even this journey, the dream of imagination for sixteen years.

Oh may Heaven raise up for us better men; for our so conduct is enough to make angels weep, and to bring sha on all mankind. Destiny gives mankind one hour in century for the purpose of their regeneration; the hou that of a revolution, yet men spend it in destroying e other, and lose in their deeds of revenge the hour given

God for reformation and progress.



#### RECOLLECTIONS OF THE EAST.

# The same day, still at as

The revolution of July deeply affected me, for l family attachment to the ancient and venerable hous Bourbons; they had the affection and the blood of my my grandfather, and all my ancestors, and would he mine also had they so desired. Still it did not irrit for I was not surprised at it. I beheld it approachi afar, and nine months before it took place, I saw of the restoration-dynasty written in the names of its m They were devoted and faithful, but their ideas belo by-gone days; and while the spirit of the times was ing in one direction, they were travelling in anothe separation had already taken place in the feelir required but little time to bring it out into action. been often grieved for that family, which appear condemned to the blindness and destiny of Edipus. especially regretted the unnecessary separation of from the future: the one might so materially have the other. Liberty and the progress of society wo acquired all that vigour, which would arise from the tion by ancient royal lines, old families, and v virtues. It would have been both politic and plea to have divided France into two hostile camps, different states of feeling, but to have proceeded forw unanimity, some quickening, and others slackeni pace, so as not to be disunited on the road. All thi no more than a dream. It is to be regretted. must not be lost in useless retrospections. acting and advancing, it is the natural order of thi the law of God. I regret that what is called the party, which contains so much talent, influence, an determined to make a stop at the business of July. by no means necessarily engaged in that affair, which effect of combinations and intrigues in the palace. the great majority of the royalists had no part. It proper and honourable to sympathise in the misfo others, but not needlessly to share in a fault which is not our own. They should have left the faults of state-craft, and retrograde movements, with those to whom they belonged; have given the august victims of a fatal error their pity, tears, and honourable affection; they should not have discarded all distant but legitimate hopes, but yet should have returned into the ranks of their fellow-citizens; should have thought, spoken, acted, and fought in the cause of that great family of families—their country. But enough; we shall see France again in two years. May God protect it, and all the dear and excellent beings we have left within it.

### July 11, 1832, under sail.

We set sail this morning at half-past five. Some friends, whose affection was greater than the length of their intimacy, had arisen before dawn in order to accompany us a few miles on the sea, and to bear to a greater distance their parting adieu. Our brig glided over a sea, calm, clear and blue as water issuing from a spring in the shaded cavity of a rock: scarcely did the weight of the yards, those long arms of the vessel which were loaded with sails, make it incline slightly, first on one side, then on the other. M. Autran, a young man of Marseilles, recited some admirable verses, in which he committed to the winds and the waves his good wishes for We were much affected by our separation from our country, towards the shores of which our thoughts continually returned, and traversing over Provence, reached to my father. sisters, and friends; and by the parting scene, by the verses, by the sight of Marseilles growing more distant from, and smaller to our view, and of the boundless sea which was for a long time to be our only home.

O Marseilles! O France! thou meritest something better. This age, this country, and these youth are worthy of seeing a true poet, one of those who impress an era and a world on the harmonious memory of mankind. But for myself, I deeply feel that I am only one of those whose epoch is obscure and transitory, to whom no statue is ever erected,

and of whom only a few sighs have been echoed from echo being more poetical than the poet.

Still my desires link me to other times. I have often felt a superior nature within me, unbounded, infinite horizons, shining with original, philosophic, epic, and religious poetry, opened before me; but, alas, the punishment of a foolishly wasted youth! they were again soon closed. I felt them to be too vast for my physical powers, and closed my eyes lest I should be tempted to throw myself among them. Adieu, then, to these dreams of my genius, to this intellectual rapture! It is now too late. I shall perhaps sketch a few scenes, or breathe forth a few verses, and all will be over. I shall leave it to others, and I see with delight that others there will be. Nature never gave fairer promises of genius than at the present moment. What men will there be twenty years hence, if all attain the age of manhood!

Still, if God would listen to my request, this is what I would ask him—a poem after my heart and his own, a clear, living, animated, and glowing picture of his visible and invisible creation; this would be a beautiful legacy to leave to this world of darkness, doubt, and sorrow—a feast which would revigorate and renew it for ages. Oh! why can I not present it to the world, or, at any rate, bestow it on myself, though no one else should ever hear a single verse of it?

# The same day, after three hours at sea.

The east wind which opposes our progress, acquired greater violence. The sea ran high, with much surf, and the captain declared we must return to the coast, and anchor in a bay about two hours' sail from Marseilles. We are now there. We are pleasantly cradled on the waves, the sea "talks," as the sailors say; a murmuring is heard from the distance, like the confused hum of a great city. This threatening language of the sea, the first we have ever heard from it, sounds solemnly to the ears and hearts of those whose communications with it must be so long and so intimate.

On our left we see the islands of Pomegua and the castle of

If, an old fortress with grey round towers crowning the summit of a bare and slaty rock. Before us, on a steep and rocky coast, are several country houses, whose high gardenwalls only permit us to see the tops of the shrubs, or the green festoons of the vines. At about a mile farther inland, upon a naked and isolated hill, stand the tower and chapel of Nôtre Dame de la Garde (our Lady Protectress), the resort of the Provençal sailors at the commencement and termination of every voyage. This morning, unknown to us, at the time when the wind filled our sails, a woman of Marseilles arose before the dawn, and, accompanied by her children, went to pray for us on the summit of this hill, whence, doubtless, her friendly eye beheld our vessel like a white speck on the surface of the sea.

What a world is there in prayer! what an invisible but powerful union between beings, mutually known or unknown, and praying either together or apart, for each other. It has always appeared to me that prayer, the natural instinct of our frail nature, is the only real, or at least the most effective, strength of man. He understands not its effects—but what does he understand? The feeling which impels him to breathe, proves of itself that air is necessary to his existence. Thus also the instinct of prayer proves singly to the mind its efficacy. Let us then learn to pray. And thou, O our God, who hast inspired us with this wondrous means of communion with thyself, thy creatures and the invisible world, hear us graciously; grant us beyond what we request.

## The same day, 11 o'clock, P. M.

A brilliant moon appears suspended between the masts, yards, and rigging of two adjacent brigs of war, anchored between our moorings and the black mountains of the Var. Every rope of these vessels stands out to view on the deep dark blue of the midnight sky, like the nerves of a dry gigantic skeleton, seen from afar by the pale dim light of the lamps of Westminster or Saint Denis. To-morrow these

skeletons will again receive life, like ourselves will spread their folded wings, and fly like birds of the ocean to repose near other shores. We can hear from the deck where I stand, the shrill varied whistle of the boatswain commanding a movement, the roll of the drum, and the voice of the officer of the watch. The colours slide down the masts, the large and small boats mount the side with the lively and rapid action of an animated being. Now all is again silent on their decks and on our own. Formerly, man slept not on the deep and dangerous bed of the ocean, without first raising his voice and soul to God, and praising his glorious Creator, amid the stars, waves, and mountains—amid the beauties and the perils of the night; -they had evening prayer in every ship. Since the revolution of July this is no longer practised. Prayer died on the lips of that old liberalism of the eighteenth century, whose only life consisted in its frigid hatred of spiritual things. The sacred breath of humanity, with which the children of Adam, down to our times, sent forth their joys and their sorrows, is stifled in France in our days of disputation and pride: -we have included the Deity in our quarrels. The very appearance of a God is frightful to some men. These insects, born yesterday and dying to-morrow, whose lifeless dust the wind will shortly drive before it, whose whitened bones these everlasting waves will soon cast upon some lonely beach; they fear to acknowledge by a word or a gesture that infinite Being whom the skies and seas confess; they disdain to utter His name, who disdained not to be their Creator. And why? Oh! because they wear a uniform, they can calculate up to a certain number of figures, and they call themselves Frenchmen of the nineteenth century. Happily the nineteenth century is passing away, and I behold a better approaching, a truly religious age, in which, if men will not worship God in the same language, and under the same forms, yet will they worship him in all communities and in every tongue.

The same night.

I walked an hour alone on the deck of the vessel, making these sorrowful or comfortable reflections. I then whispered from my heart and lips all the prayers my mother had taught me when a child; I called to mind the verses and fragments of psalms which I had often heard her singing in a low voice, while walking of an evening in the avenues of the garden of Milly; and I experienced a deep internal pleasure in uttering them in my turn to the waves and the winds, and into that ear, ever open, which never fails to receive every sound that proceeds from the heart or from the lips. The prayer which has been heard offered by one whom we have loved and lost. is doubly sacred. Which of us would not prefer the simplest words that were taught him by his mother, to the most elegant hymn he could himself compose? This is why the christian prayer will always be the prayer of human nature, whatever religion our maturer reason may determine us to. I also put up my solitary evening prayer at sea, for that female who fears no danger in uniting herself to my fate, and for that sweet child who was then playing in the long boat on the deck, with the goat, who is to provide her with milk, and with the gentle and elegant greyhounds, who licked her white hands, and playfully bit her long fair hair.

# The morning of the 12th, under sail.

During the night the wind has freshened and changed. I heard from my cabin between decks, the footsteps and plaintive songs of the sailors resounding over head, together with the rattling of the chain with which they were securing the anchor to the bows. We again set sail and departed. I fell asleep again, and when on my awaking I opened the port-hole, to look at the coast off which we were yesterday lying, I beheld nothing but the unbroken, empty surface of the sea, diversified only by the lofty sails of two vessels, which stood, like pillars or pyramids of the desert, in the distant horizon.

The waves gently kissed the stout curved sides of my brig,

and sweetly murmured under my narrow window, up to which they dashed their foam in thin white curls; and there was an irregular, variable, and confused sound, like the chattering of swallows on a hill while the sun is rising over the cornfields. There is a mutual adaptation among the elements, like that between matter and spirit. Every thought has its counterpart in a visible object, which repeats it like an echo. reflects it like a mirror, and renders it perceptible in two ways; to the senses by its visible appearance, to the mind by its abstract idea. This is the twofold poetry of creation: men call it comparison, but then comparison is genius. Creation is only a single idea under a thousand different forms. Comparison is the art or instinct of interpreting additional words in that divine language of universal analogy. which God alone perfectly possesses, but of which he permits something to be understood by a few individuals. This is the reason why the prophet, who was a sacred poet, and the poet who was a profane prophet, were anciently everywhere regarded as divine beings. They are now considered mad. or at all events useless. Good reasoning indeed! If indeed you esteem nothing real but the material and palpable world. that part of nature which is contained in number, extent, wealth, and sensual pleasures, you do well to despise those who only preserve the worship of moral beauty, the idea of a God, and the language of imagination; those mysterious ties which connect the visible with the invisible universe. But then what does this language prove? God and immortality! But these are nothing to you.

## July 13, anchored in the little bay of la Ciotat.

The favourable wind which arose for an instant, soon died away in our sails. They fell back to the side of the masts, and permitted them to vibrate with the motion of every little wave. A striking image of characters deficient in decision, that wind of the human soul—of those vacillating minds which weary their possessors, and which are more injured by their inaction, than they would be by the most courageous efforts

to which steady resolution impels active and energetic men. Thus also, ships in a calm sea and atmosphere receive more damage than when impelled by a strong gale, driving and

upholding them on the crests of the waves.

Either by chance, or by the secret management of our officers, we found ourselves, about three o'clock, driven by the wind into the smiling bay of la Ciotat, a small town on the coast of Provence, where our captain and almost all our crew have their dwellings, wives, and children. We dropped anchor under the shelter of a little promontory, jutting out from the side of a pleasant hill covered with vines, figs, and olives, and extending itself like a friendly hand welcoming the mariners. The water is perfectly smooth, and of such transparency, that at the depth of twenty feet we can see the shining pebbles and shells, the long, waving sea-weeds, and thousands of fishes with glittering scales darting to and fro; treasures thus hidden in the bosom of the ocean, which is as rich and inexhaustible in vegetable and animal life as the land. Life, like thought, is universal. All nature is animated, sensitive, and intelligent. He who perceives not this, has never reflected on the inexhaustible fecundity of creative Its limitation would have been as improper as it intellect. was impossible. Infinity is everywhere peopled, and wherever there is life there is sensation, and doubtless there are also various yet uninterrupted grades of reason. Do you wish for a physical demonstration of this? Look at a drop of water through the solar microscope; you will see in it a system of thousands of worlds, you will find immense numbers even in the tear of an insect, and could you, again, analyze all these thousands of systems, millions of other worlds would appear to your view. If, from these immeasurably, infinitely small globules, you look up at once to the innumerable multitudes of vast spheres in the vault of heaven; if you dive into the depths of the milky way, whose dust consists of an incalculable number of suns, each ruling a system of worlds, which exceed in magnitude our earth and moon together,—the mind is crushed by the weight of its own conclusions; but the soul can sustain it, and rejoices that it has a place in this creation, that it has the power of comprehending it, and that it possesses sentiments of love and adoration for its Author. Great God! how glorious a subject does nature afford to him who seeks Thee in it all, who discovers Thee under all its forms, and who understands a few syllables of its mute, but all-eloquent language.

#### Bay of la Ciotat, evening of the 14th.

The wind is gone, and there are no signs of its return. The calm face of the bay is unbroken by a single ripple, and the sea is so smooth that we can distinguish here and there the agitation occasioned by the transparent wings of the insects basking on its surface, which are the only objects that tarnish the lustre of this splendid mirror. How mild and peaceful can that element become, which carries the largest ships without being in the least affected by their weight, which destroys whole leagues of the shore, wears away the hills, demolishes the rocks, and crushes mountains by the shock of its roaring billows. Nothing is so gentle as that which is strong.

We went ashore at the request of the captain, who wished to introduce us to his lady, and show us his house. The town resembles those pretty ones of the kingdom of Naples, which are on the coast of Gaëta. All is bright, cheerful, and serene. Existence is a perpetual holiday in southern climates. Happy is the man who begins and finishes life in the warm sunshine. Happy especially is he who has his habitation, the house and garden of his ancestors, situated on the shore of that sea, whose every wave is a meteor that casts its light and brilliancy on the land. Except the lofty mountains, which owe the splendour of their peaks and outlines to the snows with which they are covered, and the skies into which they pierce, there is no inland landscape, however smiling and pleasant with hills, trees, and rivers, that can vie in beauty with the spots bathed by the southern seas. The sea is to the scenes of nature what the eye is to a handsome

countenance, giving them that bright expression which causes them to live and speak, to charm and fascinate the gaze of those who behold them.

The same day.

It is night; that is, what is called night in these climates. Many days that were darker I have seen on the velvet sides of Richmond hill in England, and amid the fogs of the Thames, the Seine, the Saône, and the lake of Geneva. A full moon has risen high in the heavens, leaving in the shade our dark brig, which reposes immovably at a little distance from the landing-place. The moon in her progress has left behind her a track of faint light, which appears to extend over half the sky; the remainder is blue, but brightens as she approaches. In the horizon, distant about two miles, is seen upon the sea the deceptive appearance of the mirage of a great city. Between two small islands, one having steep yellow cliffs resembling the Coliseum at Rome, and the other wearing the purple tint of the lilac blossom, are seen glittering domes, palaces of magnificent architecture, and longextended quays deluged with soft and serene light. Right and left, the white surges seem to surround it, and it appears like Venice or Malta reposing in the midst of the waves. But it is neither an island nor a city; it is the vibratory reflection of the moon from the spot where her light falls perpendicularly on the sea; nearer to us this reflection is prolonged and extended, and appears like a river of gold and silver rolling between two azure banks. On our left the bay extends to a high promontory, consisting of a long dark chain of irregularly indented hills. On the right is a close narrow valley, through which glides a beautiful stream shaded by trees. Behind is a lofty hill, covered to the very top with olive trees, which the shades of night cause to appear quite black. Between the summit of the hill and the sea, grey towers and white cottages pierce here and there through the dark, monotonous foliage, and attract the eye and the thought to the dwellings of man. Farther off yet, at the extremity of the bay, three immense rocks rise abruptly out of the waves. Their grotesque forms, resembling pebbles rounded by the tempestuous billows, are of mountainous dimensions; the gigantic sports of a primitive ocean, of which our modern seas doubtless present only a feeble imitation.

July 15.

We have visited our captain's house—an unassuming, yet pretty and elegant dwelling. We were received by his young wife, mournful and disconsolate on account of the precipitate departure of her husband. I offered to take her on board. so that she might accompany us during the voyage, which was likely to be longer than those generally made by merchant vessels. The state of her health prevented this, and she was now, sick, solitary, and childless, about to count the long days, perhaps years, during which her husband's absence would continue. Her handsome and intelligent features wore the impress of the approaching sorrows and desolation of her heart. The house was in the Flemish style; the walls were ornamented by pictures of the ships the captain had commanded. He took us a little distance into the country to see a habitation, which, though yet young, he was preparing as an asylum to retire to from the winds and the waves. much pleased to see the dwelling where he was preparing beforehand, the repose and happiness of his declining years. I always like to know the domestic character and circumstances of those with whom I have to do in the world: it is a part of themselves, an additional external physiognomy. which gives us a clue to their character and destiny.

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The greater part of our sailors also belong to the neighbouring villages. They are good-tempered, pious, cheerful, laborious men; managing the winds, tempests, and waves, with the same calm and steady regularity with which our labourers at Saint Point manage their harrows and ploughs. They are the peasants of the ocean, and sing as cheerfully as the rustics who follow in the rays of the morning sun, their long smoking furrows on the sides of the hills.

July 16.

Awaking early this morning, I heard on the immovable deck the voices of the sailors, mingled with the crowing of the cock and the bleating of the goat and our sheep. The voices of some women and children completed the illusion, and I could have fancied myself lying in the wooden chamber of a peasant's cabin on the banks of the lake of Soleure or Zurich. I went upon deck. They were the children of some of our sailors, whose wives had brought them to see their fathers, who set them upon the guns, held them upon the bulwarks. laid them in the long boat, or cradled them in a hammock, with such tenderness in their accents and tears in their eyes, as to resemble mothers or nurses. They are brave men, with hearts of iron amidst dangers, yet having a woman's affection for those they love; rough but yielding, like the element they traverse. The man who has a family, whether shepherd or seaman, has his heart formed to humane and virtuous sentiments. The domestic spirit is second only to the philanthropic; modern legislators have too much lost sight of this; they think only about nations or individuals, while they forget families, which are the only sources of a pure and vigorous population, the sanctuaries of morals and traditions, and the depositories of all the social virtues. Legislation has been barbarous in this respect, even since the introduction of christianity; and instead of impelling men to a domestic disposition, has driven them from it: it withholds from the half of mankind the possession of a wife, a child, a home, and a field, blessings which it owes to all who attain the age of manhood, and which should be withheld only from the guilty. A family is society in miniature, but it is a society where the laws are natural, because they are heartfelt. Excommunication from a family would be the greatest punishment, the last penalty of the law. This should be the only capital punishment in human or christian legislation; that of a violent death ought to have been abolished for ages past.

#### The same day, still detained by contrary winds.

On the coast, a mile to the west, the rocks are ruptured as if by the strokes of a sledge-hammer, and the fragments have fallen in different places at the bases of the mountains, or under the deep green waters of the surrounding sea. The waves are there continually breaking on the shore, and the billows repeatedly striking with a dull sound against the rocks, dash into tongues of foam that lick the briny faces of the cliffs. These heaped-up masses of mountains (for they are too vast to be called rocks) are thrown and piled on one another in such confusion that they form an immense number of narrow inlets, deep caves, resounding grottoes, and dark caverns, whose paths, windings, and outlets are known only to the children of two or three neighbouring fishermen. One of these caverns, the entrance of which is the low arch of a natural bridge hidden by an enormous block of granite, gives access to the sea, and opens on a dark narrow valley, entirely filled by the clear, smooth water, resembling the sky in a beautiful night. It is a haven well known to the fishermen, in which, while the sea roars and foams without, shaking the shores with every stroke of its billows, the smallest vessels are securely sheltered, and scarcely so much agitation is perceived as arises from the bubbling up of a spring in a sheet The sea there preserves that beautiful, pellucid, of water. yellowish green colour which the eye of the marine draughtsman plainly perceives, but which he can never exactly represent; for the eye sees more than the hand can imitate. On both sides of this watery valley, arise almost perpendicularly to an immense height, two rocky walls, having the uniform dark colour of iron slag which has been for some time taken from the furnace. Neither shrub nor moss can find in them a single crevice to fix their roots in, so as to suspend on them those waving garlands of lianas and flowers which often appear on the faces of the cliffs in Savoy, at altitudes where the breath of God alone can reach them. Smooth, black, and naked, they repel the vision, and seem placed there only VOL. I.

to defend from the sea breezes the vines and olives which grow on the hills under their shelter. They resemble those men who, ruling a nation or an age, are exposed to all the injuries of time and storms to protect feebler and happier men. At the bottom of the cove the sea widens, winds round, acquires a clearer hue as it opens more to the sky, and terminates in a beautiful sheet of water, reposing on a bed of sand formed of broken and triturated fragments of purple shells. When you step out of the boat that conveys you there, you see in a hollow ravine on the left a spring of sweet, pure water; then turning to the right you perceive a mountain path of the goats, stony, precipitous, irregular, and overshadowed with wild fig and azerolea trees, which descends from the cultivated fields to this solitude of waters. Few spots have so drawn and riveted my attention in all my travels. It is that perfect mixture of elegance and strength which forms finished beauty in the harmony of the elements, as well as in an animated and intelligent being. It is the mysterious nuptials of the land and sea, surprised, as it were, in their most intimate and retired union. It is a picture of the calmest and most unfrequented solitude, situated in the vicinity of a tumultuous scene of tempests, and within the sound of its stormy waves. It is one of those many masterpieces of creation which God has everywhere scattered abroad, as if delighting in contrasts, but which he is most frequently pleased to hide on the inaccessible summits of steep mountains, in the unapproachable depths of ravines, and on the most unattainable sea beaches. They are Nature's gems, which she only sometimes displays to simple shepherds, fishermen, travellers, or poets, or presents to the pious contemplation of hermits.

The same day.

At ten o'clock a breeze sprang up from the west; at three we weighed anchor. We had soon only the sea and sky in view. The sea was sparkling, the motion of the brig was steady and pleasant, and the sound of the waves as regular

as the respiration of the human breast. This regular alternation of the waves, and of the wind in the sails, is also exemplified in all the other sounds and motions of Nature;—does she not also breathe? Yes, doubtless, she breathes, lives, thinks, suffers and enjoys, and perceives and adores her divine Creator. He has not created death in any thing; life is impressed on all his works.

Eight o'clock in the evening of the same day, out at sea.

We have seen the highest summits of the grey mountains on the coasts of France and Italy gradually sink down, and then every thing was submerged beneath the dark blue horizontal sea line. The eye at the moment when the terrestrial horizon vanishes, traverses the floating empty space which surrounds it, like a wretch who has lost successively all the objects of his affection and regard, and who seeks in vain a place where to repose his heart.

The heavens now become the great and only object of contemplation, but the eye often turns on that imperceptible point lost in space, that narrow ship which is now become the whole universe to those it carries. The boatswain is at the helm; his figure is manly and hardy; his steady and vigilant look is sometimes fixed on the binnacle to mark the position of the needle, and then turns to the prow to notice through the mizen-rigging its path across the billows; his right arm rests on the tiller, and moves with facility the immense bulk of the vessel according to his will. Every thing about him indicates the importance of his office; the destiny of the ship, and the lives of thirty persons being at this instant revolved within his large forehead, and poised upon his robust hand.

On the forecastle are seen grouped the sailors, either sitting, or standing, or lying on planks of shining deal, or on huge coils of cable. Some are mending the old sails with great iron needles, as dexterously as young girls embroidering their nuptial veil or their maiden bed-curtains; others lean-

ing over the bulwarks look as vacantly on the foaming waves as we do on the stones of a road trodden over a hundred times, and carelessly puff to the wind clouds of smoke from their red earthen pipes. Some are putting water into the long troughs of the fowls, another has in one of his hands a wisp of hay with which he is feeding the goat, while he holds her horns with the other; and others are playing with the two pretty sheep who are lying in the long boat slung up between the two masts. These poor animals incessantly lift their heads above the gunwales of the boat, and seeing nothing but the watery plain whitened with foam, bleat after the rocks and arid mosses of their native mountains.

At the extremity of the ship, which is the horizon of this floating world, is the sharp prow preceded by the bowsprit inclined over the sea; this mast fixed in front of the vessel resembles the horn of a sea monster. The undulation of the water, scarcely perceptible at the centre of gravity in the middle of the deck, causes the prow slowly to describe large oscillations. Sometimes the path of the ship seems directed to some star in the firmament, sometimes it plunges into a deep ocean valley; for the sea seems to rise and fall incessantly when seen from the end of a ship, which by its weight and length multiplies the effects of this undulating motion. We ourselves, separated by the main-mast from this scene of maritime manners, sit on the quarter-deck, or walk with the officers on deck, watching the setting sun and the restless waves.

Amidst these manly, stern, and thoughtful figures, is a child with her hair dishevelled, and waving over her white frock, and her pretty, rosy face, cheerful and merry, surmounted by a sailor's straw hat tied under her chin. She is playing with the captain's white cat and a brood of young sea pigeons taken yesterday, which lie under the carriage of a gun, and for whom she is crumbling bread out of her supper. Meanwhile the captain, his marine chronometer in his hand, looking in silence towards the west, and watching the precise moment when the sun's disk, refracted to the extent of half its diameter, appears to touch the waves and float on them an instant before being

entirely submerged, raises his voice and says—"Gentlemen, prayers." All conversation is stopped, all sports are ended; the sailors throw into the sea their cigars, still a-light, take off their red woollen Greek caps, and holding them in their hands, come and kneel down between the two masts. The youngest of them opens the prayer-book and chants the Ave, maris stella (Hail, star of the sea) and the litanies in a plaintive, grave, and tender manner, which seems to be inspired in the midst of the sea, by the affecting melancholy of the last hours of day; when all the recollections of their country, cottage, and fireside, rise from the heart to the thoughts of these simple men.

Darkness is now about to re-descend upon the waves, and to envelop till morning, in its perilous obscurity, the navigator's path, endangering the lives of so many beings, who have no beacon but Providence, and no refuge but the invisible hand that sustains them on the waves. If prayer had not been innate in human nature, it would have been invented there; by men less alone with their reflections and their frailties in the presence of the abyss of heaven, where the sight is lost, and the abyss of waters, from which they are only separated by a fragile plank; amidst the roaring of the ocean, which growls hisses, howls, and bellows, like the voices of a thousand ferocious beasts; amidst gusts of wind, which draw a sharr sound from every rope; and on the approach of night, which multiplies every danger and magnifies every fear. prayer never was invented; it is born with the first sigh, joy or sorrow of the human heart, or rather man was born only for prayer: to supplicate and glorify God was his only objec here below. All else perishes before him or with him, bu the exclamations of praise, admiration, or love, which he raise to his Maker while passing through the world, perish not they rise and resound from age to age in the ear of th Deity, like the echoes of his own voice and the reflections of his own majesty. Prayer is the only perfectly divine thing in man and that which alone he can breathe out with joy and pride for this pride is a tribute to Him who alone can receive it, &

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the infinite Being. Scarcely had we, apart and silently, revolved these or similar thoughts in our minds, when a cry arose from Julia, who was on the eastern side of the vessel, "A fire on the sea! a ship a-fire!" We rushed to see this distant conflagration on the water. In fact there appeared to be floating on the sea in the extreme eastern horizon, a large glowing coal; then in a few minutes, growing higher and rounder, we recognized in it the full moon, reddened by the vapour of the western wind, and issuing slowly out of the waves; appearing like a globe of red-hot iron drawn by the smith's tongs from the forge, and held over the water in which he is about to quench it. In the opposite quarter of the heavens, the sun having just set, had left in the west the representation of a bank of golden sand, resembling the shore of some unknown country. Our attention was continually divided between these two magnificent spectacles of the heavens. By degrees the brightness of this double twilight became extinguished, and thousands of stars appeared over-head, as if to mark out the path of our masts, which traversed from one to another. The first watch of the night was set, every thing that would hinder their operations removed from the deck, and the sailors came one after another to say to the captain, " God be with us."

I continued to walk some time in silence on the deck, and then went below, giving thanks to God in my heart for his having permitted me to see this hitherto unknown display of his creation. O my God! to view Thy works under all their different aspects, to admire Thy magnificence on mountain or sea, to adore and bless Thine inexpressible name, this indeed is life! Increase it within us, that it may increase our admiration and our love. Then turn the page, and let us read in another world the endless wonders of Thy book of grandeur and goodness.

July 17, 1832 ut at sea.

We have had all night and all day a beautiful, but rough sea. This evening the wind freshens, the billows arise and

begin to roll heavily against the sides of the brig, and the brilliant moon pours torrents of white wavy light into the wide liquid valleys that lie between the large waves. This floating splendour of the moon resembles running streams, or the cascades of snow-water that are found in the green valleys Our vessel pitches heavily of the Jura, or Switzerland. up and down each of these deep ravines. We hear, for the first time this voyage, the groaning and creaking of the timbers; the beaten sides of the brig yield, at every stroke of the billows, a sound which can be compared to nothing but the bellowing of a bull, struck down by the axe, and lying on his side in the agonies of death. This noise, mingled in the night with the roaring of a hundred thousand waves, the tremendous rolling of the ship, the cracking of the masts, the whistling of the winds, the hissing of the spray blown over us as it falls upon the deck, the heavy rapid steps of the watch, as they run to manœuvre, at the few brief stern orders of the commanding officer; all together form an assemblage of significant and terrific sounds which make the heart quake more than the report of cannons on the field of battle. It is necessary to be present in such scenes as these, to understand the hardships of a maritime life, and appreciate our own moral and physical sensibility.

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July 18.

The whole night thus passed without sleep. At break of day the wind abated a little, the billows no longer broke into spray at their summits, every thing foretold a fine day, and we perceived in the distance, through the coloured mists, the long and high mountain chains of Sardinia. The captain prophesied we should have the sea as calm and smooth as a lake between that island and Sicily. We ran eight knots sometimes nine; every quarter of an hour we saw more clearly the shining coasts towards which the wind was impelling us, the bays seemed to open, the capes advanced, the white rocks stood out amidst the waves, and the houses amfields began to be distinguished on the declivities of the

island. At noon we reached the entrance of St. Peter's bay, but while we were coasting along the shoals that close up its entrance, a sudden hurricane from the north clattered in our sails. The swell, already heavy from the effects of the past night, was seized by the wind, and raised into masses truly mountainous. The whole horizon became a sheet of foamthe vessel continually staggered on the crests of the waves, and then dived almost perpendicularly into the depths which lay between them. We strove in vain to obtain a shelter within the bay. At the moment of doubling the cape to enter it, a furious whistling wind darted like a volley of arrows from every valley and inlet on the coast, and threw the brig over on her side. We had scarcely time to furl the sails, and we only retained the courses, with which we luffed close to the wind. The captain himself ran to the helm, and then the ship, like a steed curbed by a vigorous hand, and tightly bridled, seemed to prance on the foam of the bay; the waves flowed over the lee-side of the deck, and all the left side of the brig lay out of the water down to the very keel. We remained thus about twenty minutes, striving to attain the little road before the town of St. Peter's; we could already perceive the vines and the white cottages at gunshot distance, but the tempest increased, and the gales struck us with the force of a cannon-ball; we were therefore obliged to undertake the dangerous operation of wearing off from the shore, under the most violent squalls of wind. We succeeded, and came out of the bay in the same manner that we had gone in. We then found ourselves at large on a dreadful sea. The fatigue of the day and of the preceding night made us earnestly desire shelter before another night came on, which every thing gave us reason to expect would prove more stormy than the last. The captain determined to risk every thing. even the loss of his masts, in order to find an anchorage on the coast of Sardinia. At some leagues from the spot where we were, the bay of Palma offered us an asylum. In order to enter it, we wrestled against the same furious winds that had driven us back from St. Peter's bay. After striving for two hours we overcame, and we passed, like a sea bird poised on its wings, to the very extremity of the beautiful bay of Palma. The tempest is not at all abated; we can hear its incessant bellowing in the open sea three leagues behind us. The wind still whistles through our rigging, but in this harbour, hollowed out of high mountains, it can only raise little puffs of spray that sprinkle and refresh the deck; and we are at last anchored three cable-lengths from the shore of Sardinia, on a bottom of sea-weeds, and in unruffled, tranquil water. What a delicious feeling is that which the voyager experiences, when, escaped by dint of labour and toil from the tempest, he at last hears the rattle of the chaincable of the anchor, which is about to secure him to a hospitable shore. Immediately that the anchor holds, the sailors stretch out their contracted figures, and their thoughts may be plainly seen to repose as well. They descend between decks, they change their wet clothes, they soon come up again in their Sunday apparel, and resume all the peaceful customs of their earthly existence. They sit with arms crossed, cheerfully conversing at their case on the side bulwarks, or quietly smoke their pipes while gazing with indifference at the landscapes and houses on shore.

July 19, 1832.

Anchored in this peaceful port, after a night of delicious sleep, we breakfasted on deck, under cover of a sail that served for an awning; the scorched, yet picturesque coast of Sardinia being extended before us. A boat, armed with two guns, put off from the island of St. Antiocha, about two leagues off, and seemed to approach us. We soon had a clearer view of her; she carried marines and soldiers; she was soon within hail, when they interrogated us, and ordered us to land. We deliberated, and I determined to accompany our captain ashore. We armed ourselves with several muskets and pistols, to resist if they should attempt to detain us by force. We set sail in the jolly-boat, and keeping near to the little Sardinian bark which preceded us, we landed on a

beach at the bottom of the bay. This beach bounded an uncultivated, marshy plain; on the white sand grew some large thistles and tuits of aloes, and here and there, some bushes of a shrub with a light grey bark, and leaves resembling those of cedar. Herds of wild horses ran at large over the heaths, came galloping up to reconnoitre and scent us, and then started off neighing, and looking like flocks of crows. At the distance of about a mile were some naked, grey mountains, with only some patches of stunted vegetation on their sides, and with an African sun scorching their summits. A dead silence over all the country, and that aspect of solitude and desolation which is presented by all the malarious regions in Romania, Calabria, and among the Pontine marshes, completed the scene. Seven or eight handsome men were the actors, having high foreheads, and a wild, manly expression in their eyes. They were half naked, half clothed in tattered uniforms, and were armed with long carbines, while in the other hand they held a reed to receive our letters, or to give us what they had to offer. I replied to their questions in a broken Neapolitan jargon, and named to them some of their countrymen, with whom I had been intimate. when young, in Italy. They became polite and obliging, after having been haughty and insolent. I bought a sheep of them, which they trussed upon the shore. We wrote, and they received our letters in a slit made at the extremity of a reed; then striking a light, and plucking a few green branches from the shrub that covered the coast, they dipped the papers in the sea water, and passed them through the smoke of this fire before they touched them. They promised to discharge a musket this evening, to warn us to return on shore, when our shipments of vegetables and fresh water will be ready; then taking out of their boat a large basket of shell-fish called frutti di mare (sea fruits), they offered it to us, refusing all payment.

We returned on board, and spent some delicious hours of leisure and contemplation, sitting in the stern of the anchored vessel; while the tempest still resounded at the extremities of the two capes which protected us, and we saw the foam of the main sea dashing to the height of twenty or thirty feet against their golden sides.

July 20, 1832.

We departed from the bay of Palma over a smooth and tranquil sea, and with a light breeze from the west, scarcely sufficient to dry up the night dews that still sparkled on the entwined branches of the mastich trees, the only verdure of these arid coasts, which already cosume an African aspect. While at sea we have had a calm day, a pleasant breeze that drove us six or seven knots an hour—a beautiful evening—a starlight night—and a sea sleeping as quietly as ourselves.

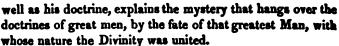
July 21, 1832.

We awoke at about twenty-five leagues' distance from the coast of Africa. I am reading the history of St. Louis, to bring to my recollection the circumstances attending his death on the coast of Tunis, near Cape Carthage, which we shall see this evening or to-morrow.

I was ignorant, when young, why some communities inspired me with an antipathy against them that might be called innate, while the history of others attracted and detained my attention by an unaccountable fascination. experienced the same feelings towards those empty shadows of the past, those lifeless memorials of nations, that I now experience with an irresistible impulse either in favour of, or against the features of individuals with whom I live or have I love or abhor, in the literal acceptation of the intercourse. words; at first sight, at a glance, I judge of a man or woman for ever. Reason, reflection, or even violence, which have been often tried by me, prevail nothing against these first impressions. When the metal has once taken the impress of the die, no turning of it over and over in the hand will alter it; it still retains it. Thus it is with my feelings and affections. This is peculiar to beings with whom instinct is prompt, strong, instantaneous, and inflexible. If it be asked —what is that instinct? it will be found that it is the highest kind of reason; but yet innate and not inductive; reason as God forms it, not as man finds it. It strikes on the view like lightning, without the effort of the eye to search for it, and illumines every thing with its first burst of light. Sagacity in all the arts, and on the field of battle, is also this instinct, this foreknown reasoning. Genius also is instinct, and not ratiocination and labour.

The more it is reflected on, the more clearly is it seen, that man possesses nothing great or beautiful belonging to him, that springs from his own strength or his own will; but that all he has supremely good comes directly from Nature and God. The christianity that is entirely understood, was perfectly comprehended from the first day of its existence. The first apostles felt within themselves this direct action of the divinity, and exclaimed from the first moment, "Every perfect gift cometh from God."

But to return to nations .- I never could like the Romans: I never could take the least interest in the Carthaginians, notwithstanding their misfortunes and glory. Hannibal never appeared to me any thing more than an East India Company's general, carrying on a trading campaign, and performing a brilliant and heroic commercial transaction in the plains of Thrasymene. His nation, ungrateful, like all selfish people, rewarded him for it with exile and death. But as for his death, that was beautiful and pathetic, and reconciled me to his triumphs. I was much affected by it when quite a child, and I perceived in it, as well as in the whole of human nature, a sublime and heroic harmony between the extremes of glory, genius, and misfortune. It was one of those thrilling touches of fate which never fail of awakening their sad, sweet modulations in the human heart. There is, indeed, no glory perfect without suffering; no virtue complete without the assaults of ingratitude, persecution, and death. Christ was a divine example of this; and his life, as



I have since discovered that the secret of my attachment and dislike to the memory of certain nations, lies in the very nature of their institutions and actions. As for commercial communities, like the Phœnicians, Tyrians, Sidonians, and Carthaginians, who levied distraints on the world for their own emolument, and measured the greatness of their undertakings by the actually realized profits that resulted from them;—towards such I act as did Danté; I look and pass on;—

" Talk not about them, but look and pass on."

Talk not about them;—they were rich and prosperous, and that was all; they toiled only after the present, and the future has no concern with them;—they have had their reward.

But there were those who, little careful about the present, which they felt to be passing away from them, transported the national sentiments beyond it, and exalted the human feelings above ease, riches, or material good, by a sublime instinct of immortality, and by an insatiable thirst for fume. There were those who employed ages and generations in order to leave on their path some magnificent and perpetual memorial of their passage. There were some generous and disinterested nations who stirred up all the great and valuable ideas of the human mind to construct wisdom, legislation, theology, science, and art. They detached masses of marble or granite, and formed them into obelisks and pyramids, to form a sublime defiance of the ravages of time, and a silent language by which they speak for ever to great and generous minds. Others, again, were poetical nations, as the Egyptians. Jews, Hindoos, and Greeks, who also realized political perfection, and caused the divine principle of real utility, the cultivation of the mind on rational principles, to predominate in the lives of their population. All these I love and venerate, and I seek for and adore their relics, memorials, and

works, whether written, erected, or sculptured. I live in their lives; am present as an astonished and interested spectator at the affecting and heroic drama of their destiny, and willingly cross the seas, to go and muse a few days upon their dust, and to pay to their memory the homage of aftertimes. They have laid mankind under deep obligations, for they were the means of raising their thoughts above the grovelling world and the passing day. They felt themselves to be formed for a higher and wider destiny, and not being able to confer on themselves that immortality, which is the desire of every great and noble heart, they said to their works, "Immortalize us; live for us; speak of us to those who may cross the desert or traverse the waves of the Ionian sea; or pass by the cape of Sigacum, or the promontory of Sunium, where Plato taught a wisdom which shall yet be the wisdom of posterity."

These were my thoughts while listening to the sound of the prow, on which I was sitting, as it hissed through the waves of the African sea, and looking out continually, through the red mists in the horizon, for the first view of Cape Carthage.

The breeze abated; the sea grew calmer, and the day passed away in fruitless gazing on the cloudy coasts of Africa. In the evening a strong gale arose, the vessel rolling from one side to the other, and oppressed by the weight of the sails, which resembled the broken wings of a wounded seafowl, shook us within its sides with a terrible noise, like that of a falling house. I passed the evening upon deck, with my arm clinging round a cable. Dusky clouds, collected like a great mountain in the deep bay of Tunis, darted out lightning and emitted claps of distant thunder. Africa appeared to me, as I always imagined it, with its coasts torn by the fires of heaven, and its scorched mountain-tops hidden by clouds. As we approached, Cape Bysertus, and afterwards Cape Carthage, broke through the obscurity, and appeared to come close to us. All the great characters that have appeared, and all the fabulous or heroic names that have resounded on that shore, came also into my memory, and recalled to my mind the

poetical and historical transactions of which these places have successively been the scene. Virgil, like all poets who endeavour to outdo truth, nature, and history, has rather spoiled than embellished the character of Dido. The historical Dido, the widow of Sichœus, faithful to the manes of her first husband, erects her funeral pile on Cape Carthage, and ascends it as a sublime and voluntary victim of a pure love, and fidelity even unto death. This has a little more beauty, sanctity, and pathos, than the silly amours the Roman poet has ascribed to her with his ridiculous and pious Eneas, and her love-lorn despair, in which the reader cannot sympathize. But the "Anna, soror," with the magnificent adieu and immortal imprecation that follow, will always procure Virgil's pardon.

The historical annals of Carthage possess more poetry than the poetical. The heavenly death and the funeral of St. Louis,-blind Belisarius,-Marius, a savage beast himself, expiating among the fierce animals of Carthage, his crimes against Rome;—the woful day, when, like a scorpion surrounded by fire, and piercing itself with its own envenomed sting, Carthage surrounded by Scipio and Massinissa set fire herself to her buildings and riches;—the wife of Hasdrubal, shut up with her children in the temple of Jupiter, reproaching her husband for not having known how to die, and lighting with her own hand the torch which was to consume herself, her children, and all the remains of her country, in order that only the ashes might remain to the Romans; - Cato Uticensis;—the two Scipios;—Hannibal;—all these great names and events still stand on the deserted shore like erect columns before a ruined temple. Nothing appears to the eye but a naked promontory rising over a deserted sea, some cisterns, either empty or filled with their own fragments, some ruined aqueducts, piers destroyed by the waves and overflowed by the billows, and a barbarian town where even the names now mentioned are entirely unknown; -like men who live too long and become strangers in their own country. But the recollections of the past are sufficient, when they shine with so much splendour. How do I know, indeed, that I do not like them better, thus solitary and isolated amid their own ruins, than if profaned and disturbed by the noise and crowd of new generations? It is with ruins as with tombs; amidst the tumult of a great city and the filth of the streets, they grieve and afflict the sight, and are blots upon the bustle and agitation of life; but in solitude, on sea-coasts, on a desolate cape, or an inhospitable strand, two or three stones, discoloured by time and shattered by lightning, give rise to thought, reflection, musing, or tears.

The ideas of solitude, death, and the past (which is the grave of events) are necessarily connected with each other, and their agreement forms a mysterious harmony. I prefer the naked promontory of Carthage, the melancholy cape of Sunium, or the dreary pestilential strand of Pæstum, as the scenes of by-gone times, than the temples, arches, and coliseums of Rome deceased, trodden under foot by Rome still living, with the indifference of familiarity, and the profanation of forgetfulness.

The same day.

At ten o'clock the wind lulls; we are all able to come on deck, and running seven knots an hour, we soon find ourselves opposite the lofty, solitary island of Pantelleria, the ancient isle of Calypso, still pleasant with its African verdure and its cool refreshing valleys and streams. It was there that the emperors used to send their political prisoners condemned to exile. It appears to us only as a cone standing up out of the sea, and covered, two-thirds of its height, by a white mist flung around it by the night wind. No ship can obtain access to it; it has no ports to receive any thing but the small boats that convey the Neapolitan and Sicilian exiles, who languish there for ten years, as a punishment for having indulged in premature dreams of liberty.

Unhappy are those men who advance before their times in every thing; their times destroy them. This is the lot of us impartial and rational political men in France. France is as yet a century and a half behind our ideas; she is determined

to have in every thing sectarian views and party men. What matters to her about patriotism and reason?—hatred, rancour, and alternate persecution, are what she in her ignorance desires. And these she will have, till, wounded by the mortal weapons that she would obstinately make use of, she falls; or else casts them far from her, to turn to the only grounds of hope for political amelioration: these are God, his law, and reason, which is his law inwardly imprinted.

July 22, 1832.

The sea, at my awaking, after a stormy night, seems to he sporting with the remains of yesterday's wind; the foam still covers it, like the froth clinging to the sides of a horse wearied by a severe run, or shook from his bit as he tosses his head impatiently for a fresh start. The waves move rapidly and irregularly, but are light, small, and transparent, and the sea resembles a field of fine oats waving in the breezes of a spring morning after a tempestuous night. We see the islands of Gozzo and Malta rising beneath the mists in the horizon at six or seven leagues' distance.

## The same day, arrival at Malta.

As we approach Malta, the low coast seems to grow higher and more distinct, but appears barren and dull. We soon distinguish the fortifications and the bays that form the harbours; and soon, a number of little boats, each manned by two rowers, issue out of these bays and approach the bows of our vessel. The sea runs high, and the swell sometimes throws them into the deep furrow left behind us in the sea; they seem to be swallowed up in it, but the next wave brings them up again, and they follow in our wake; and while tossed up and down by the side of the brig, they throw out ropes to us to tow us into the road. The pilots announce to us a quarantine of ten days, and conduct us to a separate harbour under the fortifications of the city of Valetta. The French consul, M. Miége, informs the governor, Sir Frederick Ponsonby, of our arrival, who assembles the board of health,

and reduces our quarantine to three days. We obtain leave to take a boat, and to walk this evening along the canals that extend from the quarantine port.

It is Sunday—the scorching mid-day sun has set, at the extremity of a peaceful and narrow inlet of the bay that lies behind the prow of our ship. The sea, smooth and dazzling, shines with the metallic lustre of the untarnished surface of tin. The sky above is of an orange colour, with a tinge of pink; it becomes less brilliant as it lies higher overhead, and farther from the west, and in the east is of a pale greyish blue, resembling no longer the bright azure above the bay of Naples, or even the deep black sky over the Alps of Savoy. The colour of African skies corresponds with the fiery atmosphere and scorching heat of that land. The radiation from the naked mountains causes the sky to be dry and hot; and the burning dust of the barren sandy deserts is raised into the air, and tarnishes the vaulted firmament suspended over that continent.

Our rowers take us a few fathoms from the land. The low shore, bordered by a beach that extends a few inches above high-water mark, is covered for the length of half a mile, with a range of houses joining one another, which seem to come as near as possible to the sea, to breathe its fresh breezes, and listen to its murmurs. The following is a description of one of the houses and scenes that are seen repeated on every threshold, balcony, and terrace: and, multiplying this house and scene into five or six hundred all similar, an exact representation will be obtained of a landscape unique to Europeans, if unacquainted with Seville, Cordova, or Grenada; it is a representation which should be delineated entire, and with all its details of manners, in order to call it once more to mind amidst the dull and sombre uniformity of our western cities. These recollections, recalled by memory during our days and months of snow, fogs, and rain, resemble a view of a portion of the serene, blue sky, in the midst of a protracted tempest. Sunshine is to the eye, what love is to the heart, and faith and truth are to the soul; nor can I exist without a portion of each of these three comforts of my earthly exile. My eyes belong to the East, my heart to love, and my soul to those who bear within them a luminous instinct, a self-evident perception, that is not capable of proof, yet never deceives, and is always consolatory.

Here then is the sketch: -A sweetly serene golden light, like that radiating from the eyes and features of a young maiden, ere love hath imprinted a wrinkle on her forehead, or cast a shade over her eye,—this light spreads uniformly over sea, earth, and sky, strikes on the white and yellow stones of which the houses are built, and leaves the carvings of the cornices, the points of the gables, the balustrades of the terraces, and the sculpture of the balconies, clearly and distinctly delineated against the blue horizon, which has that aërial trembling, that irregular and vapoury vibration, which our western countries, in despair of obtaining in their own climate, have constituted a principal beauty in their productions of art. This property of the air, with the brilliant, golden-yellow colour of the stone, and great depth of outline. confers on the smallest house a magnificence and solidity that strike strongly and agreeably on the view. Every house appears, not to have been built stone after stone, with plaster and mortar; but to have been carved entire and erect in solid rock, and then placed on the earth, like a block drawn from its bosom, and lasting as the ground on which it stands. Two large and elegant pilasters occupy the angles of every front;—they rise half-way up the second story; where are elegant comice, sculptured in shining stone, surmounts them. and serves as a base for a splendid and massive balustrade. which extends the whole length of the parapet, and supersedes the flat, irregular, pointed, or grotesque roofs, which disgrace every style of architecture, and destroy every outline that harmonizes with the horizon, in the collections of misshapen buildings that we call cities in Germany, England, and France. Between these pilasters, which stand out to a depth of some inches from the front, the architect marks out only three

openings, one door and two windows. The door, arched, lofty, and wide, has not its threshold on the level of the street, but opens on a broad terrace outside, that advances forward on the pavement to the extent of seven or eight feet. This terrace, being surrounded by a balustrade of sculptured stone, serves as a sort of exterior apartment, as well as an entrance to the house. In describing the scene exhibited by one of these terraces, we describe them all. One or two men in white garments, having dusky features, African eyes, and long pipes in their hands, are lying carelessly on a bench, made of rushes, by the side of the door; before them, three young women, gracefully leaning over the balustrades in different attitudes, watch in silence our boat as it passes by, or smile one to another at our foreign appearance. They wear black gowns, which reach halfway down the leg, white corsets with capacious plaited sleeves, and their dark hair is braided and covered with a mantle made of black silk like the gown, covering the half of the figure, and the shoulder of the arm that holds it in its place; -this mantle, formed of a thin material, and blown about by the breeze, takes the form of the sail of a skiff, and in its capricious flutterings sometimes conceals, and sometimes discloses, the mysterious figure it envelopes, and which appears to disengage itself at pleasure. Some of them now gracefully raise their heads to chat with other young girls, who are leaning over a balcony above, and throwing down pomegranates and oranges; -others are conversing with young men, wearing long mustachios, black knotted hair, short narrow jackets, white trousers, and red belts. Seated on the parapet surrounding the terrace, are two young abbés, in black gowns and silver shoe-buckles, conversing familiarly together, and playfully handling large green fans; whilst at the bottom of the flight of steps is a finelooking mendicant monk, who, barefoot and pale, with white shaven crown, and having his body wrapped in the heavy folds of his brown cassock, stands like a statue of mendicity, placed on the threshold of some rich and fortunate man, and looks carelessly and vacantly on this scene of happiness, ease,

and gaiety. On the higher story, in a wide balcony, supported by elegant Caryatides, and covered by an Indian verandah, adorned with curtains and fringes, is seen a family of English, those fortunate and invincible conquerors of modern Malta. There, some Moorish nurses, with sparkling eyes, and shining black complexions, are holding in their arms some of those beautiful British children, whose braided flaxen hair, and fair rosy skins, resist the effects of the sun at Calcutta, as well as at Corfu or Malta. To see these children under the black mantles and fiery looks of these semi-African females, is like beholding pretty, white lambs hanging at the teats of the tigresses of the desert. The terraced roof presents another scene; the English and Maltese share it between them. On one side are seen some native girls. holding a guitar under the arm, and striking a few notes of an old national air, wild as the aspect of the country; on the other is a beautiful young English lady, leaning sorrowfully on her elbow, and looking with indifference at the lively scene passing before her eyes, or turning over the pages of the immortal poets of her country.

Add to this view, the Arabian horses, ridden by the English officers, galloping with flowing hair on the sand of the beach; the Maltese carriages (a kind of chaise on two wheels, drawn by one Barbary horse,) at full gallop, followed by the driver on foot, with his loins girt by a red, long-fringed sash, and his forehead covered by the résille, or the red cap hanging down to the girdle, worn by the Spanish muleteers; then the wild cries of the naked children, as they throw themselves into the sea, and swim round our boat; the songs of the Greeks and Sicilians anchored in the adjoining harbour, and answering each other in choruses from the deck of one ship to another; the monotonous twanging of the guitar, constituting a pleasant bass to all these trebles of the evening concert: and then you have a tolerable idea of the quay of the Empsida on a Sunday evening.

July 24, 1832.

Free entrance obtained into the harbour of Valetta:-the governor, Sir Frederick Ponsonby, receives us at two o'clock at the Grand Master's palace. An excellent model of the English gentleman : integrity is the expression of these men's features; magnanimity, gravity, and dignity characterize the real English nobleman. We admire the palace; -its magnificent and becoming simplicity; -its massive beauty, and freedom from all tasteless decorations, within and without;-its large saloons ;-long corridors ;-deep coloured paintings ;-wide, elegant, echoing staircase; -the armoury, two hundred feet long, containing arms of every period of the existence of the order of St. John of Jerusalem;-the library, containing 40,000 volumes, where we were received by the librarian, the Abbé Bollanti, a young Maltese ecclesiastic, exactly resembling the Romish abbés of the old school; his eye mild and piercing, his mouth thoughtful and smiling, his forehead clear and pale, his language clegant and harmonious, and his address, simple, natural, refined, and polite. We chatted together a long time, for he is just the sort of man most proper for a long, deep, and interesting conversation. He has, like all the eminent ecclesiastics that I have met with in Italy, an air of sadness, indifference, and resignation, which speaks of the noble and dignified abdication of lost power. Educated amidst ruins, the ruins of shattered magnificence, they have thence contracted habits of melancholy and carelessness about the present. "How," said I to him, " can a man like you, bear the intellectual exile and seclusion in which you live in this deserted palace, and amidst the dust of these books?" "It is true," replied he, "that I live in sorrow and solitude; the horizon of this island is very limited; any noise I might make here by my writings would not resound very far, and the fame of other men in distant places scarcely reaches us; but my mind sees, beyond this, a more vast and unbounded horizon, to which my thoughts love to transport themselves: we have a fine sky overhead, a mild atmosphere around us, and a wide blue sea within our view: these are sufficient for the gratification of the senses: and as to the life of the spirit, that is nowhere more intense than in silence and solitude; there the soul re-ascends directly to God, the source from whence she emanated, without let or hindrance from the cares and things of the world. St. Paul, travelling to carry the precious communication of Christianity to the Gentiles, was shipwrecked at Malta, and remained there three months, to sow the grain of mustard. seed, he murmured not at his shipwreck and exile, as they were the means of bringing to this island the early knowledge of the divine word and doctrine;—and shall I complain—I who was born on these barren rocks, if the Lord detains me here to preserve his christian truth in hearts where so many truths are in danger of death? This life is poetical as well," added he; " and when I am at last at liberty from my classifications and catalogues, I too, may perhaps commit to writing the poetry of solitude and prayer." I left him with regret, and longing to see him again.

The church of St. John, the cathedral of the island, has all that solemnity of character, all that grandeur, dignity, and magnificence, that might be looked for in such an edifice erected in such a place. The keys of Rhodes, carried there by the knights after their defeat, hang on both sides of the altar as memorials of perpetual regrets, or of hopes still destined to be disappointed. The superb roof is painted all over by Le Calabrese, a production worthy of modern Rome's best days of art. One picture particularly strikes me in the chapel of the election; it is by Michael Angelo Caravaggio, whom the knights of that time had invited into the island to paint the roof of St. John. He undertook it, but the impatience and irritability of his fierce temper got the better of him; he was frightened at the length of the time it required, and departed, leaving his masterpiece at Malta,—the Beheading of St. John. If our modern painters who hunt romantics by system, instead of finding them in nature, were to look at this magnificent picture, they would find their pretended

inventions already invented. This is fruit from its native tree, not fruit moulded in wax and painted with artificial colours; picturesque attitudes, energy of expression, depth of thought, truth and majesty blended, strength of contrast and harmony united, horror and beauty mingled together; these constitute the picture. It is one of the most beautiful I ever saw in my life. It is such a picture as all the painters of the modern school are striving after. Here it is-it is found; let them seek no longer. Thus there is nothing new either in nature or art; all that is doing, has been done; all that is saying, has been said; all that is meditating, has been meditated. Every age is the copyist of a former; for all of us, whoever we are, whether artists or philosophers, being frail and transitory, copy in different styles the same immutable and eternal original-Nature, that single and diversified idea of the creative Mind.

July 25, 1832.

From the top of the observatory that surmounts the Grand Master's palace, we have now an entire view of the cities, harbours, and fields—fields naked, barren, colourless, and arid as the desert;—a city lying on a rock, and resembling the shell of a tortoise; so that it might be said, at a first view, to be carved out of the rock itself; -scenes presented by the terraced roofs at the approach of night;—women sitting on them;— David thus saw Bathsheba. Nothing can be imagined more graceful and fascinating than these fair or dark figures appearing like shadows in the moonlight on the numerous roofs of the houses. The women are only to be seen there, on the balconies or at church; their language is confined to their eyes; love is a long mystery that their words never communicate; thus a lengthened dramatic plot is knit and unravelled without the utterance of a syllable. appearance at certain hours, meetings in the same spot, signs from a distance, words spoken only in the looks,—these are perhaps the first and most divine language of love, which is a feeling beyond the power of expression, and which, like music,

conveys in a language of its own, that which no ordinary speech can possibly communicate. These objects and thoughts renew the youth of the soul; they bring before the perception the only inexhaustible attraction that God has spread over the earth, and cause regret that the hours of life are so short and chequered. Two sentiments only, would satisfy the mind of man, if he lived to the age of the everlasting mountains; one is the contemplation of the Deity, and the other is love. Love and religion are the two ideas, or rather the single idea, of the inhabitants of the south: thus it is that they seek for nothing farther, for these are sufficient. We pity them, while we ought rather to envy them. What community is there between our factitious passions, the tumultuous agitations of our vain thoughts, and these two pure and genuine meditations that occupy the lives of these children of the sun:-Religion and Love, one charming the present, the other the future! Thus it is that I have often been struck, in spite of my prejudices to the contrary, with the calm and untroubled features found in the south, and with the ease, serenity, and happiness now so extensively displayed in the manners and countenances of the quiet crowd that now breathe, love, and sing before our eyes :- song, that overflow of happiness and imagination, in a mind too full to contain it. Singing is heard in Rome, Naples, Genoa, Malta, Sicily, Greece, and Ionia, on the shore, on the sea, and in the houses; in all these places is continually heard the soft recitative of the fisherman, the sailor, and the shepherd; or the wild thrumming of the guitar in the serene nights. It is happiness, say what you will. "They are slaves," do you say? What do they know about it?—Liberty or slavery!—Conventional happiness or misery!—Happiness or misery lie much nearer home. What matters it to these peaceful multitudes who respire the sea breezes, or lie in the warm sunshine of Sicily, Malta, or the Bosphorus, whether their laws are made by a priest, a pacha, or a parliament? Will that in any degree change their relative positions in regard to nature, the only ones interesting to them? No; by no means; all states of society, TOL. I.

whether under free or despotic governments, may be resolved into different kinds of slavery, more or less clearly apparent. We are slaves of the variable and capricious laws we make ourselves; they to the unvarying law of superior might which God has imposed on them. All this makes no difference as regards happiness or misery; but, in regard to the dignity of human nature, and the progress of knowledge and morality among mankind, it is not so: no,-yet let us examine farther, before pronouncing this negative. Take, at hazard, a hundred men from among these enslaved nations, and also a hundred from among our people, self-styled free, and compare them. In which is found most morality and virtue? know well, but I dread to say. If any one should read this besides myself, they will suspect me of partiality to despotism, and contempt for liberty. They will be deceived. love liberty, for it gives rise to difficult endeavours that ennoble human nature ; -so, I love virtue for its intrinsic worth and not for its reward. But the question is about happiness and when I examine it philosophically, I say with Montaigne "What do I know?" The fact is, that our political ques tions, so important in our lyceums, coffee-houses, and clubs appear very insignificant when viewed from afar, from the midst of the ocean, or from Alpine heights, or in the soar ing sublimity of philosophical and religious meditation. These discussions are interesting only to men, who have the neces saries of life and a few hours of leisure at command; the mass o mankind are concerned only with the necessities of nature ;a good, beautiful, and divine religion is the best politics fo the use of the many. This principle is wanting in the conduc of our own lives, and this is the reason why we stumble, fall and fall again, but never make any progress. We want th breath of life,-we form inanimate figures, but the soul is no within them .- O God! grant us thy vivifying influence, o we perish.

MALTA, July 28, 29, & 30, 1832.

Our stay at Malta was inevitably protracted, on account of

the indisposition of Julia. She has recovered, and we have determined on going to Smyrna, touching at Athens in the way. There I shall leave my wife and children, and go forward alone, across Asia Minor, to visit the other parts of the East. We weigh anchor, and are about to depart out of port, when a ship arrives from the Archipelago; she brings news of the capture of several vessels by the Greek pirates, and the massacre of their crews. The French consul, M. Miege, advises us to wait a few days. Captain Lyons, of the English frigate Madagascar, offers to convoy us to Nauplia in the Morea, and even to take us in tow, should our brig prove to be a heavier sailer than the frigate. He has accompanied his offer with all the obliging marks of politeness that can enhance its value. We accept it, and set out on

Wednesday, August 1, 1832, at 8 o'clock in the morning.

When just got out to sea, the captain, whose vessel soon fled a-head and left us behind, ordered his sails to be clued up, and waited for our coming. He then threw into the sea a buoy, attached to a cable; we hauled it up on board, and then followed like a reined courser the floating mass that cut through the waves, and seemed not to be at all affected by our weight. I was never before acquainted with Captain Lyons, who had commanded during six years one of the ships on the English station in the Levant; I was not known to him, even by name; I had not personally met with him at Malta, for he was then in quarantine: and yet, here is an officer of another nation, a nation often antagonist and hostile. who, at the slightest intimation from us, consents to lengthen his voyage by two or three days; to subject his vessel and crew to an operation (that of taking in tow) often attended with danger, and to hear, perhaps, around him his sailors murmuring at such condescension towards an unknown Frenchman: and he is actuated in all this only by a feeling of noble kindness, and of sympathy in the anxieties of a woman, and the sufferings of a child. This is the English

officer, with all his characteristic generosity; this is the ma in all the dignity of his mind and office. I shall never forg this trait of feeling, nor the individual who displays it. comes occasionally on board to inquire respecting our cor forts, and to renew his assurances of the pleasure he exp riences in protecting us; and appears to me to be one of the most gallant and open-hearted men I have ever met wit Nothing about him speaks of the roughness generally ascribe to sailors; but the courage of a man accustomed to conter with the fiercest of elements, is admirably united, in h young and handsome features, with suavity of temper, elev tion of thought, and beauty of character. Strangers as v previously were to Malta, we cannot view without regret i white walls sinking beneath the waves in the horizon. The houses we looked at with indifference a few days ago, no present to us an expressive aspect. We are acquainted wit those who dwell in them, and many friendly eyes look fro their terraced tops at the lessening sails of the two vessels.

The English are a great moral and political people; bu generally speaking, they are not a sociable people. Satisfic with the sweet and holy affection of the family firesid neither pleasure, nor the want of mental communication, of mutual sympathy, draw them thence, but custom ar vanity alone. Vanity is the very soul of English society; th it is that forms that cold, reserved, ceremonious form of inte course; this is what has created the classifications of ran title, nobility, and wealth, by which alone men are there di tinguished; and which puts the man himself entirely out the question, to consider only his name, dress, and accident circumstances. Are they different in their colonies? I shou suppose they are, after our experience of Malta. scarcely arrived there, we received from all the inhabitan of that beautiful colony the most generous and cordial marl of friendship and interest; our stay was an uninterrupte scene of splendid hospitality. Sir Frederick Ponsonby is, every thing, the perfect model of the virtuous and noble sir plicity of the English nobility, and his wife, Lady Emi

Ponsonby, that of the sweet and graceful modesty of the ladies of rank in her country. Sir Frederick Hankey's family, Mr. and Mrs. Nugent, Mr. Greig and Mr. Freyre, (formerly ambassador to Spain,) have all received us less like travellers, than as friends. We have known them but a week; we shall never, in all probability, see them again; but we carry away in our hearts an indelible impression of their cordiality and kindness. Malta was to us the Colony of Hospitality; a chivalrous and hospitable feeling, that recalls the memory of its former possessors, is still found among its palaces, which are now in the possession of a nation, worthy of the high rank she holds in the civilized world. The English are not amiable;—but it is impossible not to esteem them.

The government of Malta is rigorous and severe, and it is unbecoming of England, who has taught the world the knowledge of liberty, to have, in one of her possessions, two classes, citizens and enfranchised slaves. A provincial government and local parliaments in the British colonies, would accord well with the representative government of the mother-country. The germs of liberty and nationality, that are found among a conquered people, when they are respected by the victors, become the embryos of future virtue, dignity and power. The flag of England should wave only ove free men.

# Midnight of the same date.

After our departure this morning, on a heavy sea, a dea\_calm surprised us, when about twelve leagues from the shorn and still continues;—not a breath of wind is perceived i any quarter of the heavens, except a few light breezes the from time to time ruffle the canvas of the two vessels, ar cause among the large sails a resounding vibration, and a irregular fluttering, like the convulsions in the wings of dying bird. The sea is as smooth and polished as the blat of a sabre—not a ripple to be seen—but at long distance apart, great cylindrical undulations glide under the vess and shake it as with the shock of an earthquake. The who

of the masts, yards, shrouds, and sails then crack and groan, as if under the pressure of a high wind. We are not advancing an inch in an hour; the orange peelings that Julia is throw ing into the sea, still float in the same places around the brig, and the steersman looks carelessly at the stars, while the tiller does not occasion the least motion in his slackened hand. We have let go the tow-rope that fastened us to the English brig, because the vessels, being no longer capable of being governed, would run the risk of dashing against one another in the dark.

We are now about five hundred paces distant from the frigate. The lighted lamps shine through the port-holes from the large and beautiful officers' cabins on the upper decks of her stern. A signal-lantern, that might be mistaken for a star in the sky, is fastened aloft at the mizen-mast-head, to serve as a rallying-point for us during the night. While our eyes are fixed on this floating beacon and guide, a delightful strain or music bursts from the illuminated sides of the brig, and is re-echoed from its cloud of canvas, as from the vaulted roofs of a church. The harmony is varied and prolonged for several hours, and spreads to a distance, over the apparently enchanted and sleeping sea. Every sound that has been heard in the pleasantest hours of our lives; all the melodious recollections of our cities, theatres, and rural concerts, now recall our thoughts towards by-gone days, and beings now separated from us by time or death. To-morrow, or perhaps in a few hours, the terrific noises of a hurricane, the creaking of the masts, the reiterated blows of the surges on the hollow sides of the vessel, the signal-gun of distress, the rolling thunder, and the convulsive cries of two elements at war, and of men contending against their fury, may be substituted for this screne and majestic music.

These thoughts arise in every heart, and an unbroken silence reigns on both decks. Each calls to mind some of those significant notes, deeply engraven in the memory, which he may have formerly heard at some happy or melancholy cra of his internal life; each thinks with redoubled tenderness

on those whom he has left behind him. The mind cannot avoid being troubled at this apparent defiance of the tempests by men. These are moments that should be lastingly written in the thoughts; they contain, within a few minutes, more impressions, images, and existence, than whole years worn away in the monotonous vicissitudes of ordinary life. Then the heart is full, and would gladly disburden itself; then the most ordinary man feels himself inspired in every nerve; then it is that pleasure would be found in displaying before God, or revealing, either to a single sympathetic heart, or before the whole world, in language of the soul, all that passes within the mind; then it is that songs could be breathed out worthy of earth and heaven, if alas! there was a language that could express them;—but there is no such language, particularly for us Frenchmen; -no; there is no language for philosophy, love, religion, or poetry; the language of our nation is too mathematical, and its words are as dry, stiff, and unimaginative as ciphers. I will retire to rest.

#### August 2, two o'clock in the morning.

I cannot sleep; I have felt too much. I come up again on the deck. Let me describe the scene.—The moon is hidden by the yellow mist that bounds the sight on every side. It is, indeed, night; but then it is night on the sea, whose shining waters reflect the smallest portions of light that are radiated from the sky, and seem to retain a luminous impression of the past day. The night is not dark, but pale and pearly, like the light emitted from a window, when the taper is drawn on one side or removed farther back. The air also seems either dead, or sleeping on its level bed of waters; not a sound or a whisper; not even a sail flapping against the yard, or a single splash of spray, to indicate the least motion of the reposing brig.

I contemplate this silent scene of blank repose, and serene taciturnity; I breathe the light, soft air, in which the chest perceives neither warmth, coolness, nor weight, and I say:—This surely is the air they breathe in the land of spirits; in

the regions of immortality; in that sacred atmosphere where all is immutable, blissful, and perfect.

Another aspect of the sky was now presented. I had forgotten the English frigate, and was looking over the opposite side; she was but a few cable-lengths from us; and happening to turn round, my eyes fell on that majestic colossus, whose immense bulk was lying immovably upright, without the least motion of the hull, and looking as if placed on a pedestal of polished marble. The gloomy, gigantic mass of the vessel rose darkly from its silvery base, and stood out to view, delineated on the deep blue of the sea, air, and sky; not a breath was heard to show that life existed within that majestic structure; not a single indication was afforded either to ear or eye that it was animated with living intelligence, and occupied by so many thinking and active beings. It might have been taken for one of those great wrecks, destroyed by tempests, and floating unguided without a rudder, that the frighted voyager meets in the solitudes of the southern seas, and on which there remains not one voice to tell how it has perished: a mortuary register, without either name or date, left by the ocean on its surface for a few days, before being finally swallowed up. Above the dark hull of the vessel, its cloud of sails are picturesquely grouped, tapering around the masts. They rise in successive courses from one row of yards to another, shaped into a thousand strange forms, and furled in deep wide folds, appearing like the numerous high turrets that are ranged around the keep of a Gothic castle. They had neither the motion, nor the dazzling golden colour of sails seen on the waves by daylight; immovable, dull, and appearing in the shades of night of a slaty grey, they resembled an immense flight of bats or unknown sea-fowl, crowded, thronged, and pressed one upon another on a lofty tree, and hanging on its bare trunk, in the clear moonshine of a winter night. The deep shade of this mass of sails fell across us, and hid from our view half the circuit of the horizon. No ocean vision more gigantic and appalling ever appeared in a dream to the soul of Ossian.

The poetry of the sea was all collected there. The water and sky were confounded with each other in the distance, and appeared as but one ethereal fluid in which we seemed to be immersed. This vast floating space, unlimited and undefined, increased the effect of the huge apparition of the frigate on the water, and betrayed the mind into the same illusion that deceived the eye. I fancied that the frigate, its aërial pyramid of sail, our own vessel and ourselves, were all transported and carried away, like celestial bodies, into the liquid abysses of the empyrean; supported by nothing, but suspended by internal force in the blue void of the universal firmament.

Several days and nights thus pass in the open sea;—a level sea of fire;—immense billows roll out of the Adriatic gulf into the Mediterranean: they are large and cylindrical, slightly furrowed, and tinged every morning and evening with brilliant gold, like the columns of the temples at Rome and Pæstum.

I spent the days on deck, and addressed a few verses to my brother-in-law, M. de Montherot.

My brother both in kin and soul,

My more than friend,—though billows roll

Between thyself and me,
I call to mind thy parting gaze,

Thy sweet discourse in former days

Beneath the willow tree;

Thy brilliant verses, new each morn,
Like pearls of dew upon the thorn,
Like them unvalued too,
(Because thy mind had brought them forth
With ease, and thought them little worth;)
Like them to heav'n they flew.

I call to mind my childhood's years,
My groundless joys, my needless fears,
My mother's voice of love;
My young companions' games and plays,
Our walks in Spring's delightful days
Amid the budding grove;

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The stream, that in the valley deep Beneath the foliage seem'd to sleep, My lonely wand'rings there; The sapling shoot of pithy wood, Carved out to form a whistle rude, Whose music fill'd the air.

But deeper joys and sterner cares
Now fill my life's maturer years,
And agitate my breast;
Nor can the thoughts that on me crowd,
By trumpet's voice or thund'rings loud,
Be perfectly express'd.

Since human language, then, is weak, My heart! in silent accents speak Within thyself alone; While deep within my stormy soul, Fierce battles rage, huge billows roll, And hollow tempests moan.

No more shall thought, to language bound,
And clothed in verse with chiming sound,
Come dancing forth in rhyme;
But when in distant climes I roam,
And fondly think on those at home,
O'erleaping space and time;

Then shall my deep-felt pray'r ascend
From my full heart, for thee, my friend,
And thine for me will rise;
Thus by this breath of heav'nly birth,
We'll hold,—though distant far on earth,
Communion in the skies.

And dost thou ask me why I find
No words that can express my mind;
Then look across the main,
And view these wastes of desert sands,
These dreary graves of ancient lands,
Where Splendour held her reign.

#### RECOLLECTIONS OF THE BAST.

Europe I've left,—that stormy shore,
Where Truth's small voice, 'mid factions' roar.
Prepares the way for God;
And after twelve revolving skies,
See Athens now before me rise,
And anchor in its road.

'Tis now the early morning hour,
When, in the city's ancient pow'r,
Her greatness and her fame,
Her teeming crowds, from ev'ry part,
To camp or forum, school or mart,
In eager thousands came.

But though the rising sun still beams
O'er the same fields, rocks, seas, and streams,
From high Cithæron's brow;
The Parthenon's Turk-guarded wall,
And Theseus' ruin'd fane,—are all
That's left of Athens now.

August 6, 1832,

At noon to-day we discovered, under the distriction clouds, the broken outline of the mountains of Gr sky was of the pale, greyish colour that it appearment of October, over the Thames or the Seine. from the west breaks through the misty curtain the over the sea; the thunder rolls, the lightnings flastrong breeze from the south-east brings with it the and coolness of our rainy autumn winds.

This hurricane has driven us out of our course, as now close to the shore of Navarino; we see plainly small islands that close the entrance of its harbour magnificent double-peaked mountain that rises. Here is the place where the artillery of all Euro appealed to resuscitated Greece. Greece has answ appeal unworthily. Freed from the Turkish yok heroism of her sons, and the assistance of Europe, so a prey to her own internal distractions; she has

blood of Capo d'Istrias, who had devoted his whole life to her service; and the assassination of one of the chief of her citizens, is but a bad commencement of an era of regeneration and virtue. It is a melancholy reflection that the remembrance of so atrocious a crime should be among the first that rise to the mind, at the view of a land which is expected only to furnish associations of patriotism and glory. vessel draws nearer to the bay of Modon, the shores of the Peloponnesus become more prominent and distinct. These shores, often disparagingly spoken of by travellers, seem to me to be, on the contrary, very well fashioned by nature, with large mountainous amphitheatres, and gently undulating outlines. I can scarcely disengage my attention from them. The scene is now deserted, yet thickly peopled by memory with recollections of the past. This dusky mass of hills, capes, and valleys, which can be all seen from this spot at a single glance, like a little ocean islet, and which is but an imperceptible point upon a map, has produced within itself more fame, glory, and renown, more virtues and more crimes, than the whole extent of entire continents. This is the group of islands and mountains, whence sprang, almost at the same instant, Miltiades, Leonidas, Thrasybulus, Epaminondas, Demosthenes, Alcibiades, Pericles, Plato, Aristides, Socrates, and Phidias. This is the land that devoured the two millions of men who constituted the armies of Xerxes; that sent out colonies to Byzantium, into Asia, and into Africa; that created or revived the intellectual and mechanical arts, and carried them in a century and a half to a pitch of perfection, which rendered them capable of producing models that have never been surpassed. This is the country whose history is our own history; whose Olympus is still the heaven of our imaginations; whence philosophy and poetry took their flight to the other regions of the world, and where they now incessantly return, like children to their cradle. Here it is; every wave bears me towards it:—I am in actual contact with it. The sight of it excites deep emotion within me, yet still much less than it would have done, had not the associations connected with it been injured, by being rooted in my memory before they were understood by my reason. Greece is to me like a book, whose beauties are tarnished by having been obliged to read it without understanding its import.

Still, all the enchantment is not lost; there yet remains an echo in my heart at the sound of these great names. A sensation of holiness, pleasure, and perfume, is occasioned in my mind by the sight of these scenes, and I am grateful to God for having been permitted to see, while passing through the world, this "land of doers of great deeds," as Epaminondas called his country.

During the whole of my youth, I wished to do what I now do, to see what I now see; and a wish long indulged, and at last gratified, constitutes happiness. I experience, at the sight of these scenes, so long the objects of my waking dreams, a feeling that I have always experienced when in possession of all that I have earnestly desired; a calm and contemplative happiness that is involved within itself; a repose of the mind and spirit, which seem to pause and say, "Let us stop and enjoy ourselves:"—but yet, after all, these enjoyments of the mind and imagination are but cool. This is not the happiness of the soul; that is found either in divine or human love, but never in aught else than love.

# The same evening.

We sail delightfully before a favourable wind that is driving us between Cape Matapan and the island of Cerigo. A Greek pirate approaches us, while the frigate is some leagues distant, in pursuit of a suspected vessel. The Greek brig advances within a cable's length from us—we all go on deck—we prepare for resistance—our guns are loaded—the deck is strewed with muskets and pistols. The captain summons the commander of the Greek brig to sheer off.—This last, seeing twenty-five well-armed men on our deck, determines not to run the risk of boarding.—He sheers off, and then returns a second time, and almost touches our vessel—we

are about to fire on him .- He again retires, and apologizes. pretending that his is like our own, a merchant vessel returning to the Archipelago, and he remains for about a quarter of an hour within pistol-shot distance. I am noticing his crew, and never have I seen crime, murder, and robbery written on any countenances with more hideous lineaments. They consist of fifteen or twenty banditti, some clothed in Albanian costumes. and others in tattered European dresses, and either sitting or lying on the deck, or working the vessel. They are all armed with pistols and poignards, whose handles shine with inlaid silver. There is a fire on the deck, at which two old women are cooking fish: a young girl of about fifteen or sixteen appears from time to time along with these hags. Her celestial figure resembles an angelic apparition amidst these hellish groups. One of the old women drives her several times below deck; she goes down crying, and a dispute arises among some of the crew, apparently on this subject. A couple of poignards are drawn and braudished, when the captain, who was smoking his pipe, unconcernedly leaning with his elbow on the tiller, throws himself between the two pirates, upsets one of them on the deck, and then every thing is again quiet: the young Greek female comes again on deck, and wiping her eyes with the long tresses of her hair, sits down at the foot of the main-mast:-one of the old women kneels down behind her, and combs her flowing locks. The wind now freshens; the Greek pirate turns his prow towards Cerigo, and crowding all his sail in the twinkling of an eye, is soon seen only as a white speck in the distance.

We lie by in order to wait for the frigate, who fires a gun as a signal of her approach. In a few hours she rejoins us. The Greek pirate she was pursuing has escaped her, having run into one of those inaccessible inlets, where they always take refuge under similar circumstances.

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#### The same day, eleven o'clock, P. M.

Whenever any feeling strongly excites my mind, I feel a desire to communicate what I experience, either verbally or by writing, to some other person, and thus to find a reflection of my joy, and a re-echo of my emotion. Thought when isolated is not complete; man has been created for sociality and friendship. Alas! when I now look around me, there is already a great vacuum. Julia and Marianne (Madame de Lamartine) are all that are left, but Julia is as yet so young that I can only say to her what is adapted to her age. She is all our future hope, and will soon be all our present enjoyment; but as to the past, where is it already?

The individual who would have most enjoyed my present happiness, was my mother. In all the happy or sorrowful events of my life, my thought always involuntarily turns to her; I seem to see and hear her, to speak and write to her. One who is so constantly in the memory cannot be said to be absent; one who is so completely and forcibly visible to the mind, cannot be said to be dead. I always communicate to her now, as I did during her life, all my feelings, in which she so speedily and completely sympathized, and which were warmed, heightened, and embellished by her radiant and youthful imagination. My mind seems to seek her in the retired and religious solitude of Milly, where she brought us up, and whence her thoughts followed us during the vicissitudes of our youthful years. I seem to see her now, expecting, receiving, reading, and commenting on my letters, and still more excited by my feelings than even myself. Vain dreams! she is no longer there; she dwells in the world of realities; our transitory dreams no longer concern her; but her spirit is with us, it visits, follows, and protects us, and our intercourse is still kept up in the regions of immortality. I have thus, before attaining the age of manhood, lost the greatest part of the beings whom I most tenderly loved, and by whom I was most tenderly beloved, here below. The affections of iny existence are thus more concentrated, and my heart has

only a few kindred hearts left to fly to; tombs are the only spots where my memory can dwell on earth, and I live more among the dead than among the living. Should God lay upon me only one or two more chastising strokes of his Providence I feel that I should be entirely alienated from myself; for I could no longer see and love my counterpart in others, and it is only in them that I can possibly view myself with com-

placency.

When very young, I loved myself in myself; childhood is always selfish. That did very well for that time, which was at about sixteen or eighteen years of age, when as yet I knew not myself, and knew still less of the world; but now I have lived too long, and known too much, to confine myself to that portion of existence which is termed a human individual. Great God! what is a man? And how foolish is it, to attach the smallest importance to what I by myself feel, think, or write! What space do I occupy in the universe? What void shall I leave by my disappearance? A desolation in one or two hearts for a few days; my place on the sun-warmed surface of the earth; my dog will expect me in vain, and my much-loved trees will miss me from beneath their shade; this will be all, and even this will soon be forgotten. The vanity of existence is perceived when we find ourselves no longer necessary to any other being, and when we can no longer meet with regard and love; for the only real good here below I have always found to be Love-love under all its forms.

August 7, six o'clock, P. M.

There are the steep coasts of Laconia within a few gun shots from us. We are sailing along them with a nice breeze and they glide majestically past us. Leaning over the railings of the vessel, with my eyes fixed on the classic outline of the Grecian mountains, I commit their forms to the keeping of memory; they roll by like billows formed of earth and stones; they rise, fall, and group themselves in differen forms before me, like the clouds of his country did before the mind of Ossian. An hour or two passed away in the silen

contemplation of these heights, and in the recollection of the euphonious names belonging to this now deserted country. The mountains of Chromius, whence the Eurotas takes its rise, elevate into the air their rounded summits; the sun's disk strikes them with its light, and is reflected as from gilded domes; it tinges its cloudy bed with fire all around; and the mountain-tops appear transparent as the atmosphere that surrounds them, and from which it is then difficult to distinguish them; it might be affirmed with confidence, that, through the twilight left by a sun already set, was seen the immense reflection of a distant conflagration. One of these mountains, among others, presents to our eyes the appearance of a reversed crescent, and seems gradually to be more deeply indented in order to open an aërial passage for the globe of day, which seems to roll there in the golden dust of a cloud which touches its lower circumference. The nearer heights which the sun has already left, are tinged with the purple of the violet, and the pale tint of the lilac; they are immersed in an atmosphere enriched with every hue found on the painter's Still nearer, other hills, already covered by the evening shades, seem to be clothed with dusky forests; and last of all, those that form the fore-ground with which we are in contact, and whose precipices are washed by the surf. are entirely plunged in darkness; the eye can there only distinguish the inlets which form the haunts of the pirates (with which these seas abound), and a few projecting promontories. some of which, as Napoli di Malvoisia, bear cities or fortresses on their precipitous tops. These mountains thus seen from the deck of a ship, at the hour when evening clothes them in a thousand illusive hues, are, I think, the most beautiful terrestrial objects ever presented to my contemplative gaze; and the vessel is floating with a gentle inclination, like a movable balcony, upon a gently murmuring sea caressing its keel; the air is soft and odoriferous; and the sails emit harmonious sounds at every gust of the evening breeze. Almost all the objects that I love are here; peaceful. happy, safe, and partaking with myself in the enjoyment of YOL. I.

the prospect. Julia and her mother are near me, leaning against the haulyards: the child's features brighten at all the objects, names, and historical facts continually recounted to her by her mother; her eyes wander with ours over all these scenes, with whose wondrous transactions she is already acquainted. There is much intellect in her look; it displays the deep, lively, warm, and rapid thoughts of a mind fostered and developed under the ardent and affectionate spirit of her mother. She seems as much delighted as ourselves, and especially because she perceives that we are interested and happy: for the child's mind has its existence indissolubly connected with ours; a tear rises in her eye, if she sees me melancholy and sad; her looks are an instantaneous reflection of mine, and our every smile of joy never lacks a corresponding smile on her lips. How beautiful does this make her!

I have long since seen the Roman and Sabine mountains under every different aspect; but these surpass them in variety of association, majesty of form, and dazzling splendour of colour; their outlines are infinitely diversified. would require a volume to describe what a picture would communicate at a glance; but to see them in all their imaginative beauty, they should be viewed thus, at the close of day; then they seem to be clothed, as in their youth, with forests and verdant pastures, rustic cottages, flocks and shepherds; but the shades of evening alone invest them with this dress, nor have they any other; thus, also, the history of the men who have rendered them illustrious, needs the shades of the past, and the illusions of distance, to enable it to attract and detain our thoughts. Nothing should be seen in the clear brightness of noon; in the plain daylight of the present. Nothing, in this evil world, is completely beautiful but what is partially ideal; illusion is necessary to beauty in every thing but virtue and love.

The same day, eight o'clock, P. M.

The wind is rising;—we are sailing over a pleasant sea near

the entrance of several gulfs;—we are approaching Cape San Angelo, formerly Cape Malia;—we shall soon reach it.

Morning of August 8.

The wind has fallen;—we have passed the night, without making any progress, at a little distance from Cape Malia.

Noon of the same day.

There is a gentle breeze that drives us towards the cape. The frigate, which now has us in tow, cuts out before us a smooth and purling path, in which we rapidly rush on its track, amid flakes of foam dashed from its flying keel. Captain Lyons, who is well acquainted with these seas, wishes to give us the pleasure of a view of the cape and its adjoining lands, by passing within a hundred toises, at farthest, from the coast.

At the extremity of Cape San Angelo, or Malia, which projects far into the sea, begins the narrow strait which timid navigators avoid, by leaving the island of Cerigo on the left. This cape is the Cape of Storms to the Greek sailors. The pirates only dare the passage, because there they know they cannot be pursued. The wind comes down from this cape with so much power and fury on the sea, that it often hurls large rolling stones even as far as the decks of passing vessels. On a steep and inaccessible declivity of the rock that forms the point of the cape (a point sharpened by hurricanes and dashing waves), the hand of chance has placed three rocks, broken off from the summit, and arrested midway in their fall, which there resemble a sea-fowl's nest overhanging the foaming waste of waters. A little earth, of a reddish colour, that has accumulated behind these shapeless fragments, affords a hold for the roots of five or six stunted fig-trees, which hang, with tortuous branches and broad grey leaves, over the whirling abyss that roars beneath their base. There cannot be perceived any path or practicable ascent by which to reach this little mound of vegetation; still a small, low house can be distinguished beneath the trees, dull and grey as the rock on which it stands, and with which it might at first sight be

confounded. Above the flat roof of the house rises a small arch, like those above the convent doors in Italy; underneath which is suspended a bell: on the right are seen the ancient ruins of a foundation, built of red bricks, where three arcades open, and lead to a small terrace that lies before the house. An eagle would have feared to build its nest in such a spot. beneath a burning sky, without a single tree or bush to shelter it from the ceaselessly roaring wind, the perpetual dash of the resounding sea, and the endless washing of the foam on the polished rock. Well! a man has done what a bird would scarcely have dared; he has chosen this spot for an asylum, and dwells there. We saw him; he is a hermit; -we sailed so near to the cape, that we could discern his long white beard, his staff, his rosary, and his hood, made of brown felt, resembling that worn by sailors in winter. He knelt while we passed, with his face turned towards the sea, as though he were imploring the succour of Heaven for the unknown strangers in this perilous passage. The wind issuing furiously from the defiles of Laconia, began, immediately after we doubled this rocky headland, to bluster among our sails, tossing and whirling the two vessels about, and covering all the sea with surf as far as the eye could reach. A fresh sea opened before us:-the hermit ascended to the top of one of the rocks in order to follow us farther with his eyes, and we could there see him kneeling, immovably, as long as we were within sight of the cape.

Who can he be? He must have possessed a mind thrice hardened to have chosen this frightful dwelling-place; he must have a heart and soul hungering for deathless, strong emotions, to have taken up his abode in this vulture's eyry, alone with the boundless horizon and the stormy roaring of the sea: the only objects within his reach are now and then a passing vessel,—the crashing masts,—the torn sails,—the gun fired in distress,—and the cries of drowning sailors.

These few fig-trees, this inaccessible spot of verdure, this view of the convulsive strife of the warring elements, and these fierce, impetuous, meditative feelings of the soul, realize

some of my childish and youthful dreams. By an instinctive foresight, afterwards confirmed by knowledge of mankind. I always placed felicity in solitude; in that alone I then placed, in that still do I place, the seat of God, and love, and intellect. This solitary desert, suspended between the sea and sky, shall ever be one of the dearest recollections of my heart; its situation resembles the attitude of the mountain bird, standing on the highest rocky peak, and fluttering his wings, ready to dart upwards into the regions of light. No man, with a properly constructed mind, could fail of becoming in such a spot either a great saint or a great poet-perhaps both. God only knows what dreadful shocks in life it has required to lead me and others, whom I see with me, into this path of thought and desire. Under any circumstances, that can be no ordinary man, who has felt pleasure and satisfaction in clinging like the pendulous liana to the walls of such an abyss, and hanging there during a whole life, amidst the tumult of the elements, and the terrible music of tempests. alone with his own reflections, in the presence of Nature and God.

# The same day.

A few leagues from the cape, the sea again becomes more. Some small Greek boats, without decks, and covered with sails, pass beside us in the deep hollows of the waves, filled with women and children, having baskets of grapes and melons, which they are taking to Hydra for sale. The least breath of wind rolls them over so much that their sails dip into the water: their only defence from the waves is a piece of stretched canvas, rising a few feet above the exposed side. They are often hidden from us by the billows and the spray, and rise again like corks floating on the surface of the water. What a life is this, which is yet that of almost all the Greeks; the sea is their element, and they sport in it, like our village children do among the heath of the mountains. The maritime destiny of Greece is written by the finger of Nature herself.

The same day.

Those are the distant peaks of the island of Crete, risin on our right;—this is Ida, covered with snows, and appearin from hence like the lofty sails and rigging of a ship at sea.

We enter the large bay of Argos,-we drive before th wind with the speed of an arrow,-the rocks, mountains, an islands of both shores fly past like dusky shadows. Nigl comes on,-we can already perceive the head of the bar which is, however, ten leagues from its mouth,-the mass of three squadrons anchored before Nauplia are plainly seen like a wintry forest rooted in the sky and plain of Argo Soon the darkness becomes entire,-fires are lighted on th slopes of the mountains, and in the woods, where the Gree shepherds are keeping their flocks,-the ships fire the ever ing gun. The port-holes of all the sixteen anchored vessel are successively illuminated, like the lamp-lighted streets of a large city. We enter into this labyrinth of vessels, and at now, at midnight, about to drop anchor near a small fort the protects the road lying before the city of Nauplia, and unde the shadow of the castle of Palamida.

August 9.

I rise with the sun, to take a nearer view of Argos and it bay, and of Nauplia, the present capital of Greece:—a complete disappointment. Nauplia is a miserable village, buil on the border of a deep narrow bay, on a strip formed of so that has fallen from the high mountains that cover all thes coasts; the houses are not the least foreign in aspect; the are built in the form of the most vulgar dwellings in the vil lages of France and Savoy. The greatest part of them ar in ruins, and the broken walls, battered down by cannon it the last war, still lie in the middle of the streets. Two of three new houses, painted with raw colours, stand on the quay, and some coffee-houses and wood-shops project for ward on piles into the sea: these coffee-houses, and their balconies overhanging the sea, are filled with some hundred

of Greeks, in their best and dirtiest dresses; they are sitting or lying on the boards or sand. All their countenances are handsome, but melancholy and ferocious; the weight of indolence appears in all their attitudes. The laziness of the Neapolitans is pleasant, serene, and cheerful;—it is the carelessness of happiness; the laziness of the Greeks is heavy, dark, and morose;—it is a vice that brings its own punishment. Turning our eyes away from Nauplia, we admire the handsome fortress of Palamida, crowning the mountain that rises above the town, and whose jagged walls resemble the projections of a natural rock.

But where is Argos?—A wide, naked, barren plain, intersected by morasses, extends around the extremity of the bay, and is bounded on every side by chains of grey mountains. At the farther end of this plain, about two leagues inland, a hillock is seen, bearing on its top a few fortified walls, and protecting with its shade a ruined village—that is Argos; and near it is the tomb of Agamemnon. But what do Agamemnon and his kingdom concern me? These historical and political old wives' fables have lost the interest with which childhood and the supposition of their truth once invested them. I would prefer to behold only the Arcadian valley:-I had rather see a tree, a spring bubbling up under a rock, or a ruddy laurel bush on the bank of a river, under the broken arch of a bridge hung with lianas, than the remains of one of those classic kingdoms, which recall nothing to my mind but the tedium and disgust they occasioned to me in my boyish years.

August 10.

We have passed two days at Nauplia; Julia is again indisposed, and I am remaining a few days to wait for her complete recovery. We are on shore, in the room of a bad inn, facing a barrack of Greek troops. The soldiers lie all day under the shade of the ruined fragments of walls, in the midst of the streets and squares of the town; their dresses are rich and picturesque, and their features bear the impress of

misery and despair, and all the fierce passions that are kindled and fostered in these wild minds by civil war. The most complete anarchy prevails at present in the Morea. Every day some faction triumphs over another, and we can hear the firing of the Klephts and Colocotroni, who are fighting on the other side of the bay against the government forces. Every courier who descends from the mountains, brings news of the burning of a town, the devastation of a country, or the massacre of a population by some one of the factions who are laying waste their native land. You can scarcely go out of the gates of Nauplia without being in danger from musketshots. The prince Karadja was kind enough to offer me an escort of his palikars to go and visit the tomb of Agamemnon; and General Corbet, commander of the French forces, would have willingly added a detachment of his soldiers: but I have refused; for I wish not, for the sake of an idle curiosity, to risk men's lives, with the loss of which I should perpetually reproach myself.

August 12, 1832.

I was present this morning at a sitting of the Greek senate. The hall of meeting is a wooden shed; the walls and roof are formed of deal planks, badly put together; the deputies sit on high benches around an area covered with sand, and speak from their places.

We sat down on a heap of stones at the door of the hall, to see them arrive. They came, one after another, on horse-back, each accompanied by a guard, more or less numerous, according to the rank of the chief. The deputy dismounted, and his palikars, who were loaded with splendid arms, went and collected themselves together at a little distance in the small plain that surrounds the place of meeting: this plain thus presented the appearance of a camp, or a caravan.

The attitudes of the deputies are noble and warlike; they speak without interruption or confusion, in a tone of voice that is agitated by emotion, but firm, regular, and harmonious. They are not the ferocious figures that offend the eye in the

streets of Nauplia; they are the chiefs of an heroic people, who still retain in their grasp the musket and sabre with which they have been fighting for freedom, and who are deliberating together upon the best means of securing their liberty.—Their senate is a council of war.

Nothing can be imagined more simple, and at the same time more imposing, than this spectacle of an armed nation debating over their country's ruins, and under a roof of boards erected in the open fields; whilst their soldiers are polishing their arms at the door of the assembly-room, and their horses are neighing, impatient to return to the mountain paths. The countenances of some of the chiefs are admirable for beauty, intelligence, and heroism; these come from the mountainous parts. The mercantile Greeks of the islands are also easily recognized by their more effeminate looks, and the crafty expression of their features: their commercial pursuits, and the sloth of their towns, have deprived their physiognomy of all nobility and energy, and substituted that impression of ordinary vulgarity and cunning, by which they are characterized.

August 13, 1832.

A delightful entertainment has been given by Admiral Hotham, commander of the English station in the port of Nauplia. He invited us on board his three-decked ship, the St. Vincent, and caused a mock sea-fight to be executed for us. A vessel manned by sixteen hundred men, and thus seen in the time of conflict, is a masterpiece of human intelligence.

The admiral is an excellent man, whose appearance and manners present that union of the nobility of the veteran warrior with the mild benevolence of the philosopher, which, though generally rare, yet often characterizes the fine manly features of the English aristocracy. He offered us one of his ships of war to accompany us as far as Smyrna. I have refused it, and have requested this kindness from Admiral Hugon, commander of the French squadron. He willingly

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spares us the brig Genie, commanded by Captain Cunco d'Ornano, but she will not escort us farther than Rhodes.

I dined with M. Rouen, minister for French affairs in Greece. I myself was intended to have filled this office, under the restoration; he congratulated me on my not having obtained it. He has passed at Nauplia through all the worst days of Greek anarchy, and longs for his deliverance. He consoles himself under the rigours of his exile by association with his fellow-countrymen, and by representing with the perfection of gracefulness and cordiality, the puissant protection of France, in a country, whose past history and future prospects alike call for our brotherly regard.

August 15, 1832.

I can write nothing.—My mind is as sad and mournful as the frightful country that surrounds me, where are seen bare rocks, dingy, black soil, low dusty bushes, and marshy plains, where the north wind, keen even in the month of August, whistles over reedy swamps. This land of Greece is now no more than a nation's shroud, and resembles an old tomb despoiled of its contents, and whose stones, even, are dispersed and discoloured by length of ages. Where is the beauty of this so much boasted Greece? Where is her transparent golden sky? All is as dull and cloudy as in a defile of Savoy or Auvergne, on the last days of autumn. The violent north wind, which drives the roaring waves to the very end of the bay, prevents our departure.

August 18, 1832, anchored before the Gardens of Hydra.

At length we started last night with a nice breeze from the south-cast, and slept in our hammocks. At seven o'clock we had cleared the bay; the sca was beautiful, and beat melodiously against the sides of the brig. We soon entered the channel that extends between the main-land and the islands of Hydra and Spezzia.

Towards noon we were embayed on the coast of the con-

tinent opposite Hydra. Terrible squalls of wind coming from every point of the compass, made the navigation extremely dangerous. Our sails were split, our masts were in danger of breaking;—during three hours we struggled incessantly against the furious hurricanes;—the sailors were exhausted with fatigue;—the captain seemed anxious for the fate of the vessel;—at last he succeeded in reaching the shelter of a high coast, and an anchorage, well known to navigators, in front of a delightful hill, called the Gardens of Hydra. We are now anchored there, at a mile from the shore, and not far from the war-brig Genie, which has made the same voyage as ourselves.

This is a day of rest upon a sea yet agitated, and amid gusts of wind that whistle among our masts. We land on the coast; it is the prettiest spot we have yet seen in Greece. High mountains rise above the general level of the country;—they still retain some patches of soil, and some beds of pale green moss on their polished sides;—they descend in slight declivities, and hide their bases in some groves of olives;—farther off, they extend in gentle slopes to the channel of Hydra, which flows at their feet, more like a large river than like the sea. There the eye rests on one or two country-houses, surrounded by gardens and orchards;—cultivated fields;—clumps of chesnut-trees and holm oaks;—flocks of sheep;—and some Greek peasants engaged in agricultural labours. We slip our dogs, and after hunting all day over the mountains, return with some game.

The town of Hydra, which covers all the small island so named, shines from the other side of the channel, white, resplendent, and dazzling as a fresh-hewn rock. This island does not present to the eye a single inch of soil; nothing is visible but stone;—the town covers it entirely;—the houses rise perpendicularly above one another;—they were the refuge of commercial freedom and Greek wealth, under the Turkish rule. The increase or decrease of civilization in a country, can be ascertained by the situations of its towns and cities; when security and independence are increasing, the

cities descend from the mountains to the plains, and when tyranny and anarchy are reviving, they re-ascend the rocks, or take refuge on the sea-cliffs. During the middle ages, in Italy, on the Rhine, and in France, the cities were eyries perched on the peaks of inaccessible rocks.

The same day.

The night is calm. We passed a delightful evening on deck. We shall set sail to-morrow, if the north wind does not revive again with the same strength.

August 19, 1832.

We weighed anchor at three o'clock this morning. favourable wind permitted us to approach that point of the main-land that advances into the sea of Athens; but there a fresh tempest assailed us, more violent even than the last. We were separated in an instant from the two vessels who were sailing in company with us. The sea became tremendous; we rolled out of one abyss into another, the yards continually dipping into the water, and the surf washing over the deck. The captain resolved to double the cape; after several hours of ineffectual endeavours he succeeded; but the wind was so strong that the brig drove a good deal to the leeward. We were obliged to direct our course towards the mountains which appeared on the other side of the Sca of Athens. We sailed at the rate of ten knots, enveloped in a moist cloud of spray, and amid splashes of foam dashed from the bows and sides of our vessel. From time to time the atmosphere cleared up, and afforded us a glimpse of Cape Colonna, growing whiter to the view. We hoped to be able to go this evening to the feet of its columns, and there to worship the memory of the divine Plato, who, two thousand years before our arrival, came to meditate on this same promontory of Sunium. My looks never quitted the outline of the mountains of Athens, from which the wind was driving At last, towards sunset, the wind abated, and we approached the shores of the island of Ægina. We fell into

an almost dead calm, under the shelter of the island and the coast of the main-land, and at the close of day we entered into another bay, formed by the island and the beautiful shores of Corinth. The sea was smooth as a mirror, and we seemed to be sailing on an unrufiled river, whose current was bearing us along to the anchorage.

We dropped anchor at the very moment of nightfall, in a large and charming lake, surrounded by dark mountains, where the rising moon strikes with her silvery light the Acropolis of Corinth, and the columns of the temple of Egina. We are a few hundred paces distant from the island, opposite to some gardens overshadowed by fine plane-trees, and where some white houses shine out from among the foliage.—Quiet repose, and supper on deck, after a day of danger and fatigue:—such is the life of travellers, and such is the great journey of life.

On our right, the island of Ægina, rising in soft, dark, steep slopes, throws out into the bay a tongue of land covered with cypresses, vines, and fig-trees, at the end of which is situated the town; it is not placed in so strange a situation as the few Greek towns we have hitherto seen. The gymnasium, built by Capo d'Istrias, shines out in the midst of it :- then its museum ;- I shall not go there :- I am tired of museums, those cemeteries of the arts. Fragments broken from their original situations, parted from the purpose for which they were intended, and separated from the mass, by their union with which they conferred and received beauty. cannot be said to be aught else than the ashes of marbles which no longer live. I went on shore alone, and passed two delightful hours in a garden of cypresses and orange trees belonging to Gergio Bey of Hydra. At ten o'clock, I returner to the vessel, and, coming on the gangway, I found half the deck literally covered by heaps of melons and water-melons large baskets of grapes of every form and colour, some o which weighed three or four pounds, figs from Attica, an all the flowers that the climate and season can furnish. was then informed that the governor of Ægina, Nicola

Scuffo, having learned the day before from my Greek pilot that I should pass the bay, had come to visit me in a boa filled with this present from his country. He had recognized in my name that of a friend to Greece, and had brought me the first-fruits of that prosperity which is desired for her be so many generous hearts. He promised to return again in the evening. Having obtained a boat from Captain Cuner d'Ornano, I started for Ægina to return my thanks to the governor; I met him at sea, and we returned together or board. He is an eminent man, with a very intellectual flow of conversation; we discoursed about Greece, its future prospects, and present critical state of affairs. I see with regret that religious feeling is extinguished in Greece, and that their ignorant clergy are despised. The spirit of commercial enterprise contains not within itself sufficient virtue to revigorate a people; and I fear, lest this country should, at the first crisis of European affairs, be again thrown into con-There are here, as in Italy, most manly, brave, fusion. intelligent, and illustrious individuals, but there is no common tie among them .- They are Greeks, but not a nation.

Having started from Ægina at noon on the 19th, we are watching the sun setting in the golden valley that lies on the isthmus of Corinth, between the Acro-Corinthus and the mountains of Attica; it kindles into flame all that quarter of the heavens, and here, for the first time, we see that splendid sky which invests the East with its fascination and glory. Salamina, the grave of Xerxes' fleet, is at a short distance before us: its grey coast and dark shore leave it without any other attraction than its name, but its naval fight and the memory of Themistocles cause it to be always saluted by the mariner with respect. The mountains of Attica raise their black peaks above Salamina, and on the right, upon one of the lessening hills of Ægina, the temple of Jupiter Panhellenius, gilded by the last beams of day, rises above the scene (which is one of the most beautiful presented by the historical localities found in nature), and joins its religious associations to these recollections of particular times and places; while the

devout feelings of humanity mingle with and sanctify the whole. But the religion of the Greeks, which was connected with the mind and imagination, and not with the heart, does not affect me in the least; it is so well known that the gods of that people were only the toys of poetry and arts, whose existence was confined to fables and dreams. nothing serious or real, nothing drawn from the depths of nature and humanity, before the times of Socrates and Then began the religion of reason, and after that came Christianity, which had received from its divine Founder the watchword and key of the destiny of mankind. barbarous ages it had to pass through, in order to arrive at ours, often altered and disfigured it, but had it fallen among Platos and Pythagorases, to what perfection should we not now have attained? We shall yet attain to it, thanks be to this religion, by the aid of its help and guidance.

There is a settled calm, and we lie six hours without motion on the surface of the transparent water, and amidst the variously-coloured mists of the Sea of Athens. The Acropolis and the Parthenon rise like an altar, three leagues before us, separated from the mountains Pentelicus, Hymettus, and Anchesmus. Indeed all Athens is an altar to the gods, the most beautiful pedestal on which past ages have been able to creet the statue of human nature. Its appearance at the present time is dull, sad, black, arid, and desolate; -it makes the heart feel heavy; -nothing living, verdant, beautiful or animated is to be seen;—nature is there so exhausted, that only God can revivify it; liberty alone will not be able to do To the poet and the artist the words, "It is finished," appear written on these barren mountains, these capes whitened by ruined temples, and these marshy or stony plains, which retain nothing of their former splendour but their high-sounding appellations. It is an apocalyptic land, which appears smitten by some divine malediction or prophetic denunciation: it is the Jerusalem of the nations, in which is found not even a sepulchre. This is the aspect presented, not only by Athens. but also by all the shores of Attica, of the islands, and of the Peloponuesus.

August 20.

Having arrived at the Pirœus at 8 o'clock this morning, we dropped anchor. Horses were waiting for us on the beach, and on coming ashore we mounted: I found there an ass, on which we placed a side-saddle for Julia, and off we started. For the space of half a league, the plain, though of a light, easy, and fertile soil, is entirely uncultivated. The Turks, during the war, burnt a forest of olive-trees that extended as far as the sea, and of which some blackened trunks are yet standing. We entered the wood of olive and fig-trees that surrounds the foremost group of the Athenian hills, like a verdant girdle. We followed the course of the foundations, (which are still visible) of the long wall built by Themistocles, which joined the city to the Piræus .- Some Turkish fountains, formed of rough stones, in the shape of wells, and surrounded by rustic troughs, were successively seen, placed at some distance from each other.—Some Greek peasants and Turkish soldiers were lying near these fountains, and mutually presenting each other with drink. At last we passed beneath the high terraces and blackened rocks, that serve as a pedestal to the Parthenon.—The Parthenon itself seemed not to enlarge as we approached, but, on the contrary, to diminish. The effect produced by this edifice, the most beautiful, according to the judgment of every age, that was ever erected by human hands, is by no means answerable, when it is thus seen, to preconceived expectations; and the pompous descriptions of travellers, artists, or poets, fall with sadness on the heart, when the reality is seen, and appears so different from their representations. It is not gilded by the solidified beams of the sun of Greece; it does not hover in the atmosphere like an acrial island bearing a divine monument; it does not shine from afar over land and sea, like a beacon that cries, "Ilere is Athens! here man has exhausted

his ingenuity, and bid defiance to the future!" No!-there is nothing of all this. Overhead are seen, rising irregularly, ancient blackened walls, marked with white patches: these patches consist of marble, out of the ruins of edifices which crowned the Acropolis, before its restoration by Pericles and These walls, flanked at different distances by others which support them, are surmounted by a square Byzantine tower and Venetian turrets. They surround a large mound, which contains within it almost all the sacred monuments of the city of Theseus. At one end of this mound, on the side nearest the Ægean Sea, stands the Parthenon, or Temple of Minerva, the virgin goddess who was born from the brain of Jupiter. This temple, whose columns are of a dingy black, is marked here and there by patches of a dazzling whiteness: these are the marks left by the Turkish cannon, and the hammers of the Iconoclasts. Its form is an oblong quadrangle, and seems too low and small for its elevated situation. It does not speak for itself, and say, "I am the Parthenon, I can be nothing else;" you must ask your guide; and even after his answer, you are still in doubt. Farther on, at the foot of the Acropolis, you pass under a low, dark doorway, where some ragged Turks are lying beside their superb arms; and then you are in Athens. The first building worthy of notice is the temple of Jupiter Olympius, whose magnificent columns stand alone on a bare and desert spot, to the right of what formerly was Athens, and form a portico worthy of the City of Ruins. At a few paces from thence, we entered into the city, that is to say, into an inextricable labyrinth of narrow paths, strewed with fragments of shattered walls, broken tiles, stone and marble, confusedly mingled together; sometimes descending into the area of a ruined house, and sometimes ascending the staircase. or even upon the roof of another. Among these small, vile, white heaps of fragments, these ruins of ruins, are some dirty, unwholesome hovels, where a few families of Greek peasants are huddled together and buried alive. Here and there some

women, with the black eyes and handsome mouth of the Athenian females, came out on the thresholds of their doors, on hearing the noise of our horses, smiling on us with kindness and astonishment, and giving us the graceful salutation of Attica, "Welcome, stranger sirs, to Athens."

We arrived, after a quarter of an hour's riding, amidst the same scenes of devastation, and heaps of broken roofs and walls, at the modest dwelling of M. Gaspari, agent at Athens of our consulate in Greece. I had sent him in the morning the introductory letter, which recommended me to his good offices; but there was no occasion for it, for kindness to strangers is characteristic of almost all our agents. M. Gaspari received us as unknown friends, and whilst he sent his son to seek for us a house in some spot of the city that might be still standing, one of his daughters, a native of Athens, a beauteous and graceful representative of the hereditary elegance of the females of her country, brought us with assiduous modesty iced orange juice, in vases formed in the antique fashion out of porous earth. After having been entertained for a short time in this humble dwelling, with that simple and cordial hospitality, which is so pleasant to be met with under a burning sky, eight hundred leagues from home, at the close of a stormy, hot, and dusty day, M. Gaspari conducted us to the lower part of the city, across the same ruins as before, to a clean white house, lately built, in which an Italian, M-, had opened an inn. The whitewashed rooms, neatly furnished, the shady court-yard, refreshed by a spring of water, a lioness, well executed in white marble, at the foot of the stairs, abundance of fruits and vegetables, the Hymettan honey traduced by M. de Chateaubriand, the Greek servants assiduously and intelligently executing the orders of our Italian host; all these acquired a double value in our eyes, from being found in the midst of the desolation and entire nakedness of Athens. better inn could be found on any of the roads in Italy, England or Switzerland. May it long remain and prosper, for the

comfort and well-being of future travellers! But, alas! for eight-and-forty days before, no guest had stepped over its threshold, or broken its silence.

In the evening M. Gropius obligingly came to place himself at our disposal, to show and explain to us Athens. As fortunate as formerly was M. de Chateaubriand, when conducted through the ruins of Athens by M. Fauvel, we had a second Fauvel in M. Gropius, who has been an inhabitant of the place for two-and-thirty years, and who, like his master, has built the retreat of his age amid these ruins of a city in which he had passed his youth, and which he reconstructs, as much as possible, for the hundredth time, from its dust, so filled with poetical associations. M. Gropius, who is the Austrian consul in Greece, and a man of learning and talent, unites to the most profound and comprehensive knowledge of antiquity, that native good humour and innocent courtesy, which characterize the genuine and worthy sons of learned Germany. Though unjustly accused by Lord Byron, in his bitter remarks upon Athens, he has not rendered injury for injury, to the memory of that great poet; he was indeed grieved that his name was dragged by him from edition to edition, and given up to the spite of fanatics who were ignorant of the antique; but he would not enter upon his own justification; and no one who is on the spot, and witnesses the continual efforts made by this eminent man to restore a word to an inscription, a lost fragment to a statue, or shape and date to an edifice, can fail of being instantly convinced that M. Gropius has never profaned the objects of his adoration, or made a base traffic of that noblest and most disinterested study—the study of antiquities.

In company with such a man, days have the value of years to an ignorant traveller like myself. I asked him the favour of sparing me all dubious antiquities, conventional celebrities, and systematic beauties. I abhor falsehood and constrained effort in every thing, but in nothing more than in admiration:

I wish to see only that which has been made truly beautiful, either by God or man; beauty that is evident, real, palpable,

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and audible, both to the eye and soul; not local or adventitious, critical, or historical beauty;—these are for the learned,—but for us poets, beauty that is plain and manifest, for we are not creatures of abstraction, but men of natural feelings. In this spirit have I often traversed Rome, viewed seas and mountains, read the works of sages, historians, and poets; and in the same manner did I now visit Athens.

It was a clear and beautiful evening; the burning sun was setting, plunged in a violet-coloured mist, hanging over the narrow black bank that constitutes the isthmus of Corinth, and its last brilliant beams fell on the battlements of the Acropolis, which surmounted, like a circular diadem, the wide, undulating valley in which reposed the silent shade of Athens. We went out through nameless and unmarked paths, leaping every instant over broken garden-walls, roofless houses, and heaps of ruins lying on the white dust of the Attic soil. As we descended towards the bottom of the deep and desert valley, once overshadowed by the temple of Theseus, the Pnyx, the Arcopagus, and the hill of the Nymphs, we discovered a wider extent of the modern city. which opened on our left, resembling in every respect that part which we had already seen. It presented to the view a vast, confused, melancholy, and disordered assemblage of fallen huts, upright fragments of walls, sunk roofs, desolated court-yards and gardens, and piles of stones heaped up in the midst of the paths, and rolling about beneath the feet; all wearing the faint, faded, dull grey colour of recently fallen rubbish, which offers to the eye neither the venerable appearance of antiquity, nor the elegance of ruins. There was no appearance of vegetation, excepting three or four palm-trees, having the form of Turkish minarets, which yet rose erect over the decayed city. Here and there were seen a few houses, lately built in vulgar modern styles, by Europeans or Constantinopolitan Greeks,-houses like those of our villages in France and England, with high, ugly roofs, and several narrow windows,-no terrace, no architectural lines, no ornaments,-temporary inns to serve through the space of a life, Control of the second

and built as if in expectation of another overthrow; but there were none of those palaces which are crected with confidence by a civilized people, both for themselves and for succeeding generations. At long distances, in the midst of this chaotic mass, the eye was attracted, though not arrested, by some fragments of the Stadium, some blackened columns of the arches of Adrian and Lazora, the cupola on the Tower of the Winds, and the Lantern of Diogenes. Before us, growing larger and more distinct from the grey hill on which it is erected, arose the temple of Theseus, isolated and naked on all sides, and standing entirely upon its rocky pedestal. This temple is, according to the doctrines of science, the most beautiful, next to the Parthenon, that Greece ever erected to her gods or her heroes.

At my approach, having been convinced by books of the beauty of the edifice, I was surprised to find myself cold and unmoved; my heart sought for emotion, my eyes tried to admire; but it was all in vain: I only experienced the feeling occasioned by the sight of a faultless piece of workmanship, a sort of negative pleasure; but nothing of real and strong impression, of novel, powerful, and involuntary delight. The temple is too small; it is a sublime toy of art, but not an edifice for gods, for men, and for protracted ages. I experienced but one moment of transport, and that was whensitting on the lowest steps at the western corner of the temple, my view took in at once, together with the magnificent harmony of its outlines, and the majestic elegance of its columns, the wide dark aperture of its portico, the admirable bas-reliefs of the combats of the Centaurs and Lapithæ on its interior frieze; and through the central opening above, the brilliant blue sky, shedding its serene and mystic light on the cornices, and on the projecting forms of the figures of the bas-reliefs, which then appeared as if onimated and moving. Only great artists, in any line, have this power of conferring life-but, alas! it is at the expense of their own. At the Parthenon there remain but two statues, those of Mars and Venus, which are half destroyed by two enormous

fragments of the cornice that have fallen on their heads; be these two statues possess more value, in my estimatio within themselves alone, than all the other sculptures I ev saw in my life; they possess a life which never belonged canvas or marble.-It is impossible not to sympathize will their sufferings under the weight that is crushing them, or avoid wishing to relieve their limbs, which seem bent in vain striving to support the mass. It is easily seen that th chisel of Phidias was warm and trembling within his han when these sublime figures started to life beneath his touc It is felt to be no illusion, but the truth, the melancho truth! that the sculptor transfused his own life-blood ar existence into the veins and shapes of the beings he create and that it is a part of his own life that is still seen palt tating in those animated forms, those all-but-moving limb and those lips about to open in audible speech.

No;—the temple of Theseus is unworthy of its renown it is not a living commemorative monument, it says nothin of what it ought to say; it possesses beauty, doubtless, be then it is that dead, cold beauty, whose grave and shrot should never be disturbed, excepting by the profession architect:—for my own part, I admire it, and then depa without any desire to see it again. The elegant architectu of the colonnade at the Vatican, and the majestic and coloss shades of St. Peter's at Rome, never permitted me to lear them without regret, and a fondly indulged hope of a futu return.

Higher up, after ascending a dark-looking hill, cover with thistles and red-coloured pebbles, you arrive at the Pny the scene of the tumultuous assemblages of the people Athens, and of the instable triumphs of her orators at favourites.—Huge masses of black stone, some of which co tain twelve or thirteen cubic feet, and once supported the area on which stood the assembly, lie piled on one anothe Higher up yet, at a distance of about fifty paces, is seen a cormous square block, in which steps are carved, which doubtless, once served for the ascent of the orator to the

rostrum, which thus commanded a view of the people, the city, and the sea: this ruin presents no indication of the elegance of the age of Pericles, but appears rather of a Roman aspect. The recollections associated with it are interesting:-Demosthenes there roused or calmed by his harangues the living sea of men, more stormy than the Ægean roaring behind him. I sat down solitary and pensive, and remained there till almost deep night, spontaneously reanimating the whole of that most elegant, eventful, and agitated of all histories, that was ever brought about by sword or tongue in the annals of human nature. What an age for genius! how much genius, greatness, wisdom, intelligence, and even virtue (for not far from thence died Socrates) then existed! The present moment resembles it in Europe, and more especially in France, that vulgar Athens of modern times .-But it is only the select part of France and Europe that is similar to Athens; the great mass are still barbarous. Imagine Demosthenes speaking in his loud, glowing, euphonious, and majestic eloquence to a popular assemblage of one of our present cities;—who would understand him? The inequality of education and intelligence is the great obstacle to the perfection of our modern civilization. The populace are sovereigns, and are incapable of being so with propriety;—this is why they deal destruction on every side, and yet raise nothing anywhere that is beautiful, durable, or magnificent. All the Athenians comprehended Demosthenes, and understood their own language, legislature, and arts. They were a people made up of picked men; they had the passions of a mob, but not its ignorance; they committed crimes, but did not fall into follies.—This is no longer the case, and therefore democracy, though necessary in point of right, seems to be impossible in point of fact, with regard to the numerous populations of modern times. Time only can render the people capable of governing themselves, and their education must be perfected by successive revolutions.

The lot of an orator such as Demosthenes or Mirabeau (the only two worthy of the name) is more attractive than

that of the philosopher or the poet; the orator possesses at once both the glory of the writer, and the power of the masses, on and by which he acts :- if he be a philosopher, he is a royal philosopher; but his terrible weapon, the people, shatters in his hand, wounds, and destroys himself,-and after all, of all that he has said, all that he has done, all that he has excited in human breasts, whether it be passions, principles, or passing interests, nothing is lasting, nothing is, in its own nature, cternal ;-the poet, on the contrary, (and I intend by a poet, any one who has created ideas, whether in bronze or stone, in prose-writings, verbal communication, or versified diction,) only raises up what is imperishable both in nature and in the human heart .- Ages pass away, languages decay, but he ever survives in all his perfection, always as much himself, as great, as novel, and as potent over the souls of his votaries; his fate is less human, but more divine, and of a superior nature to that of the orator.

Perfection would consist in uniting the two destinies: no man has done so; but yet, in a perfect intelligent being, there is no incompatibility between activity and reflection. Activity is indeed the offspring of reflection, but mankind, jealous of every kind of pre-eminence, will never allow two different kinds of superiority in the mind of the same individual;—Nature is more liberal.—But they proscribe from the area of activity, the person who excels in the domain of intellect and speech;—they will not suffer Plato to frame actual laws, or Socrates to preside over the government of a town.

August 21.

I sent to request permission of the Turkish governor, Youssouf-Bey, to ascend the citadel with my friends, and visit the Parthenon; he sent me a janizary to accompany me. We started at five o'clock in the morning, in company with M. Gropius. All language fails before the unprecedented impression produced on the mind by the Parthenon, that queen of temples, crected by Setinus, by the order of Pericles, and decorated by Phidias; the unique and exclusive

model of beauty in the arts of architecture and sculpture, and a kind of divine revelation of ideal beauty, received in some happy day by a people supereminently skilled in art, and transmitted by them to posterity, in blocks of eternal marble. and in imperishable sculptures. This edifice, such as it appeared, with the combined effect of its situation, its natural rocky pedestal, its broad steps decorated by unrivalled statues, its magnificent sculptures, its minutely finished detail of execution, its peculiarities of material and colour. and its apparently solidified light—this edifice overwhelmed the unsatiated admiration of ages. When it is seen, as I alone have seen it, with its majestic remains mutilated by the Venetian bomb-shells, by the explosion of the powder magazine under Morosini, by the hammer of Theodore, and by the cannon of the Greeks and Turks, with its columns lying in immense blocks on its pavements, its capitals crumbling in decay, its triglyphs broken by Lord Elgin's agents, and its statues carried away by English vessels; -what yet remains is sufficient to make me feel that it is the most perfect poem written in stone, that exists on the face of the earth; -but yet I feel that it is too small, and that complete effect is either absent or destroyed.

I passed two delightful hours, lying under the shade of the Propylea, with my eyes fixed on the crumbling pediment of the Parthenon. I felt the whole force of antiquity, as displayed in its most divine production:—all the rest is not worth the words required to describe it. The appearance of the Parthenon displays, even more than history, the colossal grandeur of that people. The memory of Pericles ought never to be allowed to perish. What a superhuman state of civilization must that have been, which could find a chief to command, an architect to conceive, a sculptor to decorate, statuaries to execute, workmen to frame, and a people having eyes to comprehend and admire, and generosity to pay the expense of an edifice such as this! Where shall again be found a similar epoch, a similar community ?-Nothing can show us. As the human race grows older, it appears to lose VOL. I.

all the taste, vigour, and disinterested feelings necessary for the proper cultivation of the arts. The Propylea and the templ of Erechtheus or of the Caryatides, stand beside the Parthe non, and, though models of excellence themselves, they ar overwhelmed by the superiority of this great masterpiece; and the mind, being stunned by the shock occasioned by the view of the first of these buildings, has no strength left to admir the others; it is forced to take one look and then to retire,mourning less over the destruction of this superhuman pro duction of human skill, than over the impossibility of man' ever again equalling the sublimity and harmony it exhibits Such revelations as these are not conferred twice by Heaver on our world; it is like the Poem of Job, or the Song of Solomon, the poetry of Homer, or the music of Mozart These things are once done, seen, and heard, and then ar done, seen, and heard no more till the consummation of al things. Happy are the mortals through whom pass these divine inspirations; -they die; but they have proved to man kind what man can be, and God recalls them to himself, tha they may praise him elsewhere in a language that is stil more forcible and copious. I wandered in silence all the day amidst these ruins, and then returned, with my eye dazzled by shapes and colours, and my heart filled with wonderfu and memorable impressions. Gothic architecture possesses beauty, but not order and brilliancy,-order and brilliancy those two grand principles of the whole eternal creation.-Farewell then for ever to the Gothic!

Of all books that can be made, the most difficult, in my opinion, is a translation. Now, a traveller is a translator and has to translate into the language of the eye, imagination and mind of the reader, the scenes, views, impressions, and sentiments that either nature or human monuments give rist to within him. He must at once know how to see, feel, and express—and to express in what manner? Not by lines and colours like the artist,—a simple and easy business; not by sounds as the musician; but by words, by ideas which contain neither sounds, nor lines, nor colours. Such were the

reflections that I made while sitting on the steps of the Parthenon, having Athens, the olive-grove of the Pirœus, and the blue Ægean sea before my eyes, and over my head the majestic shade of the frieze of that queen of temples. I wished to carry away with me a living, written remembrance of that moment of my life. I felt that this mass of marble. which appeared so sublime and picturesque to my cycs, would soon be blotted out from my memory, and I wished to be able to recall it amid the ordinary monotony of my future life. Let me then commit it to writing,—it will not be the Parthenon, but it will at least be the shadow of that great shade which hovers this day before me. In the midst of the ruins that once were Athens, and which have been ground to powder by the cannon of the Greeks and Turks, and strewed over all the valley, and over the two hills where formerly extended the city of Minerva, a mountain rises, almost perpendicular on every side. It is surrounded by immense walls, built at their bases with fragments of white marble, higher up with pieces of ruined friezes and antique columns, and terminated in some places by Venetian battlements. This mountain appears like a magnificent pedestal carved out by the gods themselves, to serve as a base for their altars; its top, which is levelled to afford space for the areas of the temples, is scarcely five hundred feet long by two or three hundred wide. It overlooks all the hills that formed the foundation of ancient Athens, as well as the valleys of the Pentelicus, the course of the Ilyssus, and the plain of the Pirœus; together with the chain of hills and vales, which lie around and extend as far as Corinth; and lastly the sea. strewed with the islands of Salamina and Ægina, on whose heights shine the pediments of the temple of Jupiter Panhellenius. This landscape still presents an admirable appearance at the present time, when all the hills are perfectly bare, and reflect, like burnished brass, the reverberatory rays of an Attic sun. But what a view must Plato have had before his eyes, when Athens, all living and decorated with her thousand inferior temples, buzzed below his feet like an over-swarming

bee-hive; when the great wall of the Piræus presented a long avenue of stone and marble, reaching as far as the sea, and filled with continual bustle as the population of Athens passed and re-passed in living waves; when the Piræus itself, the port of Phalerus, the Sea of Athens, and the Gulf of Corinth, were covered with forests of masts and sparkling sails; when the slopes of all the mountains, from those which conceal the plain of Marathon to the Acropolis of Corinth, (a semicircular amphitheatre of forty leagues in extent,) were chequered by forests, meadows, olive-groves, and vineyards, and decorated in every part of their splendid circuit by towns and cities. I seem to see from hence, the thousand roads that descended from the mountains, and marked the sides of Hymettus, following all the windings of the valleys and defiles, which come like courses cut by rushing torrents to one grand point of union at Athens.-I seem to hear the murmuring sounds that arise from these channels of intercourse, the blows of the miners' hammers in the quarries of Mount Pentelicus, the rolling of the blocks as they descend the slopes of the precipices, and all the noises that fill with life and din the country immediately surrounding a large metropolis.—From out of the city I think I see the religious population of Athens ascending by the Sacred Way, carved out of the very substance of the Acropolis, coming to supplicate Minerva, and to burn fragrant incense to all their country's gods in the very place where I am now sitting, and where I can only breathe the dust, which is all that remains of their temples.

Let us re-construct the Parthenon; this will not be difficult; it has lost nothing but its frieze and its interior subdivisions; the external walls, sculptured by Phidias, and the columns, or else their ruins, are still there. The Parthenon was entirely built of white marble, called Pentelican, from the name of the neighbouring mountain from which it was taken.—It consisted of an oblong quadrangle, surrounded by a peristyle of forty-six columns of the Doric order of architecture—every column was six feet in diameter at its base, and thirty-four feet high—the columns stood immediately on the pavement of the temple, without any bases—at each end of the building is, or was, a portico, formed of six columns. -The whole dimensions of the edifice were two hundred and twenty-eight feet in length, by one hundred and two in breadth, and sixty-six in height-it presented to the eye nothing but the majestic simplicity of its architectural lineaments-it was a single idea executed in stone, indivisible. and intelligible at a glance, as were all the ideas of the ancients-in order to view the richness of its material, and the inimitable perfection of its ornaments and details, it was necessary to approach close to it. Pericles as much wished to make it a collection of all the best executed works of the genius and hand of man, as an offering to the gods; or rather. it was the concentration of all the genius of the Greeks, offering itself under this form as a sacrifice to their deity. The names of all who may have carved a stone, or sculptured a statue of the Parthenon, have now become immortal.

Let us forget the past, and look around us now, after the lapse of ages, and the wars of barbarous religious and stupid nations have trodden it under foot for more than two thousand years. Only a few columns are missing from the forest of snow-white stems; they have fallen in unbroken and shining blocks on the pavement or the neighbouring temples; some of them, like the great oaks in the forest of Fontainebleau, stand leaning against others; others have fallen from the high rampart that surrounds the Acropolis, and lie in heaps of enormous shattered fragments, resembling the chippings left by the mason in the quarry. Their sides are incrusted over with that golden sunlight which is spread by length of time over the surface of marble: the faces, newly exposed by the fractures, are white as fresh-carved ivory. They form a chaotic stream of marble, flowing from that side of the temple, containing every form and every colour, tumbled and heaped in the most strange and majestic confusion, and appearing from a distance like the foam of enormous billows, breaking and whitening against a sea-worn headland.

impossible to detach the eye from them, the looks follo them with intense admiration, and a sentiment of pit is felt, as for beings who either have had, or are to have the principle of life. It is the most sublime effect that eve can have been produced by the ruined works of man, because it is the ruin of the most beauteous production of his skill.

When entering beneath the peristyle or the porticoes, th imagination can easily believe that it is then the very momer of the completion of the building; the interior walls ar in such excellent preservation, the surface of the marble s well polished and glossy, the columns so upright, the differen parts of the edifice so admirably preserved uninjured, that every thing seems fresh from the hand of the workman; bu the sky sparkling in its brightness, is the only roof to th Parthenon, and through the fissures of the shattered walls the eye plunges into the wide and diversified horizon of Attica. The whole of the surrounding soil is strewed wit fragments of sculpture and detached architectural ornament that seem waiting for the hand that is to raise them to their places in the unfinished building. The feet are continually stumbling over these chefs d'auvre of the Grecian chisel they are picked up, thrown away, to pick up some that ar more curious, and at last this useless labour becomes weari some, for it is all nothing more than beauty ground to dust The footsteps are imprinted in powdered marble, and at las it is looked upon with indifference, and the mind remain mute and insensible, overwhelmed by the contemplation o the whole effect, and by thousands of reflections that spring from every ruined fragment. These reflections are of the same nature as the scene which gives them birth; they an solemn as these crumbling remains of by-gone times, these magnificent testimonials of the vanity of human nature; bu they are serene as the sky overhead, and overflow with a similar pure and harmonious brightness; they are elevated a its pedestal, the Acropolis, which appears as if hovering or high above the earth; they are resigned and religious, as this monument raised to a divine idea, which the Deity suffers to

decay before him, to give place to ideas diviner still. no sadness here; my mind is cheerful, though pensive, and embraces within her reflections the established order of divine decrees and human destinies; she wonders why it is that man has been permitted to carry to so high a pitch the arts, and the cultivation of material excellence; she imagines that the Deity must have afterwards destroyed this admirable model of an unfinished design; she recollects that the doctrine of the unity of God, discovered at last by Socrates, in these very scenes, has destroyed the life of all those religions which sprang from the imagination of the earlier ages, and thus these temples have fallen in decay upon their own deities. -The idea of the unity of the Deity, implanted in the human mind, is of more value than all these marble temples where they worshipped only his shadow. This thought needs no temples built by human hands; all nature is the temple where it performs its devotions. In proportion as religion becomes more spiritual, temples are found to vanish; Christianity herself, who invented the Gothic order to animate it with her own breath, is letting her wonderful cathedrals fall by slow degrees to ruins; the many thousand images of her demi-gods are gradually descending from their acrial niches around her churches; she is herself undergoing a transformation, and her temples become more unadorned and simple in proportion as she throws off more and more of the superstitions of her darker times, and as she re-appropriates more and more the great idea which she has propagated over the carth, the idea of one God demonstrated by reason, and worshipped by virtue.

## Visit to the Packa.

In the evening of the 21st, I went to return my thanks to Youssouf, the Bey of Negropont and Athens; and entered a large hall, built in the Moresco style, with a double tier of wide galleries, supported by small columns of black marble, and in the midst of which was the empty basin of a fountain, while all around were the stables. I ascended a wooden

staircase, at the foot of which were ranged several spahis; and I was then introduced to the Bey. He was sitting, after the Turkish fashion, on the corner of a large divan, made of Indian cloth, placed at the bottom of a spacious and elegant apartment ornamented by wainscoting, that was divided into small compartments, and painted with flowers in Arabesque and gold; his head was in the hands of his barber, a fine young man dressed in a rich military uniform, and having superb arms hanging at his girdle. Eight or nine slaves in different attitudes were dispersed up and down the room. The Bey asked pardon for having suffered himself to be surprised in the midst of his toilette, and requested me to sit down on the divan not far from him .- I sat down, and our conversation commenced. We spoke of the object of my journey, of the state of Greece, the new limitations assigned by the conference of London, and the negotiations terminated by Mr. Stratford Canning; of all which subjects the Bey appeared profoundly ignorant, and respecting which he interrogated me with the most lively interest. Soon a slave approached me. with measured steps and eyes fixed on the ground, bringing a long pipe tipped with yellow amber, and having the stem enveloped in folded silk; when he had calculated exactly, within himself, the precise distance from the wall where he ought to put the pipe so as to let it just touch my mouth, he placed it on the floor, and walking circuitously, so as not to disarrange it from its perpendicular position, he came to me after traversing half a circle, and bowing, put the amber tip in my hands within reach of my lips. I bowed in my turn to the Pacha, who returned my salutation, and we began smoking. A white Athenian greyhound, with its legs and tail painted yellow, was sleeping at the Bey's feet: I complimented him on the beauty of this animal, and asked him if he were a sportsman. He said he was not, but that his son, then at Negropout, was passionately fond of that amusement; he added, that he had seen me pass through the streets of Athens with a greyhound white also, but of a smaller species, and which he had thought incomparably beautiful, and that if I

had several of them, it would afford him the highest gratification to possess one like it. I promised to send him one at my return to my own country, as a token of remembrance of and gratitude for his favours conferred on me at Athens. Another slave then brought in coffee, in very small China porcelain cups, each contained in a little basket of silver-The countenance of this Turk had the same expression of character that I have since recognized in all the Mussulman scatures that I have met with in Syria and Turkey ;-dignity, mildness, and that calm and serene resignation, conferred on these men by the doctrine of absolute predestination, and on true Christians by trust in Providence; -both being the same worship of the Divine Will; in the one case pushed to absurdity, and even to error; in the other, constituting the humble and appropriate expression of confidence in that merciful and universal wisdom which presides over the destinies of all that it has deigned to create. If it were possible for conviction to be a virtue, fatalism, or rather providentism, would constitute my principal excellence. believe in the perfect, incessant, omnipresent action of the will of the Deity; and also, that only the evil within ourselves opposes the good that this Divine will would always produce. If we look narrowly into matters, when our destiny is, at any time, altered, injured, and perverted, we shall always find that it is owing to our own human will, that is, to that which is perverse and corrupted; and that if we permitted the only will that is always good, to act freely, we should ourselves be always virtuous and always happy; evil would have no exist-These dogmas of the Koran are only Christianity altered, and the alteration they have undergone has not been sufficient to change their nature. This religion has many virtues, and I love this people, for they are a prayerful people.

August 22, 1832.

Deeply anxious about the health of my daughter:—had a mournful walk to the temple of Jupiter Olympius, and to the vol. 1.

Stadium.—Drank of the muddy and unwholesome waters of the rivulet, which is now all that represents the Ilissus.—I found there hardly water enough to dip my finger into.—Aridity, barrenness, and the dull colour of iron dross are spread over all the country round about Athens. Oh ye Roman meadows, ye gilded tombs of the Scipios, thou dark and verdant fountain of Egeria, what a difference is here! And how much does the aspect of the heavens at Rome surpass the so much vaunted sky of Attica!

August 23.

Set off during the night. Fine morning beneath the olive grove of the Piræus as we passed to the sea side.

The war-brig Genie, Captain Cuneo d'Ornano, was waiting for us, and we weighed anchor. A fine breeze from the north brought us in a few hours opposite to the promontory of Sunium, whose yellow columns we plainly saw, marking the horizon with the ever-living recollection of that great "Word" of the Grecian wisdom,—Plato, whose disciple I should have been, had not Christ lived, spoken, suffered, and died for the pardon of my sins.

August 24.

Passed a terrible night amongst the Cyclades. At sunrise yesterday the wind abated. We had a pleasant and calm course till the evening, but at night a tremendous gust of wind issued from between the islands of Amorgos and Stampalia.—Terrible groaning of the vessel, and heavy blows of the billows on the stern.—Rolling and pitching from one wave to another.

I spent the night in attendance on my child, and in walking on the deck. A most sorrowful night it was! How often did I shudder at the thought that I had placed so many lives on a single chance. How happy should I have felt if a celestial spirit would have borne Julia to the peaceful shades of Saint Point. My own life is half spent, and has lost more than the half of its value in my estimation; but the life which,

though still belonging to myself, shines in those beauteous eyes, and palpitates in that young breast, is a hundred times more precious to me than my own; and it is for her sake that I carnestly beseech the wind that rouses the waves to spare the cradle to which I have so imprudently committed her. It hears my prayers; the waves grow smooth, the day appears, the islands flee behind us; Rhodes appears on the right in the misty distance of the Asiatic horizon; and the high summits of the Caramanian coast rise white as Alpine snows, and shining above the scattered clouds of night.—Here then is Asia!

This prospect excels that of the Grecian horizons;—a balmier air is felt;—the sea and sky appear of a calmer and paler blue;—nature is displayed in more majestic masses. I draw my breath, and feel that I have entered into a wider and more elevated region. Greece is small, devastated, and destroyed; it is the skeleton of a dwarf;—this is that of a giant. Black forests blot the sides of the mountains of Marmoriza, and white, foaming torrents are seen from afar, tumbling amid the deep ravines of Caramania.

Rhodes issues from the bosom of the waters like a verdant posy; the light and graceful minarets of her white mosques rise above her forests of palms, carob, sycamore, plane, and fig-trees; and thus attract the eye of the passing mariner to the delightful retreats of the Turkish cemeteries, where are seen every evening the Mussulmen sitting on the grass around the tombs of their friends, quietly smoking and conversing like sentinels waiting to be relieved, or indolent men loving to lie on their future resting-places, anticipating in sleep the sweets of their last long repose.

At ten o'clock in the evening our brig was suddenly surrounded by five or six Turkish frigates, which, with flowing sails, were cruising before Rhodes;—one of them approached within hail, and spoke us in French;—we were politely saluted, and soon dropped anchor in the port of Rhodes, and in the midst of thirty-six vessels of war belonging to the Capitan-Pacha, Halil Pacha. Two French war vessels are anchored

near us, one a steamer, the Sphinx, commanded by Captain Sarlat, the other, a corvette, the Action, commanded by Captain Vaillant. The officers came on board us to ask for news from Europe. In the evening we returned our thanks to the commander of the brig Genie, M. d'Ornano;—after which he returned, in company with the Action.—We shall continue our voyage alone towards Cyprus and Syria.

August 26.

Passed two days at Rhodes, in traversing the first Turkish town we have arrived at .- Oriental aspect of the bazaars, and of the carved wooden Moresco shops .- Street of the Knights, where all the houses still retain uninjured, over their doors, the escutcheons of the ancient families of France, Spain, Italy, and Germany. Rhodes has fine remains left of its ancient fortifications, the rich vegetation surmounting and covering them confers on them more gracefulness and beauty than is possessed by those of Malta:—an Order that could suffer itself to be driven from so magnificent a possession must have previously received its death wound. This island seems designed by Heaven as an advanced post on Asia: any European power in whose possession it might be, would at once hold the keys of the Archipelago, of Greece, Smyrna, the Dardanelles, and the seas of Egypt and Syria: - I know of no place in the world which presents a finer maritime military position, a more lovely sky, or a more smiling, fertile soil. The Turks have impressed on it that character of inactivity and indolence which they bear with them wherever they go: every thing there is in a state of lifelessness and in a sort of misery; but then, as they are a people who never create or renew any thing, so also they never break or destroy any thing: they, at least, leave nature to operate freely around them; they spare the trees even in the midst of the streets and houses that they inhabit:—water and shade, drowsy murmurings, and luxurious refreshing coolness, are their principal and only wants.—Immediately that you approach, either in Europe or Asia, a country possessed by Mussulmen,

you can recognize it from afar by the rich dark veil of verdure waving gracefully over it. Trees, whose shade is formed for them to sit under, spouting fountains to lull them into dreams by their murmurs, silent mosques raising their slender minarcts at every step, from out of the bosom of a religious land;—these are all that is necessary to this people, and they emerge from this mild and philosophic apathy only when they mount their desert coursers (those earliest servants of man), and fearlessly fly to encounter death for their prophet and their God. The doctrine of fatalism has made them the most courageous people in the world, and although existence with them is unburthened and pleasant, the future life promised by the Koran, as a reward for one now laid down in its cause, is so admirably devised, that it must cost them but a feeble effort to leap from this world to that celestial state which they see before them radiant with beauty, repose, and love. It is the religion of heroes: but this religion is growing fainter in the mind of the Mussulman, and their heroism is decaying with the faith that forms its principle;—in proportion as men believe less, whether in a doctrine or an idea, so they die less willingly and less nobly.—Thus it is in Europe: for why die if life is better than death, and if no immortality is to be obtained by self-sacrifice to duty? So that war will diminish and be extinguished in Europe, till some sentiment. superior to the base instinct of life, arises and speaks within the human heart.

Most charming female figures are seen in the evenings seated on the terraces in the clear moonlight. They have the eye of the women of Italy, but more mild, timid, and drowned with tenderness and love; the shape of the Grecian females, but with more plumpness and pliancy, and more suavity and grace in their movements; their forehead is large, smooth, fair, and shining like that of the finest women in England and Switzerland; but their regularly formed, large, and straight nose, gives a greater expression of dignity and classic nobility to their physiognomy. The Greek sculptors would have attained to a still higher pitch of perfection, had they taken

the features of the women of Asia for their models. And besides, it is so pleasant to an European who has been accustomed only to the worn-out features, the haggard and contracted countenances worn by the women of that quarter of the world (and more especially by the ladies of the fashionable saloon), to see at length, faces as simple, pure, and calm, as marble just drawn from the quarry; features that wear but one expression of repose and tenderness, and in which the eye can read voluptuousness with as much rapidity and facility as if written in the large capital letters of a magnificent folio volume.

Society and civilization are evidently inimical to physical beauty; they multiply too greatly the sentiments and feelings; and as the physiognomy involuntarily receives and retains their impression, it becomes complicated and altered; it acquires a sort of confusion and uncertainty that destroys its simplicity and elegance; it is a language that contains too many words, and is not understood because it is too copious.

August 27.

At noon we set sail from Rhodes for Cyprus, and had a magnificent evening. I kept my eyes constantly turned towards Rhodes, which was at last submerged beneath the sea. I regret the loss of this beauteous island like that of a pleasant dream that we wish to reanimate; and there I should fix my abode, were it at a smaller distance from the living world, in which destiny and duty impose on me the necessity of living. What delicious retreats are there on the sides of its high mountains, and on its verdant slopes overshadowed by all the Asiatic trees! I was there shown a magnificent house belonging to the late pacha, surrounded by three large, superb gardens, watered by flowing fountains, and ornamented with charming kiosks. The price asked was only 16,000 piastres, that is to say, about 4000 francs. There was happiness at a cheap rate!

About £170.

August 27, 28, 29, 30, 31.

The sea is fair but heavy, and there is no wind;—large billows proceeding from the west, roll majestically under our stern, and for three days and nights tumble us about, sometimes on one side, sometimes on the other. What an insupportable martyrdom is continued motion without any beneficial result!—it is like working the tread-mill in the infernal regions. The fourth day we perceive the eastern extremity of Cyprus; another day passes in coasting along the island. We drop anchor in the port of Larnaca, only on the morning of the sixth day.

September 1, 1832.

M. Bottu, French consul at Cyprus, has recognized the vessel in which he knew we were, and has sent one of his consular officers on board to invite us to come ashore to his house, and to partake of an hospitality to which we can have no other claim than his own kindness and amiable disposition:

—I accept it—we go on shore—excellent and cordial reception by M. and Mme. Bottu.—MM. Perthier and Guillois, of the consular establishment, load us with the same kindnesses.

— We make and receive visits:—presents of coffee and Cyprian wine sent by M. Mathei, one of the nobles of Cyprus.

## September 2.

Passed two days at Cyprus—charming rest after a long voyage,—attentions of most unexpected and amiable hospitality. This is the state of my mind at Cyprus—but that is all. This country, which has been praised as a kind of oäsis amid the islands of the Mediterranean, exactly resembles all the bare, dull, naked islands of the Archipelago;—it is the carcase of one of those enchanted isles in which antiquity had placed the scene of her most poetical religious worship. It is true that, being in haste to reach Asia, I only visited by my eyes the distant and picturesque scenery with which it is said this island is filled; at my return I am to remain a month, and traverse at leisure the mountains of Cyprus.

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The island is fertile in every part; oranges, olives, raisins, figs, grapes, cotton, every thing flourishes there, even the sugar-cane. This island of promise, this fine kingdom for a crusading knight or a companion of Bonaparte's, formerly supported two millions of people; there now remain here only thirty thousand Greek inhabitants and a few Turks. Nothing would be easier than to obtain possession of this dominion; any adventurer might, without difficulty, succeed with a handful of soldiers and a few millions of piastres; and it would be well worth the trouble were there any chance of keeping it; but Europe, who needs colonies so much, sets herself in opposition to any one who forms them for her, and the jealousy of the Europeans, coming to the assistance of the Turks, would sow discord in the new conquest, and the victor would have the fate of King Theodore.\* What a pity that this is but a beautiful dream, when a week would suffice to change it into a reality.

## At sea, after departing from Cyprus, September 3, 1832.

We set sail yesterday at midnight. Our Cyprian friends, MM. Bottu and Perthier, passed the evening with us on the deck of the brig, and only left us just before our departure. We carry away the most lively feelings of gratitude for the sincere and friendly reception we met with from M. and Mme. Bottu. How singular is the lot of the traveller! he scatters everywhere affections, remembrances, and regrets; and he never quits a shore without the hope and desire of returning and revisiting those, of whom, a few days before, he was entirely ignorant. When he first arrives all is iudifferent to him, in the land which presents itself to his sight; but at his departure, he feels that eyes and hearts are following him from the shore that he sees flying far behind him: his own looks are fastened on it, he leaves there part of his own heart, and then the wind bears him towards another locality, where the same scenes and impressions are to be

· Of Corsica, who died in poverty at London during the French war.

renewed in his experience. To travel is to multiply, by arrivals and departures, by greetings and farewells, those feelings which the events of a sedentary life only give rise to at long intervals of time; it is to experience a hundred times in a year, a little of what is felt more rarely in the ordinary course of life; to know, love, and lose beings thrown by Providence in our way. Departure resembles death, when it consists in quitting those distant countries to which destiny does not twice conduct the traveller. Travelling is passing through the experience of a long life in a few years, and is one of the severest trials that can be imposed on the heart or on the intellect. The philosopher, the politician, and the poet ought all to have travelled much. A change of thought is the change of the moral horizon.

## September 4

On awaking we find ourselves in the open sea. We can no longer perceive the white coasts of the island we have left. nor the round top of Olympus. The sea is as smooth as a large lake-a dense white fog surrounds us on every side .-A slight, faint, irregular breeze comes from time to time to expire in our wide sails.—The leaden-coloured sun scorches the planks of the deck, though we are continually watering them to keep them cool. Every body is lying down, either on the spars or the rigging, silent and motionless, and with forehead bathed in perspiration.—The air is so close as to seem to prevent respiration—it is an actual simoom upon the sea. It appears as though we were breathing beforehand the damp and burning reverberation of the desert sands, from which we are yet distant forty leagues.-Thus pass the days. -One has not strength enough to speak; scarcely even to read.—Sometimes I begin to open the Bible to look for what it says about Lebanon, whose nearest peaks should now soon meet our view, and I am reading the history of Herod in Josephus.

The same day.

Same want of wind-same burning sky. The sea literally smokes with heat, and its lifeless waves are covered by a mist that is unagitated by a single breath of wind. We strain our eyes to mark in the dim distance, the small ripples that a few unsteady breezes occasion on its surface. We can see one of these light puffs slowly approaching the brig, and giving a little appearance of life to the water-it occasions a slight flapping among our large sails-the vessel creaks and raises a little spray at the prow. Every breast is dilated, and all approach the quarter whence the breeze blows. A little coolness is felt creeping over the forehead beneath the moistened locks of the hair; then every thing returns again to its original calmness and intensity of heat. The very water we drink is warm-no person has any strength to eat. If this state of things were to continue long, it would be impossible for mankind to exist for any length of time. Fortunately we have but six weeks of these heats to fear—they end in the middle of October.

The same evening.

Between the hours of five and eight, a brisk wind issuing from the gulf of Alexandretta, drove us forward several leagues in our progress. We ought now to be about halfway between Cyprus and the coasts of Syria. Perhaps at our awaking to-morrow we shall be within sight of the latter.

September 5.

As I awoke, I heard the low murmur produced by the progress of the advancing vessel. I hastened on deck to see the coasts, but nothing could as yet be perceived. The frequent currents of these seas might have carried us far out of our reckoning, and we were perhaps in the latitudes of the low coasts of Idumea and Egypt. Impatience took possession of us all.

Same day.

At two o'clock, the captain of the brig discovers the summits of Mount Lebanon. He calls me to show them to me. but I look for them in vain amid the red mist towards which his finger points. I can see nothing but the transparent for raised by the heat, and higher up, some dull white strata of clouds. He is positive-I look again, but in vain. All the sailors smiling show me Lebanon—the captain cannot understand how it is I cannot see it as well as himself:- "But where are you looking for it, then?" says he to me; " you are looking too far. Here,-nearer, over our heads;" and truly, I then lifted up my eyes towards the sky and saw the white and gilded crests of the Sannin hovering in the firmament above us. The sea mists prevented my seeing its base and sides, and its top alone appeared, radiant and serene in the clear blue sky. It was one of the most magnificent and delightful impressions that I have ever experienced in all my long travels. That is the land to which all my thoughts are at this moment tending, both as a man and as a traveller: that is the sacred soil of the country to which I have come from such a distance to seek for the relics of primitive humanity. and more than all, that is the land in which I am about to confer repose on all that is most dear to me, my wife and daughter, in a delicious climate, under the shade of orange and palm-trees, and by the side of snow-fed torrents, on some cool and verdant hill. I doubt not but that a year or two passed under this beauteous sky will re-establish the health of Julia, who, for these six months past, has occasioned me many mournful forebodings. I salute these mountains of Asia as an asylum to which she has been brought by God for her cure; -a deep and secret joy fills my heart, and I can no more detach my looks from Lebanon.

We dine under the shade of an awning spread out on the deck.—The breeze continues, and grows stronger as the sun approaches nearer to the horizon.—We are running every instant to the prow, to estimate the rate of the vessel's pro-

gress by the noise made in cleaving the waters ;-presently the wind becomes stronger-the waves begin to froth upwe sail five knots, on an average, per hour-the sides of the steep mountains pierce through the mist, and stand like aërial promontories before us-we begin to be able to distinguish the deep, black valleys that furrow their sides; their foaming torrents continually appear whiter; the topmost rocks stand out distinctly to the view; the hills nearest to the sea show their rounded outlines; and by degrees we fancy we can distinguish the villages, built on the sloping declivities, and the large monasteries, crowning, like Gothic castles, the summits of the central mountains. Every object that strikes upon the eye, causes rapture in the heart ;-every body crowds upon deck; each points out to another near him some object that has escaped his notice: one sees the cedars of Lebanon as a black spot on the sides of a mountain; others as a tower on the top of the Tripoli hills; and some think they can distinguish the spray of the waterfalls that rush over the brinks of the precipices. All wish to be able to reach this so-much-longed-for coast before night; all are afraid lest, at the instant of approaching it, a fresh calm should full the vessel for many long days on these wearisome waves, or that a contrary wind may blow from the land and drive us back into the sea of Candia. That Syrian sea, formed by an immense gulf, surrounded by the heights of Lebanon and Taurus, is extremely dangerous to navigators; all that is not storm and tempest in it, is calm and current, and these currents inevitably draw vessels far out of their course; and moreover there are no harbours on the coasts, but it is necessary to anchor in dangerous roads at long distances from the land; an almost incessant swell continually ploughs up these roads and causes the anchors to come home; and thus we can only feel easy and sure of our arrival when we are fairly anded on the shore.

While we were making these reflections, and wavering between hope and fear, night closed in suddenly; not with the slow and gradual intervention of twilight, as in our c.imates, but like a curtain drawn over heaven and earth. Every thing was effaced and lost on the dusky sides of Lebanon, and we could see nothing but the stars, among which our masts were oscillating. The wind also died away, the sea became calm, and we went down into our cabins in a state of uncertainty us to the morrow.

I could not sleep: my mind was too deeply agitated.—I heard, through the ill-joined boards that parted my room from Julia's, the breath of my sleeping child, and my whole heart was concentrated in her. I thought that perhaps tomorrow night I should in my turn sleep with less anxiety about that precious life which I regretted having thus risked on the sea, and which a tempest might perhaps destroy in its bloom. I mentally prayed to God to pardon my imprudence, and not to punish my having confided too much in his goodness, and asked of him more than I had any warrant for. I felt more confidence; I said to myself, She is our visible angel, protecting at once our destinies and her own; Heaven will accept of her purity and innocence as our atonement, and will guide us forward on our journey, and back again for her sake. She will then have seen, at the most suitable time of life, at that age when all our impressions become, as it were, parts of ourselves, and the very elementary principles of our existence,—she will have seen all the most beautiful parts of created nature; the recollections of her infancy will be drawn from the wondrous relics, and the finest specimens of the arts of Italy; Athens and the Parthenon will be as deeply engraved on her memory as her paternal mansion; the beautiful isles of the Archipelago, Mount Taurus, the mountain range of Lebanon, Jerusalem, the Pyramids, the Desert, the wandering Arabs' tents, the palm-trees of Mesopotamia, will all furnish materials for the recitals of her maturer years. God has given her beauty, innocence, genius, and a heart warmed by sublime and generous sentiments; and I shall have added to these celestial gifts all that lies in my own power to confer on her, when I have shown her the most marvellous and delightful scenes that exist upon the earth.

What a lovely being will she be at twenty years of age! all her life will have consisted of happiness, piety, love, and astonishment!—Oh! who shall be found worthy of crowning it with love? I wept, and prayed with fervour and confidence; for never did a feeling strongly excite my heart without its terminating in a hymn of praise or a supplicatory invocation to Him who is the great end of all our feelings;—God; who both produces and absorbs them all.

As I was about to fall asleep, I heard some hurried steps traversing the deck, as if for some particular operation ;-I was surprised; for the silence continued unbroken for some time, and the sea only yielded a slight rustling of the waves, which informed me that the brig was still on the advance. Soon I heard the rattling links of the anchor chain-cable slowly unrolling from the capstan; and then I felt that smart blow that makes all the vessel quiver, when the anchor touches the solid bottom and becomes fast entangled in the sand or sea-weed. I rose and opened my small window. We had arrived, and were in the road before Bayruth: I perceived some scattered lights upon a distant coast, and heard the dogs barking on the shore. This was the first sound that reached me from the coast of Asia, and it put joy into my heart. was midnight—I returned thanks to God, and fell into a deep and peaceful sleep. No one but myself had awaked, beneath the whole of the deck.

September 6, 1832, nine o'clock in the morning.

We were opposite Bayruth, formerly Berytus, one of the most populous towns of the coast of Syria, which became a Roman colony under Augustus, who gave it the name of Julia Felix. This epithet of "the Happy," was conferred on it on account of the fertility of its environs, its incomparable climate, and its magnificent situation. The town covers a beautifully formed hill, gently sloping towards the sea; a few projecting points of soil or rocks jut out into the waves, and bear Turkish fortifications, which have the most pic-

turesque appearance. The road is sheltered by a tongue of land which defends it entirely from the cast winds, and which, as well as the neighbouring hills, is covered with the richest vegetation; the silk-worm mulberry-trees are planted on every side, and raised stage over stage on artificial terraces: the carob-trees, with their majestic cupolas of dark verdure, the fig, plane, orange and pomegranate-trees, with a number of other plants and shrubs, strangers to our climates, spread over all the parts of the shore that are near to the sea, the harmonious veil composed of their various foliages;-farther off, on the nearest declivities of the mountains, the olive forests tinge the landscape with their ashy grey verdure;at about a league from the town, the high mountain-chains of Lebanon begin to rise; there they open their deep gorges where the eye is lost in the dim distance; there they pour their wide torrents, which almost attain to the size of rivers; there they part in different directions, some towards Tyre and Sidon, and others towards Tripoli and Latakia, and their jagged tops, lost in the clouds, or whitened by the reflection of the sun, resemble our own Alps covered with eternal snows.

The landing-place of Bayruth, washed incessantly by tha waves, and sometimes covered with spray, was filled with a crowd of Arabs, in all the splendour of their dazzling costume and arms. There might there be seen as bustling a motion as on the quays of our large sea-port towns; several vessels were anchored near us in the road, and large boats loaded with the merchandise of Damascus and Bagdad were incessantly passing between the shore and the ships. The houses in the town were confusedly huddled together, the roofs of some serving as floors to others; these houses having flat roofs and some of them embattled parapets, their windows divided into many compartments, the painted wooden blinds that hermetically sealed them like a veil of oriental jealousy, tha heads of the palm-trees that seemed to grow out of the rock, and raised themselves above the roofs, as if with the design of presenting a little verdure to the eyes of the females imprisoned in the harems,—all these things charmed our eyes, and indicated the eastern character of the country. We heard the shrill cries of the Arabs of the desert as they were quarrelling on the quays, and the harsh mournful gronnings of the camels who shrieked dolefully when they were forced to kneel down to receive their burthens.

Absorbed in this sight, so new and charming to our eyes, we thought not of taking possession of our new inheritance. The French flag was meanwhile flying at the top of a staff over one of the highest houses in the town, and seemed to invite us to go there and repose ourselves after our long and laborious voyage.

But we had too many people and too much luggage (for our ship had been loaded with all that could be possibly necessary during the longest voyage) to risk a disembarkation before having reconnoitred the country, and chosen a house, if there was one to be had. I left my wife, Julia, and two of my friends in the brig, and put to sea in the boat on the expedition of discovery.

In a few minutes a fine smooth silvery wave cast me on the sand, and some bare-legged Arabs carried me in their arms to the entrance of a dark steep street that led to the French consul's house. The consul himself, M. Guys, for whom L had letters of introduction, and whom I had indeed seen at Marseilles, had not yet arrived. In his place I found M. Jorelle, the consul's head manager and French interpreter in Syria, a young man whose handsome and benevolent countenance greatly prepossessed us in his favour, and whose kindness during our long stay in Syria completely bore out this first favourable impression. He offered us a part of the consular house for our temporary reception, and promised to seek for us a dwelling in the neighbourhood of the town. where we might take up our residence. In a few hours the boats of several ships, and the porters of Bayruth, under the superintendence of the janizaries belonging to the consulate, had effected the disembarkation of our people and stores of all kinds, and before night we were all ashore, provisionally

accommodated, and loaded with attention and kindness by M. and Mmc. Jorelle. How delightful a moment is that when, arrived in a strange country after a long and stormy passage, you cast your eyes from the height of a perfumed and pleasant terrace on the element which you have at last quitted for some time; on the brig which has brought you through the tempests, and which yet dances on the swell in the anchorage; on the shady and peaceful country which surrounds you, and on all the scenes of life on terra firma, which appear so pleasant when you have been separated from them for a length of time. There is something that resembles the feeling of convalescence after a long illness, in the impressions of the first hours or days that are passed on shore after a protracted sea vovage; and we have enjoyed the pleasure of this feeling the whole evening. Mme. Jorelle, a young and handsome lady. a native of Aleppo, still retains the rich and noble costume of the Arabian females; the turban, the embroidered vesture, and the poignard at the girdle; and we were never weary of admiring this magnificent dress, which added new lustre to her entirely Oriental beauty.

When night approached, supper was served up to us in the European style, in a kiosk, whose large latticed windows opened upon the harbour, and where the cool evening breeze played among the flames of the candles. I had a case of French wines opened, which I added to this hospitable entertainment, and we thus passed our first evening in conversation about the country we had left, and the one we had come to seek, and each question about France was replied to by a similar one about Asia. Julia was playing with the flowing tresses of some Arabian women and black female slaves, who had come to see us; she was admiring their dresses so entirely new to her; while her mother was arranging the long ringlets of her flaxen hair, in imitation of those of the ladies of Bayruth. and placing her shawl in the fashion of a turban on her head. I have never seen any thing more charming among all the female faces impressed on my memory, than the features of Julia thus dressed in the Aleppo turban, with the cap of chased gold, from which were suspended fringes of pearls and chains of golden sequins, intertwining with the long tresses of her hair as it flowed down over both her shoulders, and looking with that astonished expression of countenance upon her mother and myself, and that playful smile which seemed to say to us, "Be joyful, when you see how pretty I am too!"

After having spoken a hundred times about our country. and mentioned all the names of places and persons that an united recollection could call to our minds, and after having made all the mutual communications that could prove interesting to each other, the conversation turned upon poetry; when Madame Jorelle requested me to recite to her some pieces of French poetry, and translated, herself, some fragments of the poetry of Aleppo. I told her that Nature was always more perfectly poetical than poets, and that she herself at that instant, at that time of the day, in that beautiful situation, dressed in that foreign costume, with her oriental pipe in her hand, and her diamond-handled poignard at her girdle, formed a finer subject for poetry than all that had been devised by imagination alone. And as she answered that it would be very agreeable to her to have a reminiscence of our journey to send to her father in Aleppo, in some verses made expressly for herself, I retired for a few moments, and brought her back the following lines, which possess no other recommendation than the place in which they were written, and the feeling of gratitude which inspired their composition:

Dost thou ask for incensed rhymes,
Daughter of the glowing East?
Beauteous flower of desert climes,
Bulbul\* seeks thy lovely breast!

Add we perfume to the spice?
Fruit to loaded, bending trees?
Splendour to the dawning skies?
Brilliancy to star-lit seas?

<sup>.</sup> The name of the nightingale in the East.

Such would verses be to thee;—
For their richest charm and grace
In this wat'ry mirror \* see,
Imaged from thy form and face.

When the pale moon sheds her beams
Through thy kiosk's latticed frames,
And the cooling sea-breeze streams
O'er the moka's fragrant flames;

When on Tadinor's matted pearls
Thou reclinest: while thy lip
Puffs the od'rous smoky curls,
From the gold tube's amber tip;

When the cheering gaseous wreath
Elevates thy spirits gay,
And in all thy belmy breath
Youth and Love and Gladness play;

When thou tell'st, with brilliant glance
How the wand'ring Arab's steed
Used to champ his bit and prance,
Forced thy infant hand to heed;

When thy iv'ry brows recline
On thy sculptured clbow white;
When the sparkling tapers shine
From thy diamond poignard bright;

Then there's nothing half so fair, In the poet's verse or mind, Nothing half so pure and rare, As thy beauteous self we find.

Past are all my youthful years, Vernal years of flow'ry love; Beauty now my bosom cheers, But its fires she cannot move.

All the Eastern houses have a fountain and a marble basin, in the middle of the court-yard.

But at ardent gay sixteen
. Many a verse would I have sung,
For one cloudy wreath, that's seen
From thy careless red lip flung;

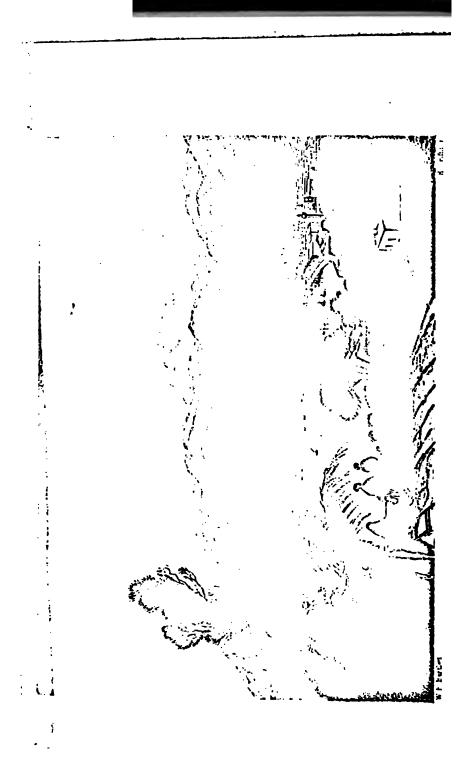
Or the shade the moon-beams trace Of thy figure on the wall; That thy heav'nly shape and face Mem'ry always might recall.

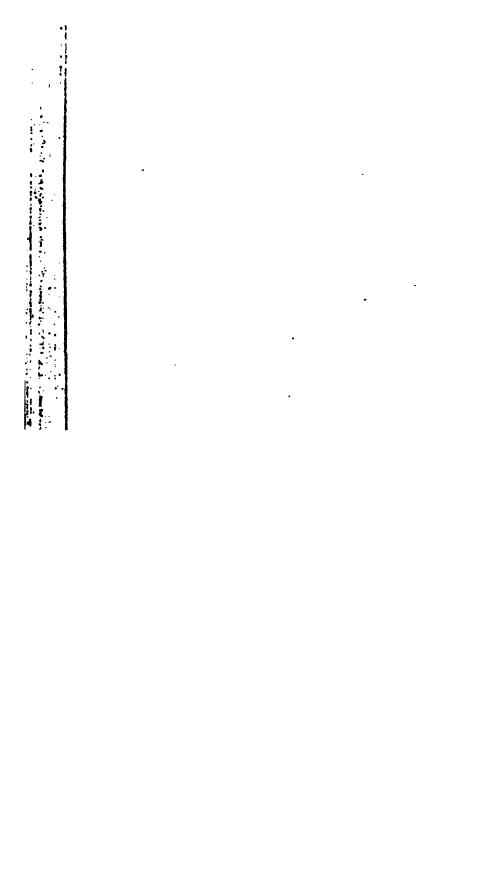
We could not without difficulty disengage ourselves from this first view of Arabian life. At last we went, for the first time during three months, to rest in our beds, and to sleep without being afraid of the waves. A tempestuous wind howled over the sea, and shook the walls of the lofty building in which we were lying, making us feel with more intense delight the value of a quiet habitation after so many rude shocks. I thought within myself, that Julia and her mother were at last sheltered, for a length of time, from all dangers, and I planned during my wakeful moments, the means of procuring them a safe and agreeable dwelling, while I might myself pursue the course of my journey into those regions with which my feet were at last in contact.

September 7.

I arose with the dawn, and opened the cedar shutter, which forms the only window of the bed-rooms in this fine climate. My first looks were turned towards the sea, and the sparkling chain of coasts that extend in a circuit from Bayruth to Cape Batroun, halfway to Tripoli.

Never did mountain scenery make such an impression on me. Lebanon possesses a character that I have never seen among the Alps or the range of Taurus; it is the mixture of an imposing sublimity in the peaks and outlines, with beauty of detail and diversity of colour;—the mountain is as solemn as its name—it is the Alps under an Asiatic sky, shooting their aërial tops into the depths of an eternal splendour. It appears as though the sun perpetually rested upon the golden





angles of its summits, and the dazzling whiteness with which it clothes them is confounded with that of the snows, which remain until the middle of summer on its highest crests. The eye can trace the range for a length of sixteen leagues at least from the promontory of Saïda, the ancient Sidon, to the neighbourhood of Latakia, where it begins to decline and to give place to Mount Taurus, which shoots its off-sets into the plain of Alexandretta. Sometimes the branches of Lebanon rise almost perpendicularly above the sea, having villages and large monasteries hanging on their cliffs; sometimes they stand back from the shore, forming large bays, and leaving stripes of verdure or beaches of yellow sand between themselves and the waves. Some vessels are ploughing the waters of these bays, and approaching the shore in the various roads with which the coasts are indented. The waters there, are of the darkest blue, and though they are continually agitated, yet the billows, being large and unbroken. roll in huge folds over the sands, and reflect the mountain as perfectly as an unsullied mirror. These billows occasion on every part of the coast a dull, confused, melodious murmur, which ascends as high as the shades of the vines and carob-trees, and fills the fields with life and sound. On my left is the low coast of Bayruth, consisting of a number of small promontories, carpeted with verdure, and defended from the waves only by a border of rocks and shoals, covered for the most part with ancient ruins. Farther off, a range of hillocks of red sand, like that found in the Egyptian deserts, juts out in the form of a cape, and serves as a landmark to sailors; on the top of this cape are seen the large umbrellashaped heads of a forest of Italian pines, and the eye glaneing between their scattered trunks rests upon the sides of another branch of Lebanon, and reaches to the long promontory that once bore Tyre-now Sour.

Turning from the sea to the opposite side, I saw the lofty minarets of the mosques, like small isolated columns rising into the wavy blue morning atmosphere, the Moresco fortresses that overlooked the town, and in whose creviced walls

were enrooted a forest of climbing plants, wild figs, and gilliflowers; the oval loopholes of the fortified walls, the uniform verdure of the fields of mulberry-trees, the scattered flat roofs and white walls of the country-houses and of the cottages of the Syrian peasantry, and lastly, over all, the rounded knolls of the Bayruth hills, bearing all kinds of picturesque buildings, Greek and Maronite convents, together with mosques and hospitals, and clothed with foliage and cultivation, like the most fertile hills of Grenoble or Chambery. Lebanon still formed the back ground of all; Lebanon taking a thousand contorted forms, groups itself into gigantic masses and casts its deep shades, or shines with its lofty snows over all the scenes now within view.

The same day.

I have been occupied the whole day in traversing the suburbs of Bayruth, and seeking a tranquil spot in which to establish a dwelling. I have taken five houses, which all form a single group, and which I shall connect by wooden staircases, galleries, and openings. Each house here consists only of an underground room, which serves for a kitchen, and an apartment in which the whole of the family sleep, however numerous. In a climate like this the real house is the flat terraced roof;-there it is that the women and children pass the days, and often the nights. In front of the houses, among the trunks of some mulberry or olive-trees, the Arab builds his fire-place with a few stones, and in the same spot his wife prepares his food. A straw mat is thrown over a stick that reaches from the wall to the branches of the tree; and under this shelter proceeds all the domestic economy. The women and girls squat there all day, employed in combing and dressing their long hair, bleaching their veils, weaving their silk, feeding their poultry, or playing and chatting among themselves, much in the same manner as in our villages, in the south of France, the girls assemble on a Sunday morning before the cottage doors.

#### The same evening.

The whole of the day has been employed in unloading the brig, and carrying from the town to our country-house the luggage of all our company. Each of us will have a separate room. A large field of mulberry and orange-trees extends around the five united houses, and affords to each a few steps before his door, and a little cool shade to assist respiration. I have bought some Egyptian mats and Damascus carpets, to serve us for beds and sofas, and I have met with some industrious and intelligent Arabian carpenters, who are already at work, making us doors and windows, so that this evening we shall go and sleep in our new habitation.

## September 8.

Nothing can be more delightful than our awaking after the first night spent in our house. We have had breakfast served up on the largest of our roofs, and have reconnoitred with our eyes the whole of the surrounding country.

The house is about ten minutes' walk from the town; the road lies through paths overshadowed by immense aloes, whose thorny fig-shaped fruit hangs down over the heads of passengers. It leads, by the side of some ancient arches. to an immense square tower, built by Fakardin, Emir of the Druzes, and which now serves as a post of observation for some sentries of the army of Ibrahim Pacha, who keep a lookout over all the country. Afterwards, you squeeze between the trunks of some mulberry-trees, and then you arrive at a group of low houses, hidden among foliage, and flanked by a wood of orange and lemon-trees. These houses are irregularly built, and the middle one rises gently above the rest like a square pyramidal tower. The roofs of all these cottages communicate with each other by wooden steps, and thus form a dwelling sufficiently commodious for inhabitants who have just passed so long a time in the hold of a merchant vessel.

The sea runs inland to within a few hundred paces' distance from us, and when seen from hence, over the green tops of

the lemon and aloe-trees, it resembles a fine inland lake, or a large river, of which only a small part can be seen. Some Arab vessels are there at anchor, and oscillate gently on its imperceptible undulations. If we ascend upon the highest roof, this fine lake changes into an immense gulf, closed on one side by the Moorish looking castle of Bayruth, and on the other by the huge dark walls formed by the range of mountains that stretch towards Tripoli. But in front of us the view becomes more extensive; it begins by traversing a plain, consisting of admirably cultivated fields, thickly planted with trees that entirely conceal the soil, and strewn here and there with houses similar to our own, which raise their roofs like white sails over an ocean of foliage; then it again narrows beside a long low hill, on the top of which a Greek convent shows its white walls and blue cupolas, overlooked by some umbrella-shaped heads of pine-trees. The hill descends by a succession of platforms supported by stone walls, which bear forests of olive and mulberry-trees. The sea washes the lowest of these platforms, and afterwards again departs farther off, and a second and more distant plain developes itself, which is hollowed out to form the bed of a river that meanders a long while among the woods of holm-oaks, and falls into the gulf, tinging its waters yellow all around the coasts. This plain is terminated only by the golden sides of the mountains. These mountains do not rise at a single ascent; they begin by enormous hills, resembling large blocks, some round and others almost square; a small quantity of vegetation covers their tops, and each of them bears either a monastery or a village, which reflects the sun's rays and attracts the attention. The fractured portions of the hills gleam like gold; they are precipices of a yellowish sandstone, broken by the earthquakes, each particle of which sparkles with reflected light. Above these nearer hillocks the ascending heights of Lebanon become larger; there are plains there of one or two leagues in extent, uneven, hollow, furrowed, and traversed by ravines, by deep water-courses, and by dark defiles, in which the sight is lost. Beyond these plains

the lofty mountains begin to rise almost perpendicularly; still there are seen the dark blotches of cedar and pine foliage which adorn them, and some almost inaccessible monasteries or unfrequented villages that seem to be suspended from their precipices. On the sharpest peak of this range some trees appear of a gigantic stature, resembling some scattered locks of hair on a bald head. Its uneven and indented tops may be distinguished from hence, resembling the battlements on the ramparts of a citadel. Lastly, behind all these ranges rises the real Lebanon; the great distance renders it impossible to discover whether its slopes are steep or gradual. whether they are naked or clothed with vegetation. Its sides are confounded in the transparent atmosphere with the air, of which they seem to form a part, and nothing is seen but the ambient reverberation of the surrounding sun-light, and their fiery-coloured crests undistinguishable from the purple morning clouds, and hovering like inaccessible islands in the acrial waves.

When our looks again descend from this sublime mountain horizon, nothing is found for the eye to rest on, but the majestic clumps of palm-trees planted at intervals in the country, near the Arabs' houses; the undulating verdure of the larch pines scattered in small bunches in the plain or on the faces of the hills; or the hedges formed of nopal or other gramineous plants, whose heavy leaves fall like stone ornaments on the small breast-high walls that support the terraces. These walls themselves are so covered with lichem blossoms, ground-ivy, wild vines, bulbous plants bearing flowers of every hue, and grape-clusters of every form, that it is impossible to distinguish the stones of which they are built, and they appear only as ramparts of foliage and flowers.

Finally, close to us, and immediately beneath our eyes, two or three houses similar to our own, partly hidden by the round heads of the orange-trees, covered with flowers and fruit, present those animated and picturesque scenes which confer life and cheerfulness on every landscape. Some Arabs are sitting smoking upon mats on their tops; some

women are leaning out of the windows to gaze at us, and hiding themselves when they see that we look at them. Just under our own parapet, two Arab families, fathers, brothers, wives, and children, are taking their meals under the shade of a small plane-tree, on the thresholds of their houses, and a few steps off, under another tree, two young Syrian girls, of incomparable beauty, are dressing themselves in the open air, and adorning their hair with red and yellow flowers. One of them has hair so long and flowing that it entirely covers her person, as the branches of a weeping willow envelope its trunk on every side, and it is only when she shakes her waving tresses that her beautiful forehead, and her eyes sparkling with native cheerfulness, appear for an instant through this natural veil. She seems to enjoy our admiration ;- I throw her a handful of ghazis or small gold coins, with which the Syrian females make necklaces and bracelets by stringing them on twisted silk; she claps her hands and lifts them above her head to thank me for them, and goes into her low chamber to show them to her mother and sister.

# September 12.

Habib Barbara, a Syrian Greek, settled at Bayruth, whose house is near our own, serves us as a dragoman, that is to say, an interpreter. Having been for twenty years in the service of different French consuls, he speaks French and Italian, and is one of the most obliging and intelligent men that I have ever met with in my travels: without his assistance, and that of M. Jorelle, we should have had immense difficulty in completing our Syrian establishment; he has obtained us several menials, some Greeks and others Arabs. I have at first bought six Arabian horses of the second best quality, and placed them after the manner of the natives, in the full sunshine, in a field before the door, with their legs encircled by iron rings, and fastened to a stake driven into the ground. I have had a tent pitched near the horses for the saïs or Arabian grooms. These men appear mild and

intelligent;—as to the animals, they knew us after two days' time, and now scent us like dogs. Habib Barbara introduced us to his wife, and also to his daughter, whom he is about to give in marriage in a few days: he has invited us to the nuptials, and being anxious to see a Syrian wedding, I have accepted the invitation, and Julia has prepared her presents for the bride. I have given her for the purpose a small gold watch, out of some that I had provided for similar occasions, and she has herself added a small string of pearls.

We ride out to view the neighbourhood of Bayruth;—most superb Arabian horse of Mme. Jorelle;—blue velvet trappings mounted with silver;—breastplate formed of embossed scales of the same metal, falling in festoons and rattling against the chest of the fine creature;—M. Jorelle has sold me one of his horses for my wife, and I have ordered fourteen sets of Arabian saddles and bridles to be made.

At about half a league from the eastern side of the town. the Emir Fakardin planted a forest of umbrella pines, on a sandy flat that extends between the sea and the plain of Bagdhad (a pretty Arabian town situated at the base of Lebanon). It is said that he planted it to oppose a barrier to the encroachments of the huge hills of red sand, that rise at a little distance, and threaten to overwhelm Bayruth and all its rich plantations. The forest has now become very fine: the trunks of the trees rise to a height of sixty or eighty feet before branching out, and their large immovable boughs come in contact with each other, and cover an immense space of ground with their shade; sandy paths wind amid the trunks and present a fine soft soil to the horses' tread. The rest of the area is covered with a light carpet of grass variegated by flowers of a brilliant scarlet; and the bulbs of the wild hyacinths are so large that they do not break even under the horse-shoes. Through the avenues formed by the trees, are seen on the one side, the white and red hillocks of blown sand that intercept the view of the sea, and on the other, the plain of Bagdhad, and the course of a river through

it-the corner of a bay so much circumscribed by the intervention of the trees as to appear like a small lake-twelve or fifteen Arab villages situated on the nearest declivities of Lebanon-and lastly the masses of Lebanon itself, which constitute the ground-work of this beautiful scene. The light is so clear, and the air so pure, that the forms of the cedars and carob-trees on the mountains may be distinctly perceived at altitudes of several leagues; as well as the large eagles hovering, without any apparent agitation of their wings, in the ethereal abyss. This grove of pines is certainly the most magnificent spot I have ever seen in my life; the sky - the snow-capped mountains - the blue horizon of the sea, and the gloomy red one of the sandy desert - the winding course of the river - the isolated heads of the cypress-trees - the dispersed clumps of palm-trees in the fields - the elegant aspect of the cottages covered with vines and orange-trees hanging over their roofs - the stern character of the lofty Maronite monasteries which form broad patches of light and shade on the furrowed sides of Lebanon -the caravans of camels, loaded with merchandise from Damascus, passing silently among the trees - companies of the poor Jews mounted on asses, and holding two children on each arm - women on horseback, covered with white veils, and advancing to the sound of pipe and tabor, surrounded by a crowd of children, clothed in red stuffs embroidered with gold, and dancing before their horses-Arabian horsemen running the dgerid around us on steeds, whose manes literally sweep the sand - Turks sitting before a coffee-house, built among the foliage, and either smoking their pipes or saying their prayers-a little farther off, interminable hills of desert sand, tinged with gold by the rays of the evening sun, where the wind raises clouds of fiery dust -lastly the dull roaring of the sea mingling with the melodious sound of the wind among the foliage of the trees, and with the songs of thousands of strange birds-all these offer to the eye and mind the most sublime and pleasant, and at

the same time, the most melancholy mixture of associations that has ever entranced my spirit;—it is the realization of my dreams, and there will I return every day.

September 16.

We have spent all the intervening days in the pleasure of the acquaintance we have had to cultivate with men, manners, and scenes, and in the amusing details of a domestic establishment in the midst of a country entirely new to us. five houses are now become, by the assistance of our friends and of some Arabian workmen, a sort of Italian villa, resembling those which we formerly inhabited, with so much pleasure, in the mountains of Lucca or on the coasts of Leghorn. Each of us has a separate apartment, and a hall, before which extends a terrace adorned with flowers, is the centre of union. We have there placed some divans, and have arranged upon shelves the library belonging to our vessel; my wife and Julia have painted the walls in fresco, and have spread upon a cedar table their books and work-boxes, and all those little objects of feminine pursuits, which in London and Paris adorn the marble or mahogany tables. There we assemble during the scorching hours of day (for in the evening our room is in the open air upon the roof itself), and there we receive the visits of all the Europeans, whom the trade with Damascus, with which Bayruth is the medium of communication, causes to settle in this fine country.

The Egyptian governor under Ibrahim Pacha has come to offer us his protection and services during our stay, and also in the expeditions we are about to attempt. I have entertained him at dinner to-day;—he is a man who would by no means disgrace any circle of society. Having been an old soldier of the pacha of Egypt, he entertains towards his master, and more especially towards Ibrahim personally, that blind devotion and confidence in his fortune, which I recollect having observed in the Emperor's generals: but this Turkish devotion has something in it more affecting and noble, because it depends upon religious feeling and not upon

personal interest. Ibrahim Pacha is the personification Fate, and even of Allah himself to his officers, while Nap leon was only that of Ambition and Glory to his. T governor drank champagne with much pleasure, and a commodated himself to our European customs with as muease as if he had never known any other. Pipes and coffe taken at different intervals, filled up the afternoon. I gar him a letter for Ibrahim Pacha, in which I informed him the arrival of an European traveller in the country subdued l his arms, and requested of him that protection which mig be expected from a man who combated for the cause European civilization. Ibrahim passed this place a sho time since with his army, and is now in the desert near Homs, a large town between Aleppo and Damascus. E has left a few troops in Syria; and the principal towns, suc as Bayruth, Saïda, Jaffa, Acre, and Tripoli, are occupied b them in conjunction with the soldiers of the Emir Beschir, the Great Prince of the Druzes, who reigns over Lebano This prince has not resisted Ibrahim; he abandoned the caus of the Turks, in appearance at least, after the capture of S Jean d'Acre by Ibrahim, and mingled his troops with thos of the pacha. If Ibrahim should be beaten at Homs, tl Emir Beschir could cut off his retreat, and annihilate th remains of the Egyptians. This prince, who is skilful an warlike, has reigned for forty years over the mountains Lebanon; he has united into one nation, the Druzes, Metuali Maronites, Syrians, and Arabians who live under his de minion; he has sons, warlike as himself, whom he sends t govern the towns that Ibrahim intrusts to him; and one them is now encamped with five or six hundred Arabia cavalry, at about a quarter of a mile from hence, in the plai adjoining Lebanon; we shall in all probability see him; h has sent us his compliments.

An Arab was relating to me to-day the entry of Ibrahii into the town of Bayruth. At some distance from the gate as he was passing through a hollow way, whose sides wer covered by the intertwining roots of climbing plants, an enor

mous serpent came out of the bushes, and slowly advanced, creeping on the sand, under the feet of Ibrahim's horse; the animal, being frightened, reared up, and some slaves who followed the pacha on foot, sprang forward to destroy the serpent; but Ibrahim stopped them by a gesture, and, drawing his sabre, cut off the reptile's head as it rose up before him, and trampled its body under his horse's feet; the crowd shouted applause, and Ibrahim, with a smile on his lips, continued his course, greatly delighted by this event, which, among the Arabs, is a sure omen of victory. These people never witness any event in life, or any natural phenomenon. without attaching to it some moral and prophetical meaning. Is not this a confused recollection of that primæval and more perfect language, in which all nature was explained by its own self; or is it a too lively stretch of imagination. which seeks for mutual relations, which it is not given to man to apprehend? I cannot be positive; but I am rather inclined to adopt the former interpretation;—the instincts of human nature are not without cause, motive, and object; the instinct of divination has harassed every age and people, more especially the more ancient; divination, therefore, either might or should have existed; but it is a language, the key to which must have been lost by man, when he left that superior state, that Eden of which all nations retain a confused tradition. Before that event, nature doubtless spoke to his spirit in louder and clearer accents, and mankind understood the relations concealed beneath all natural events; and the connected links of these might conduct them to the perception of future truths and events; for the present is always the generative and infallible embryo of the future, and all that is necessary is to perceive and understand it.

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September 17.

The same kind of life still continues: the whole day has been passed in paying and receiving visits, both with Arabs and Franks, and in traversing the delightful neighbourhood around our retreat. We have experienced as much politeness

as substantial kindness from the European consuls in Syria, all of whom the war has caused to assemble at Bayruth. The Sardinian consul, M. Bianco, the Austrian, M. Laurella, and the British consuls, Messieurs Farren and Abost, have quickly put us in communication with all the Arabs who will be of service in assisting us in our projected travels into the interior. Some of these gentlemen have dwelt for many years in Syria, and are in connexion with Arabian families of Damascus, Aleppo, and Jerusalem, who are in like manner connected with the principal scheiks of the Arabs of the deserts we shall have to pass through. We have thus formed beforehand a chain of recommendations, connexions, and hospitality, on different lines of road, which will conduct us as far as Bagdad.

M. Jorelle has procured me an excellent dragoman or interpreter, in the person of M. Mazoyer, a young man of French extraction, but who, having been born and brought up in Syria, is well versed both in the classic language and in the different dialects of the countries we shall traverse. He was introduced to-day into my house, and I have intrusted to him the government of all the Arabian part of my establishment. That portion consists of a cook from Aleppo, named Aboulias; a young Syrian, a native of these parts, named Elias, who, having already been in the service of several consuls, understands a little French and Italian; a young Syrian girl who speaks French too, and will serve as interpretess to the ladies; and lastly, five or six grooms, Greeks, Arabs, and Syrians from different parts of the country, who are to look after our horses, pitch our tents, and serve as guards during our travels.

The history of our Arabian cook is too singular not to preserve a recollection of it. He was formerly a young and intelligent Christian, and had established at Aleppo a small trade in the country stuffs, which he went and sold, himself, mounted on an ass, among the wandering Arabs, who came and encamped in the winter in the plains about Antioch. His trade prospered, but the fact of his being an "infidel"

occasioned him some molestation, and he deemed it advisable to enter into partnership with a Mahometan Arab of Aleppo. His trade went on still better, and Aboulias found himself, at the end of a few years, one of the most respectable merchants in the country. But he became enamoured of a young Greek-Syrian, and her friends would not consent to their union except on condition of his quitting Aleppo and coming to settle in the neighbourhood of Saïda, where they dwelt. It was necessary to realize his fortune, and a quarrel arose between the two partners as to the division of the riches they had acquired together. The Mahometan Arab laid a snare for poor Aboulias; he concealed some secret witnesses in a place, where they heard him, in a dispute with his partner, blaspheme Mahomet, which is a capital crime in an infidel. Aboulias was brought before the pacha, and condemned to be hung. This sentence was carried into effect, but the cord broke, and the wretched Aboulias fell down at the foot of the gallows, and was left for dead on the place of execution. However, the relations of his beautiful bride, having obtained leave from the pacha to have his body and bury it after their own fashion, took him into their house, and perceiving that he gave signs of life, they resuscitated him, hid him in a cave during several days, and interred an empty coffin to avoid giving rise to any suspicion with the Turks. these last got some scent of the trick, and Aboulias was again arrested as he was escaping by night out of the gates of the city. Being again brought to the pacha, he related how he had been saved independently of any will of his own. The pacha, after lighting on a text of the Koran favourable to the accused, gave him the choice of either being hung a second time, or turning Turk. Aboulias preferred this last alternative. and for some time professed Islamism. When his affair was forgotten, and his conversion pretty well confirmed, he found means of escaping from Aleppo, and embarked for the isle of Cyprus, where he again turned Christian. Ile married the woman he loved, placed himself under French protection, and could then safely re-appear in Syria, where he resumed his pedlar's

trade among the Druzes, Maronites, and Arabs. This is j the man we wanted to travel with in these parts. His culin talents consist in making a fire in the open air, with tho shrubs or dried camels' dung, suspending a copper kettle two crossed sticks, and boiling rice and fowls or pieces mutton in it: he also heats round pebbles in the fire, a when they are almost red hot, he spreads over them a ca that he has kneaded out of barley flour, and this forms bread.

September 19

To-day, my wife and Julia have been invited by the v and daughter of an Arab chief to pass the day at the ba this is the amusement of the Oriental females among the selves. A bathing is announced a fortnight before, like a l is in Europe. The following description of this entertainm

was related to us by my wife this evening:-

The bathing-rooms are public places which men are f bidden to approach until a certain hour every day, in or to reserve them for the females; and for the whole day wl there is to be a bath for a bride, as in the present instan The rooms are dimly lighted by small cupolas of pain glass: they are paved with marble of different colours, dispos in compartments, and wrought with a great deal of ingenuit the walls are also covered with marble, either arranged mosaic work, or sculptured into Moresco palisades and mou ings. These rooms are regulated as to temperature, the fi being of the same heat as the external atmosphere, the me warmer, and the others successively hotter until the la where the vapour of the almost boiling water rises from I basins and fills the air with its stifling heat. Generally, th is no reservoir hollowed out in the midst of the apartmen there are only a number of jets, which, constantly pouri water on the marble pavement, keep it immersed to abo the depth of half an inch; the water then runs off by sm gutters, and is incessantly renewed. What is called "bathin in the East does not consist in a complete immersion, but

a continual aspersion of fluid more or less highly heated, and in the application of vapour to the skin.

Two hundred females of the town and neighbourhood were to-day invited to the bath, and among the number several young European ladies. Each came there enveloped in a large sheet of white linen, with which the elegant dresses of the ladies are entirely covered when they go out. All were accompanied either by black slaves or free servants. As they arrived they collected into groups, and sat down on mats and cushions prepared for them in the first ante-room, while their attendants took off the sheet that covered them, and they appeared in all the rich and picturesque magnificence of their dresses and jewels.

Their costumes are very varied in the colour of the materials and the number and brilliancy of the gems, but their different garments are of a very ugly shape. These garments consist of large full trousers, of figured satin, bound round the girdle by a sash of scarlet silk, and fastened above the aukle by gold or silver bracelets; a gown, embroidered with gold, open before and tied beneath the bosom, which it leaves uncovered: the sleeves are drawn tight under the arm-pits, and are then open from the elbow to the wrist; they thus expose a chemise, of silk gauze, which also covers the breast. They wear over this gown a velvet vest of some brilliant colour, trimmed with sable or ermine, and laced with gold up all the seams; the sleeves of this are open like the others. The hair is parted on the top of the head, one portion of it falls back on the neck, the rest is plaited into braids that reach down to the feet, accompanied by braids of black silk that imitate the natural tresses. Small gold or silver tassels hang at the ends of these tresses, and by their weight keep them close to the figure. The ladies' heads are, besides, strewn with chains of pearls, strings of gold sequins, and natural flowers, all mingled and scattered with incredible profusion. It is as though a cabinet of blossoms and gems had been carelessly emptied over their perfumed and shining locks. This barbaric magnificence has the most picturesque effect on young girls of fifteen or twenty. Some wear on the top of the head, besides all this, a skull cap of embossed gold, in the shape of a reversed tea-cup, in the midst of which is a golden boss that bears a plume of pearls flowing down over the back part of the head. The legs are bare, and the feet are shod with yellow morocco slippers, which are dragged along when they walk. The arms are covered with bracelets of gold, silver, and pearls, and the neck with several necklaces, which form a mat of gold or pearls on the uncovered bosom.

When all the ladies were assembled, a wild strain of music was heard; women, who had the upper part of their bodies clothed only in red gauze, were uttering shrill and dismal screams, and playing on the pipe and tabor: this music lasted the whole day, and gave to this scene of enjoyment and pleasure, a character of tumult and frenzy that was perfectly

barbarous.

When the bride appeared (accompanied by her mother and young friends, and so magnificently apparelled that her arms, neck, bosom, and hair were entirely hidden by a waving veil of flowers, gold, and pearls), the bathing women seized her and stripped her piecemeal of all her clothes; during this time all the other ladies were undressed by their own slaves, and then began the different ceremonies of the bath. They passed, still accompanied by the notes of the same music, out of one room into another; they took the vapour baths; then the baths of ablution; then they had perfumed and soapy waters poured over them; and then, after all, the sports began, and all these females acted, with different cries and gestures, the same games as a crowd of school-boys do when they are brought out to swim in a river; splashing about, ducking their heads, and throwing the water over their persons; and the music resounded louder and wilder whenever one of these childish tricks excited the noisy laughter of the young Arabian girls. At last they left the bath; the slaves and attendants again tressed up the moist hair of their mistresses, fastened their necklaces and bracelets, drew on their silk gowns and velvet vests, spread mats and cushions in some

rooms whose floors had been dried, and took from their baskets and silken reticules, the refreshments brought for the colla-These consisted of pastry and sweetmeats of every kind, in which the Turks and Arabs greatly excel; of orangeflower sherbet, and all those iced drinks which the inhabitants of the East make use of at every hour of the day. Pipes with Oriental appendages were brought for the more elderly ladies, and a cloud of odoriferous smoke soon filled and darkened the air. Coffee, served up in small cups enclosed in little baskets of gold and silver wire, circulated incessantly, and conversation became more animated; afterwards came the duncing women, who performed Egyptian dances and monotonous Arabian evolutions, in accordance with the notes of the same music as before. The whole of the day thus passed away, and it was only at nightfall that the train of females reconducted the young bride to her mother's house. This ceremony of bathing generally takes place a few days before marriage.

## September 20.

Our domestic establishment being completed, I am busy in organizing my travelling train, for an expedition into the interior of Syria and Palestine. I have bought fourteen Arabian horses, some from Lebanon and others from Aleppo and the desert, and have had saddles and bridles made after the fashion of the country, richly ornamented with silken fringes and gold and silver wire. The respect paid by the Arabs is in proportion to the magnificence displayed: and it is necessary to dazzle them, in order to strike their imaginations and to travel in perfect security among their tribes; I have had our weapons put in order, and have bought some that are more splendid, to arm our Carvas. These Carvas are Turks who have replaced the janizaries, whom the Ports used to grant to ambassadors or travellers whom they wished to protect; they are at once soldiers and police, and are nearly analogous to the gendarmerie of the European states. Every consul has one or two attached to his person; they

attend him on horseback, they announce his approach in the towns he has to pass through, they act as the forerunners of the scheik, pacha, or governor, they clear out and prepare for them that house in the town or village which it has pleased them to fix upon, and they protect by their presence and authority all the caravan to which they are attached; they are clothed in dresses more or less splendid, according to the luxury or consequence of the person who employs them. Ambassadors or European consuls are the only foreigners who are permitted to have them, but, thanks to the politeness of M. Jorelle and the kindness of the Egyptian governor of Bayruth, I had several allowed to me. I shall leave some of them at the house for the service of my wife and Julia, and for their safety when they go out, and I shall take with me the youngest, bravest, and most intelligent, to march as the vanguard of our detachment. These men are mild, docile, and attentive, and require scarcely anything but splendid arms, fine horses, and rich dresses; they live in the same way as all my other Arabs, on barley cakes and fruit; they sleep in the open air, under the mulberry-trees in the gardens, or in a tent that I have had pitched for them near the horses.

The Sardinian consul, M. Bianco, (whom we see almost every day, like a friend of many years' standing,) has assisted us in all those domestic arrangements which will prevent my fears for my wife and child during my absence, and which will also contribute to our own safety while on the road;—I have bought some tents, and he has also lent me the handsomest of his own.

September 22.

The stifling heats of September have delayed our departure some time. We pass the days in paying and receiving visits, with all our neighbours, Greeks, Arabs, and Maronites; and in forming such connexions as may render our stay pleasant. We could in no part of Europe meet with more benevolence and hospitality than are lavished upon us here. These people are accustomed only to see such Europeans

arrive in their country as are engaged in trade, and the whole of whose aims and connexions have an interested purpose: they cannot at first understand that any one should come to dwell and travel among them merely to admire their beautiful natural scenery and ruined monuments; they begin by suspecting the traveller's motives, and as their traditions cause them to believe that treasures are buried in every ruin, they also think that we have the secret of disinterring them, and that this is the object of all our trouble and expense; but when they are once convinced that we do not travel with that intention, but only come to admire the handiwork of the Deity, in one of the finest countries in the world, to study manners and customs, and to see and love the inhabitants; when presents are offered them without any other return being asked for than their friendship; when there is, as with us, a physician and a medicine-chest, and prescriptions, advice, and medicines are distributed to them: when they perceive that the newly arrived stranger is entertained and held in consideration by the other Franks, and that he has a good vessel to carry him at his pleasure from one port to another, which is not concerned in any commercial enterprise, their minds are impressed with an idea of power, greatness, and disinterestedness, which overturns all their preconceived notions, and they pass rapidly from mistrust to admiration, and from admiration to devoted attachment.

Such is their disposition towards us; our courtyard is constantly filled with Arabs from the mountains, Maronite monks, scheiks of the Druzes, women, children, and invalids, who have already come fifteen or twenty leagues to see us, to ask for our advice, and to offer us their hospitality if we should at any time pass through their parts; and almost all of them cause their visit to be preceded by presents of wine or of the country fruits. We receive them in good part, we let them partake of coffee, smoke their pipes, and drink iced sherbet; and I give them in return for their gifts, some presents of European cloths, arms, a watch, or small jewels of little value, of which I have brought a large quantity with

me. They return home charmed with their reception, an spread far and wide the fame of the Emir Frangi, or "Princ of the Franks," as I have been named by them; this is m only appellation in the neighbourhood of Bayruth, and eve in the town itself; and as this reputation may be of great utility to us in our adventurous expeditions into different regions, M. Jorelle and the European consuls have had the kindness not to undeceive them, but to let the humble poor

pass off for a mighty man of power in Europe.

It may be easily imagined with what rapidity the new flies from mouth to mouth throughout Arabia. It is alread known at Damascus, Aleppo, Latakia, Saïda, and Jerusalen that a stranger is arrived, and that he is about to travers these regions. In a country where there is but little excite ment, either in the moral or physical world, the smalles unusual event becomes immediately the subject of ever conversation; it circulates with all the rapidity of verba communication from one tribe to another; the sensitive an elevated imaginations of the Arabs magnify and colour th whole; and thus in a fortnight a glorious renown is sprea to a distance of a hundred leagues. This disposition of th country, which Lady Stanhope formerly experienced in cir cumstances very nearly resembling our own, is too favourabl towards us to allow us to complain of it. We let them d and say what they please; and I accept, without any effor at undeceiving them, the imaginary titles, riches, and virtue with which Arabian imagination has endowed me, to la them down again humbly at some future time, when I sha return to the just dimensions of my native mediocrity.

## Fakardin's Tower, September 27.

We have passed the whole day at the wedding of th young Greek-Syrian lady. The ceremony began by a lon procession of Greek, Arabian, and Syrian women, who hav come (some on horseback, others on foot) through the avenue of aloe and mulberry-trees, to assist the bride through the fatiguing day. For several days and nights past, a certai number of these women have never quitted the house of Habib, or left off their cries, songs, and long, shrill screams, resembling the shouts of the vintagers and haymakers on the coasts of France during harvest time. These noises, moanings, and united laughing and tears, must have prevented the bride from sleeping for several nights before the marriage. The old men and young people belonging to the bridegroom's family do the same on their part, and allow him scarcely any rest for a week previous. We cannot understand what are the reasons for this custom.

On our being introduced into the gardens belonging to Habib's house, the ladies were taken into the interior of the divans, to make their compliments to the young girl, to admire her dress, and to view the ceremonies. As for us men, they left us in the court, or invited us to enter an inferior There, a table was set out after the European fashion, loaded with abundance of preserved fruit, cakes of sugar and honey, liquors and sherbets, and, during the whole evening, this refreshment was renewed as fast as it was consumed by the numerous guests. By an exception to the general rule, I succeeded in getting into the women's divan, at the moment when the Greek archbishop was bestowing the nuptial benediction. The young girl was standing beside her betrothed husband, covered from head to foot in a veil of scarlet gauze embroidered with gold. The priest lifted the veil for an instant, and the young man then had an opportunity of seeing, for the first time, the woman to whom he had united his future life. She was admirably beautiful; the paleness spread by emotion and fatigue over her cheeks, and which was still more heightened by the deep hue of her scarlet veil-the innumerable ornaments of gold, silver, pearls, and diamonds, with which she was covered, and the long tresses of her black hair flowing around her person,-her eye-lushes, which were painted black, as well as her eyebrows and the edges of her eyes,-her hands, which had the extremities of the fingers and the nails tinged red with henna, and were painted in compartments and Moresco VOL. I.

designs;-all these conferred on her enchanting beauty a character of novelty and solemnity in our view, with which we were exceedingly struck. Her husband scarcely had time to look at her; he appeared overcome himself, and ready to drop under the weight of the fatigue and wakefulness with which these strange customs exhaust the strength of even love itself. The bishop took from the hands of one of his priests a crown formed of natural flowers, and placed it on the young woman's head; then took it off, put it on the young man's brows, took it off again, and replaced it on the bride's veiled forehead; and thus passed it several times from one head to the other. Then in a similar manner he transferred rings an equal number of times from the fingers of the one to those of the other. They afterwards broke the same piece of bread, and drank the consecrated wine out of the same cup: after which they took the bride into apartments where only the women might follow her, that she might again change her dress. The father and friends of the husband led him away, on their part, into the garden, and made him sit down at the foot of a tree, surrounded by all the male members of his family. The musicians and dancers then came, and continued around the young man, till sunset, their barbarous strains, their shrill cries, and their different bodily contortions. while he had fallen asleep at the foot of the tree, and his friends were every moment vainly awakening him.

When night came, they conducted him by himself in procession to his father's house; and it is only after the lapse of a week that the newly married man is allowed to claim his wife, and take her home with him.

The women who filled Habib's house with their noises, also departed a little while after. Nothing could be more picturesque than this long cavalcade of women and girls, dressed in the most extraordinary and splendid costumes, covered with glittering gems, and each surrounded by her attendants and slaves, bearing torches of resinous pine wood to light the way; and thus extending their shining train through the long, narrow paths, overshadowed with aloe and orange-trees, that

lie along the sea-side; proceeding sometimes in protracted silence, sometimes uttering cries, that resounded over the waves, and beneath the large plane-trees at the base of Lebanon. We returned to our own habitation, which was near the country-house of Habib, and whence we could still hear the noisy conversation of the female part of his family. We went up on the roofs, and our eyes followed for a long time the wandering lights that twinkled on every side amidst the trees on the plain.

September 29.

It is reported that Ibrahim is defeated. If the Egyptian army should sustain a reverse, the revenge of the Turks (who are now oppressed by the Christians of Lebanon) would be to be dreaded, and great outrages might take place, especially in solitary parts of the country like our own. I have determined to hire a house in the town as well, by way of precaution, and I have found one this morning that will accommodate us all. It is, like all Arabian mansions, composed of a small dark corridor, that opens from the street by an arched door, and conducts to an interior court paved with marble, and surrounded by divans or open saloons. summer, a tent is pitched in this court, and there the Araba wait to receive visits; a fountain plays and murmurs in the midst, or when there is no running water, there is at least a closed well in one of the corners. Out of this court, you pass into several large apartments, also paved with marble in mosaic or in slabs, and ornamented breast-high either by marble sculptured into the forms of niches, pilasters, and small fountains, or by admirably carved wainscots of yellow cedar-wood; the first part of these divans is a step lower than the farthest, and this second half of the room is parted from the first by an elegant wooden railing. The servants and slaves remain in the first division, with coffee-cup, sherbet, or pipe in their hands; while their masters lie on carpets, or lounge on cushions in the second. At the bottom of the apartment is generally found a small wooden staircase. hidden in the wainscot, which leads to a kind of high gallery that extends across the end of the room; this gallery opens on one side towards the street, by small windows with grated compartments, and on the side of the room it is also enclosed by wooden railings, in which the carpenters of the country display all their best labour and ingenuity. These galleries are so narrow that they will only admit a couch covered with mattresses and silken cushions, and there the wealthy Turks and Arabs retire at night, while others are contented with spreading cushions on the floor, and sleep there, entirely dressed, and without any other coverings than the heavy and beautiful furs in which they are ordinarily clothed.

There are five or six such apartments on the first story of my town-house, and as many on the second; besides which there are a great number of small, high, and detached rooms for European servants; the janizaries, saïs, and Arabian servants lie at the street door, or under the corridor, or in the court; one never concerns about finding either a sleeping-place or a bed for them. The generality of people here have no other bed than the ground, and a mat made of Egyptian straw; the fine climate has provided for every thing, and we ourselves find that there is no bed-canopy so delightful as the beauteous starry firmament, where the light sea-breezes bear coolness on their wings and gently invite to sleep; there is little or no dew, and it is only necessary to cover the eyes with a silk handkerchief, to sleep in the open air without the least inconvenience.

This house is only intended as a place of safety for my wife and child in case of the retreat of Ibrahim Pacha, and I have taken possession only of the keys, nor shall we occupy it unless the rest of the country becomes uninhabitable. Under the protection of the European consuls, in a town surrounded by walls, and close to a port where vessels of all nations are always at anchor, no very imminent danger can threaten travellers. I have hired the town-house for 1000 piastres a year, that is, about 300 francs; • the five country-

houses together, only stand me in 3000 piastres, — 1300 francs \* a year, in all, for six houses, of which one only, the town-house, would cost in Europe at least four or five thousand francs + per annum.

There is, upon a tongue of land on the left of the town, one of the most delightful habitations that could possibly be desired; it belongs to a rich Turkish merchant, to whom I made a proposal to give it up to me. He would not let it to me, but he offered to sell it me for 30,000 piastres, that is to say, about 10,000 francs. ‡ It rises in the midst of a very large garden planted with cedars, orange-trees, fig-trees, and vines, and irrigated by a fine fountain of spring water; the sea surrounds it on two sides, and the surf washes the bases of the walls; all the fine harbour of Bayruth extends before you, with its vessels at anchor, from among the rigging of which is heard the rustling of the breeze. In front of it is an old Moresco castle jutting out into the sea, connected by bridges with some patches of verdant sward, and lofty battlements of which are delineated on the conspicuous back-ground of the Sannin's snows, and disclose, in their intervals, Ibrahim's sentinels walking about and looking over the sea.

This house is much more elegant than the one I have taken. All the walls are covered with admirable marble sculptures. or cedar wainscotings of the richest workmanship; perpetual fountains bubble incessantly in the midst of every one of the ground-floor apartments; and grated, projecting balconies surrounding the upper stories, allow the women to pass the nights in the open air without being seen, and to feast their eyes with the fine sight of the sea, the mountains, and the animated scenes in the harbour. The Turk received me very handsomely, treated me with abundance of sherbets, pipes. and coffee, and conducted me himself through all the apart-He had previously sent a black ments of his dwelling. eunuch to desire his wives to retire into a summer-house in the garden, but when we arrived at their apartment, called the harem, the order had not yet been obeyed, and we perceived

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<sup>•</sup> About £54.

five or six young women, some fifteen and sixteen years of age, or more, and others from twenty to thirty, all dressed in the magnificent and graceful costume of the Arabian females, and in all the disorder of their private toilette; they jumped up precipitately from their mats, and fled as fast as their naked legs and feet could take them; some hastily throwing a veil over their faces, others carrying infants at their breasts, and all being in the bashfulness and confusion naturally consequent on such a surprise: they glided away into a dark corridor, and the eunuch placed himself at the door. The Arab merchant appeared neither embarrassed nor hurt by this occurrence, and we visited all the interior apartments of the harem with the same facility as we could have done in an European dwelling.

### Visit to Ludy Hester Stanhope.

Lady Hester Stanhope, the niece of Mr. Pitt, after the death of her uncle quitted England, and travelled over Europe. Being young, rich, and beautiful, she was everywhere received with all the ardour and interest that her rank, wealth, talent, and beauty would be likely to procure for her; but she continually refused to unite her destiny with that of even her most deserving admirers; and after some years passed in the principal capitals of Europe, she embarked with a numerous retinue for Constantinople. No one ever knew the motive of this voluntary exile; some ascribed it to the death of a young English general, who was killed about that time in Spain, and whose memory was ever after cherished with undying affection in the heart of Lady Hester; while others attributed it to the mere taste for adventure, with which her courageous and enterprising character made it probable However this might be, she departed: she was imbued. passed some years at Constantinople; and at last embarked for Syria in an English vessel, which also bore the greatest part of her riches and jewels, and presents of every kind to an immense value.

The ship was assailed by a tempest in the gulf of Macri,

on the coast of Caramania, just opposite the island of Rhodes. and struck on a rock at some distance from the shore: the vessel was a wreck in a few moments, and Lady Stanhope's treasures were swallowed up in the waves; she herself with difficulty escaped with her life, and was carried by a floating fragment of the wreck to a little uninhabited island, where she remained four-and-twenty hours without food or succour. At last some fishermen of Marmoriza discovered her, as they were looking for the remains of the wreck, and took her to Rhodes, where she made herself known to the British consul. This melancholy event did not damp her resolution: she went to Malta, and from thence to England; she collected together the remains of her fortune, sold part of her estates at a loss, freighted a second vessel with riches and with presents adapted to the countries she was to traverse, and again set sail. The voyage was fortunate, and she disembarked at Latakia, the ancient Laodicea, on the coast of Syria, between Tripoli and Alexandretta. She took up her abode in the neighbourhood, learned the Arabic language, and gathered around her every person who could facilitate her communications with the various Arabian tribes, the Druzes, and the native Maronites; and prepared, as I am now doing myself. for journeys of discovery into the most inaccessible parts of Arabia, Mesopotamia, and the Desert.

When she was well acquainted with the language, dress, manners, and customs of the country, she organized a numerous caravan, loaded some camels with valuable presents for the Arabs, and travelled into all parts of Syria. She sojourned for a time at Jerusalem, Damascus, Aleppo, Koms, Balbec, and Palmyra. At this last station, the numerous tribes of wandering Arabs, who had facilitated her access to these ruins, gathered around her tent to the number of forty or fifty thousand, and, enchanted by her beauty, goodness, and magnificence, proclaimed her queen of Palmyra, and delivered firmans to her, by which it was agreed that every European protected by her, should be permitted to visit, in perfect safety, the desert and ruins of Balbec and Palmyra, provided he

paid a tribute of 1000 piastres.\* This treaty is sti force, and is faithfully executed by the Arabs, when they positive proof given them of the protection of Lady Stank

At her return from that place, however, she was no carried off by a numerous Arabian tribe that was at en with those of Palmyra. She was warned in time by of her people, and owed her own safety and that of her covan to a forced night-march and the swiftness of her how ho cleared an incredible distance in the desert, in the sof twenty-four hours. She returned to Damascus, where resided some time under the protection of the Turkish pato whom the Porte had warmly recommended her.

After a life of wandering in all the countries of the I Lady Hester Stanhope at last fixed her residence in an all inaccessible solitude on one of the mountains of Lebanon, Saïda, the ancient Sidon. The pacha of St. Jean d'A Abdalla Pacha, who entertained towards her sentiment profound respect and entire devotedness, granted her remains of a convent, and the village of Dgioun inhabited Druzes. She built several houses there, enclosed t within a surrounding wall that resembled the fortification the middle ages, and formed a delightful artificial gar after the manner of the Turks, full of flowers and fr vine-covered bowers, and kiosks adorned with sculptures Arabesque paintings, having streams continually run through marble channels, and fountains of water in centres of the floors of the kiosks, and overshadowed by a formed by the foliage of orange, fig, and citron-trees. Lady Stanhope lived for a number of years in a luxurious that was entirely Oriental, surrounded by a great numbe European or Arabian dragomans, a numerous retinue female attendants and black slaves, and sustaining frier and even political relations with the Porte, with Abd Pacha, the Emir Beschir who reigns over Lebanon, and n especially with the Arabian scheiks of the deserts of S and Bagdad.

\* About £12, 10s.

Soon, her fortune, which was still considerable, began to diminish, from the disarrangement that her affairs suffered from her absence; and she found her annual income reduced to thirty or forty thousand francs,\* which is, however, still sufficient in this country to support an establishment such as Lady Stanhope is obliged to keep up. However, those persons who had accompanied her from Europe either died or left her; the friendship of the Arabs, which needs to he continually fed with presents, grew cool; their communications became less frequent; and Lady Hester fell into the complete solitude in which I myself found her. But it was in this situation that the heroic qualities of her character displayed all the energy, constancy, and resolution of her mind: she thought not of retracing her steps, she felt not one regret for the world and the past, she yielded not under desertion and misfortune, under the prospect of approaching old age and oblivion by mankind; she dwelt alone in the place where she still remains, without books, without newspapers, without letters from Europe, without servants even for attendance on her person; surrounded only by some negro women, and black slave children, and by a number of Arabian peasants to attend to her garden and horses, and to watch over her personal safety. It is generally believed in the country (and my own communications with her incline me to the same opinion), that the supernatural strength of her resolute mind is derived, not only from her natural character, but also from some mystical religious notions, in which European illuminatism is mingled with some oriental credulities, and, above all, with the wonders of astrology. However this may be. Lady Stanhope is yet a great name in the East, and a source of much astonishment to Europe. As I was so near her. I wished to see her; her taste for solitude and meditation was apparently so congenial with my own feelings, that I felt desirous of realizing the tie which in all probability connected But nothing is more difficult than for an European to obtain access to her; she refuses all communication with £1300 or £1800.

English travellers, with ladies, and even with the mem of her own family. I had therefore little hopes of seeing and I had no letter of introduction; nevertheless, know that she still kept up some distant connexions with the A of Palestine and Mesopotamia, and that a recommend from her hand to those tribes might prove of great utilismy future course, I took the liberty of sending to her, be Arab, the following letter:—

#### " My LADY.

"Being a traveller like yourself, being like yourself on stranger in the East, and having come like yourself on seek for the knowledge of its natural aspect, its ruins, the works of the Deity there exhibited, I have just arrive Syria with my family. I should reckon among the interesting days of my journey, that in which I had be acquainted with a lady who is herself one of the wonde that East which I have come to visit.

"Should you be willing to receive me, have the good to inform me what day will be most convenient to you, also whether I shall come alone, or may bring with me of the friends who accompany me, and who would no highly esteem the honour of being introduced to you, myself.

"I hope, my lady, that this request will by no means strain your politeness to grant me a favour which wou inaccordant with your habits of entire seclusion. I know well, myself, the value of liberty and the pleasure of soli not to understand and respect the motives of your refusa

" Believe me," &c. &c.

I had not to wait long for an answer; at three o'clor the afternoon of the 30th, Lady Stanhope's groom, who the same time her physician, arrived at my house with o to accompany me to Dgioun, the residence of this ext dinary woman.

We set out at four o'clock. I was accompanied b

doctor, Leonardi, by M. de Parseval, a servant, and a guideall of us on horseback. At half an hour's journey from Bayruth I passed through a wood of magnificent pines (planted originally by the Emir Fakardin) on a lofty promontory, from whence a prospect extends on the right over the stormy sea of Syria, and on the left over the magnificent valley of Lebanon. It forms an admirable place for observation, where the choicest vegetation of the West, the vine, fig, mulberry, and pyramidal poplar are united to the tall, columnar palms of the East, whose large leaves wave with every breeze, like a plume of feathers on the deep blue At a few paces farther on, begins a kind of desert, formed of red sand accumulated into enormous moving billows like those of the ocean. There was in the evening a strong breeze, and the wind furrowed, wrinkled, and ploughed them up with the same effects as it produces in scooping and lashing the waves of the sea. This sight was at once novel and melancholy, as it seemed to be an image of the real and vast desert that I was soon to traverse. No traces of men or animals were to be found in this undulating sandy plain; we were only guided by the roaring of the surf on the one side, and by the transparent summits of Lebanon's peaks on the other. We soon discovered a sort of road or path, strewed with enormous angular blocks of stone. This road, which follows the sea-coast as far as Egypt, led us to a ruined house. the whole remains of an old fortified tower; in which we passed the dark hours of the night, lying on a rush mat, and wrapped up in our cloaks. As soon as the moon was up, we remounted our horses.

It was one of those nights when the heavens are spangled with stars, and when the most perfect serenity reigns over those lofty ethereal abysses which we contemplate from so low a point of view, while Nature seems to be groaning and writhing all around us. The desolate aspect of the coast for a space of some leagues, perhaps heightened this painful impression. We had left behind us, together with the twilight, the fine shaded declivities and verdant valleys of

Lebanon; rugged hills rose up close to us, strewed from to bottom with black, white, and grey stones-the ruins by former earthquakes. On our right and left, the sea, wh had been wrought up ever since the morning by a d storm, rolled far and wide its heavy and threatening billo which we could perceive coming from afar by the shadow wh they cast before them; at last they struck upon the she each emitting its clap of thunder, and extending its le broad line of boiling foam over the flat beach of wet sand which we were travelling, every wave flowing over the hon hoofs, and threatening to carry us away. A moon, that t as brilliant as the sun in winter, shed light enough over the to show us its tempestuous state, and yet did not sufficier illuminate our road to satisfy the sight as to the dang of the way. Soon a light, resembling that of a conflagrat mingled, over the tops of the Libanian mountains, with white and dusky morning mists, and spread over all the sc a pale, deceptive tinge that is neither day nor night, which possesses neither the splendour of the one, nor serenity of the other; such an hour is painful both to the and to the mind, it exhibits the distressing image, wh Nature sometimes offers to our notice, of the strife of contrary principles, the reality of which is much oftener for in our own hearts. At seven o'clock in the morning, und sun that was already scorching hot, we quitted Saïda, ancient Sidon, which advances into the waves like a glori remembrance of past dominion; and we ascended some cha hills, bare and broken, which, rising imperceptibly one ab another, led us to that solitude which our eyes vainly sou for. Every hill that we ascended, discovered to our vi when at the top, another still higher, which it was necess either to encompass or ascend; mountains were concatent together, like the links of a chain closely pressed against another, leaving nothing between them but deep, blancl dry ravines strewed with dingy fragments of broken rou These mountains are entirely bare of earth and vegetat they are skeletons of hills, all whose flesh has been gna-

away, for ages past, by wind and water. It was not here that I expected to find the dwelling of a woman who had seen the world, and had the choice of all its localities. length, from the top of one of these rocks, I looked down into a valley that was deeper and wider, and bounded on every side by mountains more majestic, but not less sterile. the middle of this valley (which thus seemed to be the basis of a large tower) the mountain Dgioun took its rise, rounded into circular masses of rock, which, tapering towards their tops, formed at last a platform a few hundred toises broad. and crowned with fine, graceful, verdant vegetation. A white wall, flanked by a kiosk at one of its angles, surrounded the mass of verdure;—this was the habitation of Lady Hester. We reached it at noon. The house is not what would be so called in Europe; it is not even what is termed a house in the East; it is a grotesque, confused assemblage of ten or twelve small cottages, each containing only one or two rooms on the ground floor, without windows, and separated from one another by small court-yards and gardens; presenting altogether an appearance entirely similar to that of the poor convents belonging to the mendicant orders, that are met with on the high mountains of Italy and Spain.

According to her usual custom, Lady Stanhope was not visible before three or four o'clock in the afternoon. We were all conducted into a sort of narrow cell, dark and unfurnished. Breakfast was served up to us, and we laid ourselves down on a divan to await the waking hour of the invisible hostess of this romantic retreat. I fell asleep;—at three o'clock they knocked at the door and informed me she was waiting for me,—I passed across a court-yard, a garden, an open kiosk tapestried with jasmines, and two or three dark corridors; and at last I was introduced by a little negro child, six or eight years of age, into Lady Hester's cabinet.

So deep a darkness filled the place that I could scarcely distinguish the noble, grave, mild, and majestic features of the white form, which, in oriental costume, rose up from the divan, and advanced forward, holding out its hand to me

Lady Hester appeared to be about fifty years of age; she h traits that it is out of the power of years to change; fres ness, colour, and prettiness may fly away together wi youth; but when beauty consists in the pure elegance of t lineaments, in the dignity, majesty, and thoughtful expressi of the countenance, either of a man or a woman, it may all at different periods of life, but it never passes away; and su is the beauty of Lady Stanhope. She wore on her head white turban, and on her forehead a purple woollen fil falling back on each shoulder. A long yellow cashme shawl, and an immensely large white silk Turkish gown, wi wide waving sleeves, enveloped her whole figure in their n jestically simple folds; and at the opening of this outer tur at her breast, was seen a second gown of flowered Persi that reached as high as the neck, and was there fastened a pearl clasp. Turkish boots of yellow morocco embroider with silk, completed this elegant oriental costume, which s wore with all the ease and gracefulness of a person who l been accustomed to no other from earliest youth.

"You are come from a long distance to see a hermitess said she to me, "you are very welcome; I receive but f strangers, perhaps one or two in a year; but your letter mu pleased me, and I wished to become acquainted with a pers who, like myself, loved God, nature, and solitude. Besid something informed me that our stars were amicable, and the we should mutually suit each other. I see with please that my presentiment has not deceived me, and those feature of yours that I now see, and even the mere sound of your footsteps as you passed through the corridor, have sufficient informed me concerning you, for me not to repent of have wished to see you.—Let us sit down and chat; we are alreat friends."

"How, my lady," said I to her, "can you so quicl honour a man with the appellation of your friend, who name and life are completely unknown to you?—you kn not who I am."

"It is true," she replied, " that I neither know what y

are in the eye of the world, nor what you have done while you have lived among mankind; but I already know what you are in the eye of God. Do not take me for a simpleton. as I am often called by the world; but I cannot resist the desire I feel of speaking to you with an open heart. There is a science, lost at the present time in your Europe, a science which was born in the East, and which has never perished there, but still exists. I am in possession of it;—I can read in the stars. We are all the children of some one of those celestial fires which presided at our birth, and whose happy or malign influence is written in our eyes, upon our forehead, in our features, in the lines on the hand, in the shape of the foot, and in our gestures and carriage. I have only seen you for a few minutes,-well! I know you as well as if I had lived an age with you. Would you like me to reveal yourself to you? Would you like me to foretell your destiny?"

"Take care how you do so, my lady;" answered I, smiling, "I do not deny what I am ignorant of; nor will I affirm that, in the whole of visible and invisible nature, where all is consistent and mutually connected, beings of an inferior order, like mankind, may not be under the influence of higher existences, such as stars or angels; but I need not their disclosures to teach me my own nature,—corruption, weakness, and misery:—and as to the secrets of my future destiny, I should think I were profaning the prerogatives of that Deity who hides them from me, were I to ask for their revelation from the creature. In matters of futurity I can only believe in God, liberty, and virtue."

"Never mind!" said she, "believe what you please; for my own part, I see clearly that you are born under the influence of three good, powerful, and propitious stars, which have endowed you with analogous qualities, and which are conducting you to a point which I could, if you wished, point out to you this very day. God himself has led you here to enlighten your mind; you are one of those ardent and well-intentioned men, whom he needs as instruments for the marvellous works which he is soon about to accomplish

among mankind. Do you believe that the reign of the Mess

"I was born a Christian," said I; "which is an answe

your question."

"Christian!" replied she, with some slight signs ridicule, "I also am a Christian; but he whom you christ, has he not said, 'I as yet speak to you in parab but he who shall come after me shall speak to you in sp and in truth.' Well! this is he whom we are looking I this is the Messiah who is not yet come, who is not far whom we shall see with our eyes, and for whose com every thing in the world is preparing. What will you answ and how can you deny or controvert the very words of your Gospel which I have just quoted to you? What

your reasons for believing in Christ?"

" Permit me, my lady," I replied, " not to enter into st a discussion with you; I do not enter upon it with mys-There are two luminaries given to mankind; one wh enlightens the mind, which is liable to controversy a doubt, and which often leads me to error and mistal another which illuminates the heart and which never deceiv for it is at once evidence and conviction, and to us pe miserable mortals, truth is only conviction. God alone p sesses truth in another manner, and as truth in its own natur we can only have it as faith. I believe in Christ becau he brought into the world the holiest, the most fertile, a the most divine doctrine that ever radiated over the hum understanding; so celestial a doctrine cannot be the produ of deception and falsehood. Christ has spoken it in exacthat manner in which it is uttered by reason. Doctrines : known by their moral associations, just as the tree is knoby its fruits. The fruits of Christianity (I speak of its futt fruits still more than of its fruits that are already gather and decayed) are infinite, perfect, and divine; therefore t doctrine itself is divine; therefore its author is a divi 'Word' as he has named himself. This is why I am a Chr tian, and this is all my religious controversy with myself; w

others I have none; a man can have nothing proved to him but what he believes already."

"But after all," she replied, "do you then find the social, political, and religious state of the world well ordained? and do you not feel, what every one feels, the need, the necessity there is for a Revealer, for a Redeemer, for that Messiah whom we wait for, and whom our hopes already see?"

"Oh! as to that," said I, "that is another matter. No one suffers and sympathizes more than myself in the universal groaning of nature, mankind, and nations,-no one speaks more emphatically of the enormous abuses in society, politics. and religion,-no one more earnestly hopes for and desires a Healer of these intolerable woes of humanity,—no one is more deeply convinced that that Healer must be divine. If you call this waiting for a Messiah, I am waiting for him like yourself, and long still more than yourself for his next appearance; like yourself, and in a still higher degree, I see in man's beliefs, in the tumult of his confused ideas, in the vacuity of his heart, in the depravity of his social state, and in the repeated shakings of his political institutions, all the symptoms of a general subversion, and consequently of a near and approaching renovation. I believe that God always shows himself at hand when all human efforts are found insufficient, and when man confesses that he can do nothing for himself. The world is now in this state; and therefore I believe in a Messiah near our own age: but in this Messiah I do not see Jesus Christ, who has nothing more to confer on us of wisdom, virtue, and truth; I see Him whom Christ has informed us should come after himself,—that ever active Holy Spirit, who is continually aiding mankind, and revealing to them, according to time and need, what they ought to know and do. It is of little consequence whether this divine Spirit be incarnated in a man, or in a doctrine, fact, or idea it is still himself; man or doctrine, fact or idea, I believe in Him, I hope in Him, wait for Him, and-more than you, my lady-I invoke Him. You see then that we can understand VOL. 1.

one another, and that our stars are not so divergent as conversation may have led you to suppose."

She smiled; her eyes, which had been occasionally slig tinged with ridicule while I was confessing my rati Christianity, became illuminated with a brilliancy an tenderness of expression, that were almost supernat "Believe what you will," she said, " you are not the one of those men whom I was looking for, whom P dence has sent me, and who have a great part to take in work which is now in preparation. You will soon return Europe; - Europe is done for; - France, alone, has a g task yet to fulfil; you will take part in it-how, as y know not; but if you wish it, I cantell you this evening, I have consulted your stars. I do not yet know the m of them all; I can see more than three now; I can disting four, perhaps five, and-who knows? perhaps more One of them is certainly Mercury, who gives warmth clearness to intellect and speech; -you must be a poe this is written in your eyes and in the upper part of your son; lower down, you are under the dominion of stars different and almost opposite; there is an influence of act and energy :- there is also that of the sun," said she, all sudden, " in the position of your head, and in the mann which you lean it over your left shoulder. Give thank God :- there are few men who are born under more than star, few whose stars are propitious, fewer still whose s though favourable, are not counterbalanced by the mi influence of an adverse star. You, on the contrary, several, and all are in harmony for your service, and muti assist each other in your favour. What is your name? "I never heard it before," she replied, with told her. accent of sincerity.

"Such is glory, my lady. I have in my life composed a verses which have caused my name to be repeated a mi times, by all the literary echoes in Europe; but that ectoo feeble to cross your sea and your mountains, and h

am, a man entirely new, completely unknown,—a name that has never been pronounced. I am the more flattered, on this account, by the kindness you lavish on me; I owe it merely

to you and myself."

"Yes," said she, "poet or not, I love you, and have hopes in you; we shall meet again;—be sure of that! You will return to the West, but you will not be very long before you come back again to the East; it is your country."—" It is at least," said I, "the land of my imagination."—" Do not laugh," said she, "it is your real country, it is the land of your fathers. I am sure of it now—look at your foot."—" I see nothing there," said I, "but the dust of your roads that covers it, and which I should be ashained of, in a parlour of old Europe."

"Nonsense! it is not that;" said she again, "look at your foot;—I had not noticed it before, myself. See;—the instep is very high, and there is between your heel and your toes, when your foot is on the ground, a sufficient space for water to pass through, without wetting you. That is the Arab's foot,—the Oriental foot; you are a son of these climates, and we are drawing near to the times when every one shall return

to the land of his fathers. We shall meet again."

A black slave entered, and prostrating himself before her, with his forehead on the carpet, and his hands above his head, said something to her in Arabic. "Go!" said she to me, "your dinner is ready; dine quickly, and come back again soon; I shall employ my thoughts about you, and look more clearly into my confused ideas about your person and visit. For myself, I eat with no one; I live too soberly; bread and fruit, at any time when I feel the want of it, is sufficient for me; I ought not to treat a guest with my own diet."

I was conducted to an arbour of rose-laurel and jasmine at the entrance of her gardens, where covers were laid for M. de Parseval and myself. We dined pretty quickly, but she did not even wait till we had risen from the table, but sent Leonardi to say she was waiting for me. I ran to her, and found her smoking a long oriental pipe;—she ordered one to

be brought for me. I had already been accustomed to s the most elegant and beautiful Eastern ladies smoking, as I now no longer found any thing offensive in that carele and graceful attitude, or in the odoriferous fumes escapin in slender columns from out of the lips of a fine woman interrupting the conversation without chilling it. a long while in this manner, and always upon the favour subject, the one single and mysterious theme of this extr ordinary woman, this modern enchantress, who exactly reca to the mind the famous enchantresses of antiquity;-t Circe of the deserts. It appeared to me that the religio tenets of Lady Hester were a dexterous, though confus medley of the different religions amid which she has co demned herself to live; she is mysterious, like the Druz whose mystic secret perhaps she alone knows, of all t world; resigned, like the Mussulman, and like him a fatalis waiting with the Jew for the Messiah; and with the Christia professing adoration of Christ and the practice of his benelent morality. Add to this the fantastic images and sup natural dreams of an imagination tinctured with Orientalis and heated by solitude and meditation; together with, p haps, some revelations from Arabian astrologers; and y will then have an idea of this strange and sublime com sition; which it is more convenient to term insanity than analyze and understand. No! this woman is by no mea insane; insanity, which is always shown by but too evidmarks in the eyes, is not in the least written in her fi steady look; insanity, which is always betrayed in the co versation, whose chain it is always unavoidably breaking harsh, disorderly, and eccentric excursions, is not at all p ceived in the elevated, mystic, and obscure, yet regular, co nected, firm, and coherent conversation of Lady Hest Were it necessary for me to pronounce a judgment, I show say that it was a studied, voluntary madness, which is w acquainted with its own nature, and which has its reasons appearing like irrationality. The wonderful power which genius has exercised over the different Arab populations th

surround the mountains, sufficiently proves that this pretended folly is but a means to an end. For the inhabitants of this land of prodigies, these men of the rock and the desert, whose imaginations are more highly coloured and more misty than the horizon of their sands or their seas; for them there must either be the words of a Mahomet or of a Lady Stanhops; they want the communion of the stars; the prophecies, miracles, and second-sight of genius. Lady Stanhope at first understood this by the lofty conclusions of her really very superior mind; afterwards perhaps, like all beings who are endowed with strong intellectual faculties, she may have ended by imposing upon herself, and becoming the first neophyte of the mystery that she had formed for others.

Such is the effect this woman produced on my mind; she can neither be described nor arranged by a word; she is a statue of immense dimensions, and can only be judged of under her own proper point of view. I should not be surprised if, one of these days, part of the future destiny she promises herself should be realized:—an empire in Arabia, a throne in Jerusalem. The very least political commotion in that part of the East in which she dwells, might raise her to "On this subject," said I to her, "I have but one fault to find with your genius; it is that of having been too timid in particular events, and of not having pushed your fortune as far as she would carry you."-" You speak," she said, " like a man who still puts too much faith in the human will, and too little in the irresistible dominion of sole destiny: my strength lies in that; -I wait upon it, but do not call for it. I am getting old, I have greatly diminished my fortune, I am now alone, left by myself on this desert rock, a prey to the first bold villain who would break open my doors, surrounded by a company of faithless servants, and ungrateful slaves, who rob me every day, and sometimes threaten my life:only lately I owed my safety merely to this poignard, which I was obliged to make use of to defend my breast against the dagger of a black slave whom I had brought up :--Well! in the midst of all these tribulations I am happy; I answer

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every thing by the sacred word of the Mussulman, Al. Kenim, 'it is the will of God;' and I wait with confidence that future of which I have spoken to you, and of whe certainty I could wish to inspire into you that convict

which you ought to possess."

After having smoked several pipes and drank several co of coffee, which the black slaves brought in every quarter an hour; "Come," said she, "I am going to conduct; into a sanctuary which I never allow any profane person penetrate into; it is my garden." We descended into it some steps, and I traversed along with her over a tr enchanted region; one of the most splendid Turkish gard that I had yet seen in the East. Gloomy arbours, wh verdant ceilings bore, like a thousand lustres, the sparkl grapes of the Promised Land; kiosks, where Arabes sculptures were intertwined with jasmines and climb plants, the lianas of Asia; basins, where water (artifici brought, it is true) came from a league's distance to play murmur in the marble fountains; avenues planted with the fruit trees of England, Europe, and these fine clim: themselves; patches of green sward strewn with shrub blossom, and with marble borders surrounding plots of flow that were entirely new to my eyes:-such was this gare We rested successively in several of the kiosks with whic was decorated; and the exhaustless conversation of I Hester never lost the mystic tones and elevated topics the set out with in the morning. "Since our destiny," said at last to me, " has sent you here, and so astonishin sympathy between our stars allows me to confide to you v I should have hidden from so many profane persons; co I wish to let you see with your own eyes a prodigy of nat whose destination is known only to myself and my ade the Eastern prophecies had announced it ages previously, you shall now judge yourself whether those prophecies not fulfilled." She opened a door in the garden, which to a little interior court-yard, in which I perceived splendid Arabian mares of the primest breed, and havi

perfection of form rarely met with. "Come nearer," she said to me, "and look at this bay mare; see if Nature has not accomplished in her all that is written concerning the mare that is to carry the Messiah:-she was born ready saddled." I saw indeed upon this fine animal, a sport of nature sufficiently unusual to serve to deceive vulgar credulity among a half barbarous people; the mare had, at the falling in of the shoulders, a cavity so large and deep, and imitating so perfectly the shape of a Turkish saddle, that it might he said with truth that she was born ready saddled, and with short stirrups she might indeed have been ridden without the need being felt of any artificial saddle. This mare, which was in other respects superb, appeared accustomed to the admiration and respect shown her by Lady Stanhope and her slaves, and seemed to feel already the dignity of her future office; no one had ever mounted her, and two Arab grooms constantly tended and watched her without losing sight of her for a moment. Another mare, that was white, and, in my opinion, infinitely handsomer, shared with the Messiah's mare in Lady Stanhope's respect and attentions; and in like manner has also never been backed. Lady Hester did not expressly tell me, but left me to infer, that though the destination of the white mare was not so sacred, yet that here also was mysterious and important; and I fancied I understood that Lady Stanhope was reserving her for herself to ride upon. on the day when she should make her entry beside the Messiah into re-conquered Jerusalem.

After having walked these two animals for some time up and down on a lawn outside the circuit of the fortress, and enjoyed the sight of the fine creatures' agility and beauty, we came in again and I renewed my requests to Lady Hester, that she would allow me to introduce to her M. de Parseval, my friend and travelling companion, who had, against my will, followed me to her house, and who had been vainly waiting ever since the morning for a favour of which she is so sparing. She at last consented to it, and we all three went in again to pass the evening or night in the little parlour which I have

already described. Coffee and pipes a oriental profusion, and the room was soon a with such cloud of smoke, that we could only see 1 r ladyship's through an atmosphere similar to that belonging to magnatinvocations. She conversed with the same power, gracef ness, and fluency as about the supernatu steemed less sacred than those she had to me alone during the whole

course of the day

"I hope," sai aristocrat; I do are deceived, my crat nor democra of the medal of rough as the other. I am neither aristocrat nor democrat. I am neither aristocrat nor democrat, I am neither aristocrat nor democrat, I

rough as the otl ... I am neither aristocrat nor democrat, I am an advocate and partisan exclusively of that, which will ameliorate and perfect the whole of mankind, whether they be born at the top or the bottom of the social tree. I am neither for the people nor for the nobles; nor do I believe that either aristocratical or democratical institutions have the exclusive power of perfectionating humanity; that power only resides in a divine morality, which is the offspring of a perfect religion. The civilization of nations lies in their religious faith."

"That is true;" she replied, "and yet I am an aristocrat in spite of myself; and you will agree," she added, "that, if there are some vices in aristocracy, there are at least exalted virtues connected with them, as an atonement and counterpoise; whilst in democracy I see many vices, and those the lowest and most hideous; but in vain do I seek for exalted virtues."

"That is not the true state of the case, my lady," I said;
"there are on both sides vices and virtues; but among the
higher classes, these very vices have a brilliant appearance:
in the lower classes, on the contrary, they are shown in all
their nakedness, and when thus contemplated they more
severely wound the moral sensibilities; the difference lies in

their outward appearance, and not in their essential nature;—indeed, the same vice is a greater vice in the rich, educated, and well-informed man, than in him who is ignorant, and in want of bread; for with one, vice is a choice, and with the other a necessity. Let us then condemn it everywhere, and especially in a vicious aristocracy, and let us not judge of mankind as classes but as individuals; nobles would have popular vices were they the commonalty, and the small would have the vices of the great if they were as great. The balance is even; do not let us disturb it."

"Well! let that pass," she answered, "but permit me to think that you are an aristocrat like myself; it would be too painful for me to think that you are among the number of those French youths, who raise up the stormy populace against all the dignities which God, nature, and society have set up; and who pull down the edifice in order to build with its ruins a pedestal for their own base envy."

"No," I told her, "make yourself quite easy; I am not one of that sort of men; I am only one of those who, while they honour all who are above them in the social system, do not despise all who are below; but whose hope or dream it is, to call all men, without reference to their position in arbitrary political arrangements, to the same light, liberty, and moral perfection: and since you are a religious character, since you believe that God loves impartially all his children, since you are waiting for a second Messiah to restore all things, you too, doubtless, think in the same manner as them and myself."

"Yes;" replied she, "but I busy myself too much with human politics; I have had enough of them; I saw too much of it during the ten years that I passed in my uncle Mr. Pitt's cabinet, when all the intrigues of Europe resounded around me. I despised human nature when young, and I wish no more to hear it spoken of. All that men do for each other is vain and fruitless, and external forms I account matters of indifference."—"And I too;" said I.—"The basis of all things is God and virtue."—"I think so exactly:"

I answered, " and so let us say no more about it :-we a perfectly agreed."

Passing to lighter topics, and joking about that sort divination which enabled her completely to understand a pe son at first sight, and merely by the inspection of his sta-I put her wisdom to the proof, and asked her respecting to or three travellers of my acquaintance, who within fifte years before had come under her notice. I was astonish at the perfect correctness of her discerning glance on two these men. Among others, she analyzed with a wonderly depth of penetration the character of one of them, who w perfectly well known to myself; a character which it w difficult to understand at first sight, great, but hidden by veil of the most simple and enchanting good humour; and wh heightened my astonishment, and caused me to wonder at t all-retentive memory of this woman, was that this traveller he only passed two hours with her, and sixteen years had elaps between the time of his visit and that of my asking h opinion of him. Solitude concentrates and strengthens : the faculties of the mind ;-prophets, saints, great men, as poets have wonderfully understood this; and their disp sitions naturally incline them all to seek for it in deserts. to isolate themselves in the midst of their fellow men.

Bonaparte's name dropped, as usual, in the course of coversation. "I thought," said I to her, "that your enth siasm for that man would raise up a barrier between us."—'have never been enthusiastic," she said, "excepting account of his misfortunes and with pity for him."—"Not either," I replied; "and thus we again perfectly agree."

I could not at all explain to myself how a religious as moral woman could admire mere force, destitute of religious morality, and liberty. Bonaparte was, doubtless, a gre renovator; he re-organized society, but he did not pay sufficient attention to the materials he used in its reconstruction. He formed his statue out of the dirt of personal aggrandizement, instead of moulding it out of divine and moral sen ments, virtue, and liberty.

The night thus passed away in discussing freely, and without the least affectation on the part of Lady Hester, all those subjects which a word by chance brings and takes away. in conversation. I felt that no note was wanting in that firm and lofty mind, and that each touch on the keys produced its strong, full, and correct sound; except, perhaps, the metaphysical chord, which too much tension and solitude had either jarred or raised to a diapason too high for mortal comprehension. We parted with a sincere regret on my own part, and a similar feeling kindly manifested by her. no adieu," she said, " we shall often see one another again during this journey, and still oftener during other journeys that you have not yet thought about. Go and rest yourself. and remember that you leave a friend among the solitudes of Lebanon." She held out her hand to me; I placed mine on my heart, after the manner of the Arabs, and we came out.

## Visit to the Emir Beschir.

At four o'clock the next morning, M. de Parseval and myself were on horseback, on the precipitous declivity which leads down from Lady Stanhope's monastery into the deep valley of the torrent of Belus; we forded the streams, which were diminished by the heat of summer, and began to ascend the high Libanian mountains that lie between Dgioun and Deïr el Kammar or the Convent of the Moon, which is the palace of the Emir Beschir, the sovereign prince of the Druzes and of all the mountains of Lebanon. Lady Hester had given us her physician to serve as interpreter, and one of her Arab grooms as a guide.

After travelling two hours, we arrived at a valley that was deeper, narrower, and more picturesque than any that we had previously passed through. Right and left, rose two chains of mountains, three or four hundred feet in height, resembling two perpendicular ramparts, and seeming to have been recently separated from each other, by a blow from the hammer of the Fabricator of the universe, or perhaps by the earthquake which shook Lebanon to its very foundations.

when the Son of Man, rendering up his soul to God, drew that last sigh which repelled back the spirit of error, oppression, and falsehood, and breathed truth, liberty, and life over a renovated world. The gigantic blocks, broken from the two sides of the mountains, and strewed, like pebbles from a child's hand, along the course of the stream, formed the deep, extensive, rough, and horrible bed of this now dry torrent .-Some of these stones were masses higher and longer than large houses; some stood erect in solid and eternal cubes; others, standing on their corners and upheld by the support of other hidden fragments, seemed just about to fall, always ready to roll over, and presented the appearance of moving ruins, an incessant fall, a chaos of stones, an inexhaustible avalanche of rocks-dense rocks impervious to light, and of a mournful greyish black colour, streaked with white and fiery coloured veins-the petrified waves of a granitic river. Not a drop of water was to be found in the deep interstices of this torrent's channel, scorched up as it was by the burning sun of Syria; not a stalk, not a blade of grass, not a single parasitical plant, neither in the course of the torrent, nor on the broken, precipitous declivities of the two sides of the abyss; it was an ocean of stones, a cataract of rocks, which seemed to acquire motion and fluidity from the diversity of their forms, the variety of their positions, the strangeness of their tumbled aggregations, and the play of light and shade on their surfaces and sides. If Dante had wished to describe in one of his infernal regions, a hell of stones, aridity, ruin, universal devastation, the demolition of worlds, and the decay of ages, he only needed to have simply copied this very scene: -it is a stream adapted to the world's last moments. when the fire shall have consumed all things, and when earth, unveiling her inmost entrails, will be merely a shattered mass of calcined stones beneath the feet of the dreadful Judge who comes to visit her. We followed the course of this Valley of Lamentation for two hours, without any other variation of the scene than what was occasioned by the different meanderings of the torrent itself among the mountains;

or by the more or less terrific manner in which the rocks were aggregated in their foaming bed of stones. Never will that valley be lost from my imagination: this country must have been the most ancient and original, the land of terrific poetry and human lamentations; the sublime and pathetic language of prophecy is heard from every part of its wild, melancholy, and magnificent scenery. All the metaphors of biblical poetry are written in gigantic characters on the furrowed surface of Lebanon, on its gilded summits, its gushing ravines, and its dead, still valleys. That Divine Spirit, that supernatural inspiration, which breathed in the souls and harps of the poetic people, to whom God spoke in types and symbols, thus more forcibly struck on the sight of the sacred bards from their very infancy, and nurtured them with milk stronger than is vouchsafed to us, who are the pale, feeble inheritors of the ancient lyre—us, who only have before our eyes a gentle, mild, and cultivated face of nature, a nature that is civilized and deformed like ourselves.

At noon we reached the highest mountains that we had to cross. We began to re-descend by exceedingly steep paths, where our horses' hoofs trembled on the rolling pebbles. which were all that separated us from the deep precipices. After descending for an hour, we perceived, on emerging from dehind a hill, the fantastic palace of Dptedin near to Deir el Kammar. We cried out with surprise and admiration, and by an involuntary action stopped our horses, to contemplate the novel and picturesque Oriental scene that opened to our view. At the distance of a few paces, a wide sheet of water issued from a mill-sluice, and fell from an elevation of fifty or sixty feet on rocks that dashed it into floating fragments; the noise of this waterfall, together with the coolness that it diffused throughout the air, and which reached us moistening our burning foreheads, deliciously prepared our senses for the wonders that they were destined delightfully to enjoy. Above this waterfall (which was lost in abysses whose depths could not be seen) opened a wide, deep, funnel-shaped valley. planted from top to bottom with mulberries, vines, and figs.

and clothed over all its surface with light, fresh verdure; an some handsome villages were suspended in terraces on tl declivities of all the mountains that lay around this valle of Deir el Kammar. On one side only the horizon was little open, and presented to view, over the less elevated to of Lebanon, the sea of Syria. "This great wide sea," sa David. \*- " Here below me is the great blue sea, with its roa ing billows and its gigantic reptiles!"-David was perhal on this very spot when he uttered this poetical exclamation There indeed was seen the sea of Egypt, tinged with a deepe azure than the sky, and blending in the far distant horizo with the violet vapoury mist that veils the shores of all th part of Asia. At the bottom of this large valley, the hill of Dptedin, bearing the Emir's palace, springing up, rose like vast tower, flanked by ivy-clothed rocks, letting fall from a its crevices and fissures, long pendant tufts of waving verdure This hill ascended to the level of the cliff-borne road o which we ourselves were suspended; only a narrow, roarin abyss separated us from it. On its top, at but a few pacer distance from us, the Moresco palace of the Emir extende majestically over all the lofty plain of Dptedin, with its squar towers crowned with embattled ramparts; the long galleries rising one above another, presented extended rows of arcade of as light and slender a construction as the palm stems tha crowned them with their airy plumes; and its large court descended like immense steps from the top of the mountai down to the outer wall that surrounded the fortifications. A the extremity of the largest of these courts, on which we looke far down from the lofty station where we were situated, th irregular façade of the women's palace presented itself to ou notice, decorated with light and graceful colonnades, whos fringed and fluted shafts rose to the height of the roofs in irregular and grotesque forms, and bore like a parasol the slight awnings of painted wood, which served as a portico to this edifice. A marble staircase, adorned with Arabesque sculptured balustrades, led from this portico to the door o

<sup>·</sup> Psalm civ. 25.

the building, which was formed of differently coloured carved woods, set in a marble frame, surmounted by Arabic inscrip tions, and surrounded by black slaves, magnificently clad, and armed with silver-plated pistols, and Damascus sabres glittering with gold and deep cut devices. The large courts that faced the palace were filled with a crowd of attendants. courtiers, priests, and soldiers, in all the varied and picturesque costumes which the five nations inhabiting Lebanon are fond of wearing: the Druze, Armenian Christian, Greek. Maronite, and Metualis. Five or six hundred Arabian horses were tied by the feet and head to tight cords stretched across the courts, ready saddled, bridled, and covered with glittering trappings of every hue; groups of camels were seen, some lying down, others standing, and others again on their knees to be loaded or unloaded; and on the highest plat of the interior court were some young pages running on horseback against one another, throwing the dgerid, avoiding it by couching down on their horses, wheeling round at full speed on their defenceless adversary, and performing with a gracefulness and vigour that were truly admirable, all the rapid evolutions required by this military game. After having contemplated for a few moments this Oriental scene so new to us. we approached the huge, massive door of the outer court of the palace, guarded by Arabs armed with muskets and light slender swords resembling long reeds. At this place we sent in to the prince the letters we had for him; a few minutes after, he sent to us his chief physician, M. Bertrand, a native of Syria, but born of a French family, and still retaining the language and recollections of his father land. He conducted us to the apartment which the Emir's hospitality had provided for us, and some slaves led our attendants and horses into another quarter of the palace. Our accommodations consisted of a pretty looking court, decorated with Arabesque pilasters, and having a fountain spouting up in the midst and falling into a large marble basin; around this court were situated three rooms and a divan, that is, an apartment larger than the others, formed by an arcade that opens on

the interior court, and which is not closed either by doors or curtains; it is a kind of intermediate situation between house and street, which serves the lazy Mussulmen for a garden, and whose solid shade supplies to them the place of that of trees, which they have not industry to plant, or activity to go and seek where Nature has already made them grow for their use. Our rooms, although situated in this magnificent palace, would have appeared to be too dilapidated for the poorest peasant of our cottages; the windows were without glass, which is a luxury unknown in the East, notwithstanding the severity of the winter among these mountains; there were no beds, no furniture, no chairs; nothing but the bare, crumbling walls, full of lizards' and rats' holes, and the floor formed of rough, hard-trodden soil, mixed with chopped straw. Some slaves brought in rush mats, which they spread on this floor, and Damascus carpets, with which they covered the mats; they then brought in a Bethlehem table, made of wood, inlaid with mother-of-pearl. This sort of table is but about six inches broad, and not a great deal higher; it resembles the frustrum of a broken column, and will only support a tray, on which the Mussulmen place the five or six dishes of which their meal is composed.

Our dinner, when it was put upon this table, consisted of a pilau,\* a plate of sour milk mixed up with oil, and some pieces of hashed mutton stirred up in boiled rice and stuffed into some gourds resembling our cucumbers: this is, indeed, the most desirable and best tasted dish that can be eaten anywhere in the East. For drink there was pure water, in earthen basins with long spouts, which were passed from hand to hand, and from which the liquid was poured into the opened mouth without the vessel being allowed to touch the lips. There were neither knives, nor spoons, nor forks; the food was eaten with the fingers; but their numerous ablutions render this practice less revolting among the Mussulmen.

We had scarcely finished dinner when the Emir sent to say that he was waiting for us. We crossed a wide court.

<sup>·</sup> Rice mixed up with butter, fat, or milk .- Transl.

ornamented by fountains, and also a portico, formed by tall, slim columns springing out of the ground, and bearing the roof of the palace. We were introduced into a very handsome saloon, paved with marble, and having the ceiling and walls painted with lively colours and in clegant Arabesque designs by painters from Constantinople. Fountains were bubbling in the corners of the room, and at the bottom, behind a colonnade, whose intercolumnar spaces were grated and glazed, was seen an enormous tiger asleep, with his head leaning on his crossed paws. Half the room was filled with secretaries in long robes, having silver inkstands stuck in their girdles, after the manner of poignards, Arabs splendidly armed and clothed, negroes and mulattoes awaiting their master's orders, and some Egyptian officers dressed in European attire, and wearing the Greek cap of red cloth with a long blue plume hanging down over the shoulders. The rest of the apartment was raised about a foot higher, and a broad divan of scarlet velvet reached all around. was squatting in the corner of this divan: he was a fine old n.an, with a lively, penetrating eye, a fresh-looking, animated countenance, and a grey flowing beard; a white robe, fastened by a cashmere sash, entirely covered his figure, and the glittering hilt of a large, long poignard stuck out from the folds of the drapery at about the height of his breast, displaying upon its top a boss of diamonds of the size of an orange. We saluted him after the fashion of the country, by placing the hand first on the forehead and then on the heart; he smiled, gracefully returned our salutation, and made a sign to us to come and sit down near him on the divan. interpreter was on his knees between him and us. I commenced the conversation by expressing the pleasure I experienced in visiting the interesting and beautiful country, which he governed with so much firmness and wisdom; and told him, among other things, that the best culogium that I could pronounce on his administration, was my making my appearance in that very spot: that the security of the roads, the richness of the cultivation, and the order and peace that

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reigned in the towns, were the speaking witnesses of the virtue and skill of the ruling prince. He returned me his thanks, and made a multitude of inquiries respecting Europe, and principally about European policy in regard to the contest between the Turks and the Egyptians, which showed at once the interest that he felt in this question, and a knowledge and comprehension of affairs of business rarely met with in an Eastern sovereign. Coffee was brought in, and long pipes, which were renewed several times, and the conversation lasted for nearly an hour.

I was delighted with the sagacity, intelligence, and noble, dignified manners of this aged prince; and after a long conversation, we rose up to accompany him to his baths, which he wished to show to us himself. These consisted of five or six rooms, paved with marble in devices, whose roofs and walls were covered with stucco, and painted in distemper, by Damascus painters, with taste and elegance. Jets of warm, cold, and hot water rose out of the pavements, and diffused their temperature through the apartments: the last was a vapour bath, in which we were unable to remain a single minute. Several handsome white slaves, naked to the waist, and having their legs enveloped in a shawl of unbleached silk, stood in these rooms, ready to exercise their office of bathers. The prince proposed to us to take a bath with him; we did not accept it, and we left him in the hands of his slaves, who were preparing to undress him.

From thence we went with one of his grooms to visit the courts and stables where his superb Arabian stallions were fastened up. It is necessary to have seen the stables of Damascus, or those of the Emir Beschir, to have a proper idea of the Arabian horse: this fine and graceful animal loses his beauty, docility, and picturesque appearance, when he is transplanted from his native soil and from his familiar habits into our cold climates and the dark solitude of our stables. He should be seen at the tent door of the wild Arab of the desert, with his head bent between his fore-legs, shaking his black, flowing mane, like a waving canopy, and sweeping his

sides of burnished copper or silver with the continual motion of his swishing tail, the end of which is always tinged purple with henna; he should be seen adorned in all his glittering trappings, decorated with gold and pearl embroidery; his head covered with a scarlet or blue silk net, interwoven with gold or silver, with sonorous, vibrating aigulets hanging from his forehead over his nostrils, and which alternately hide and disclose, at each toss of his neck, the large, fiery ball of his mild, haughty, and intelligent eye, projecting slightly out of its socket; he should be, above all, seen in the mass, as he was here, where there were from two to three hundred horses, some lying down in the dust, others fastened by iron rings and tied to long cords stretched across the courts, and others again broken loose on the sand, and leaping with a bound over the rows of camels that impeded their courses; some held in by the hands of young black slaves clad in scarlet vests, and resting their fondling heads on these children's shoulders; others playing together, free and unbridled, like colts in a meadow, rearing up against one another, or rubbing their foreheads together, or mutually licking each other's fine. glossy, shining coats; and all gazing at us with troubled and inquisitive looks, occasioned by our European costumes and foreign accents; but they soon became more familiar, and came gracefully up to us, stretching out their necks for our caresses and the coaxing pats of our hands. The flexibility and clearness of expression in the physiognomy of these horses is truly incredible, when it has not been personally witnessed; their every thought is depicted in their eyes, and in the convulsive movements of their cheeks, lips, and nostrils. with as much force and variety as on the countenance of a little child. When we went near to them the first time their grimaces and looks of repugnance and curiosity were exactly like those, which an easily excitable man would make at the sudden sight of some disquieting object; our language, especially, forcibly struck and astonished them; and the motions of their ears, erected, or laid back, or stretched forward, testified their surprise and uncasiness. I particularly

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admired several invaluable mares reserved for the Emir's own private use; and through the medium of my interpreter, I offered the equerry as much as 10,000 piastres\* for one of the handsomest; but no price will induce an Arab to part with a mare of the prince of the p

At the close of ment, and had bro Several of the Em

M. Bertrand, his c We were able to indebted to the litt recollection of his particulars respect to our own apartsimilar to the dinner.
his name to visit us;
passed the evening with us.
ersation, for which we were
hand Italian he had retained in
He gave us most interesting
private life of the Emir of the

Druzes. This prince, having lately lost his first wife, to whom he owed all his wealth, has just married a second time, and we much regretted our not having been able to see his new bride. She is said to be remarkably beautiful; she is but fifteen years old, and is a Circassian slave whom the Emir sent for and bought at Constantinople, and whom he made a Christian before he married her; for he is himself a Christian, and even a Catholic; or rather it should be said that he is like the laws of all lands where toleration is practised, he is of all the established religions of his country; a Mussulman for the Mussulmen, a Druze for the Druzes, and a Christian for the Christians. He has at his dwelling both a church and some mosques, but for some years past, the religion of his family and of his heart is Catholicism. Such is his political skill, and so great the terror of his name, that his Christian tenets do not give occasion for mistrust or dislike from the Mussulman Arabs, Druzes, and Metualis who live under his dominion. He does justice to all, and all pay him equal respect.

In the evening, after supper, the Emir sent us some of his singers and musicians, who improvisated Arabian verses to our honour. He has among his attendants, Arabs entirely

<sup>•</sup> About £130.

devoted to those kinds of ceremonies; they are exactly analogous to the troubadours in the fortresses of the middle ages, or to the popular poets in Scotland. Standing behind the Emir's or his sons' cushions while they are taking their meals, they sing verses in praise of the masters they serve, or of the guests whom the Emir wishes to honour. We got some of these poetical effusions translated by M. Bertrand; they were generally very insignificant, or with thoughts so farfetched that it would be impossible to render them, with appropriate ideas and metaphors, into our European tongues. The following is the only thought at all clear, which I find noted down in my album:—

"Your vessel was furnished with wings; but the Arab courser is winged also.

"His nostrils, as he flies over the mountains, emit the sound of the wind in the sails of a ship.

"The rapid motions of his bounding gallop are like the rolling of the tempest to the hearts of the feeble; but it inspires joy into the heart of the Arab.

"May his back be to you a seat of honour, and often bear you to the Emir's divan!"

Among the Emir's secretaries there was, at that time, one of the first poets in Arabia; I was not then aware of it, nor did I know it till some time after. When he had learned from some other Arabs of Syria that I also was a poet in Europe, he wrote to me some verses, filled throughout with the affectation and unnatural associations already alluded to, and everywhere spoilt by that play upon words which is characteristic of old languages and long-established civilisation; but which nevertheless displayed a lofty elevation of talent and an order of ideas greatly superior to what we Europeans are in the habit of attaining to.

We slept upon cushions from the divan spread out upon a mat, amid the sound of fountains murmuring on all sides, in the gardens, courts, and rooms of that part of the palace. When day dawned, I saw, through the lattices, several

Mussulmen saying their prayers in the principal court of palace. They spread a carpet on the ground, that they mi not come in contact with the dust; they first stood upri for an instant; then dropped down on one knee, and seve times touched the carpet with their foreheads, the face be always turned towards the mosque; afterwards prostra themselves at full length on the carpet, and struck the es with their foreheads; then they rose up again, and reco menced the same ceremonies several times, resuming same attitudes and murmuring out prayers. I could ne perceive there was any thing ridiculous in these attitudes : ceremonies, however odd they may appear to our ignorar The physiognomy of the Mussulmen is so deeply impres with the feelings of religion which they express by th gestures, that I have always felt a profound respect for the prayers ;-the motives sanctify it all. Wherever the div idea descends and acts within man, it impresses upon l a superhuman dignity; it may be said-" I pray not I thee, but I pray together with thee to the same comm Master, the master in whom thou believest and whom the wilt recognise and honour, even as I will recognise : honour Him myself, though under another form. It is for me to laugh at thee, but it is for God to judge us both

We passed the morning in visiting the palaces of the Em sons, which lie at a little distance from his own; a sn Catholic church exactly resembling our modern vill churches in France or Italy; and the palace gardens. Emir Beschir has had another country palace built at ab a mile from Dptedin. This is the only destination of his ri out, and it is almost the only road on which even an Arat horse can gallop without danger; in every other direction roads which lead to Dptedin are so steep, and are perp dicularly suspended over the brinks of so many precipithat they cannot be traversed even on foot without shudeing.

Before quitting Dptedin and Deir el Kammar, I transcri

some authentic and curious observations, which I received on the spot, concerning the old skilful warrior whom we had just seen.

## Observations respecting the Emir Beschir.

On the death of the last descendant of the Emir Fakardin, the dominion of the mountain passed into the hands of the Chab family. This family has only been established in Lebanon for about the space of a hundred and ten years. The following particulars are communicated respecting it by the old Arab chronicles of the Desert of Damascus:—

Towards the commencement of the first century of the Hegira, at the time when the armies of Abubekr invaded Syria, a man of great bravery, named Abdalla, who inhabited the little village of Bet-Chiabi in the Desert of Damascus, acquired immense glory at the siege of that town, and was killed under its walls. The Mussulman general loaded his family with favours, and they afterwards quitted Bet-Chiabi in order to go and establish themselves at Housbaye, situated on the Antilibanus, where is yet found the original stock of that race, from which is sprung the branch that reigns at the present time over Lebanon.

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The Emir Beschir, who is one of Abdalla's descendants, was left an orphan at a very early age. His father, the Emir Hassem, had been clothed with the kakem pelisse, and invested with the ring of authority, at the time when his uncle, the Emir Milhem, quitted the management of business to finish his days peaceably in seclusion; but Hassem's administration was unskilful and weak, and Milhem, being forced to resume the supreme authority, was obliged to repair his nephew's errors, and to appease the troubles which his inexperience had excited.

According to Volney's statements, the power afterwards passed successively to Mansour and Joussef, one the father and the other the son of Milhem. When Joussef was invested with the command for the first time, the Emir Beschir was only seven years old. Joussef took him under his own sup-

intendence, and had him carefully brought up; some years after he discovered in him a lively and courageous spirit, and caused him to enter into the business of his own government.

At this time, Djezar, the pacha of Acre, who had succeeded Dahor, harassed the Emir Jousseffor a long time by his attacks and exorbitant imposts. War broke out, but Beschir could not follow his cousin in this expedition, and it was not till 1784 that he took part in the second expedition against Djezar Pacha. Young Beschir, then twenty-one years of age, was in great danger in the town of Ryda, of which the Druzes had obtained possession. Being pursued by a body of the pacha's troops, and forced to evacuate the town, he found himself in his retreat surrounded by the enemy. His situation was critical; he rode his horse furiously to one of the walls, from the top of which he leaped down under a shower of balls; fortunately he was not hurt, but his horse was killed by the fall.

On returning to Lebanon, the Emir Beschir wholly applied himself to business, and wished to restore order into the Emir Jousses's administration; soon a spark of ambition was struck out in his mind, he called to mind whose son he was, and though poor he coveted the sovereign power. His address and courage gained him the friendship of several powerful families; he laboured to attach others to himself who had been disgusted by the bad government of the Emir Jousses, and succeeded in gaining over to his interests a considerable and influential family, that of Kantar, whose chief, the most able man then residing in Lebanon, was immensely rich, and bore the title of the Scheik Beschir, that is to say, Great and Illustrious. All that the Emir Beschir wanted was an opportunity, and one soon presented itself.

Ever since 1785, at which time Djezar Pacha had restored to Jousses the dominion (of which he had deprived him for more than a year), hostilities had completely ceased between these two princes. The Emir Jousses sent officers every year to Acre, who brought him back the pelisse with the usual compliments; still he was always asraid of a misunder-

standing between himself and the pacha; which indeed came to pass before long.

In 1789 a violent rupture took place between these two princes and the Emir Joussef, not being in a condition to resist, resolved to abdicate his power. Beschir possessed great reputation; Joussef was fond of him; he called him, and advised him to go to Acre, and ask for the ring of autho-Beschir at first refused, and gave his cousin to understand that he would then find himself obliged to depart from his dominions, both because the pacha would insist on it, and also because his remaining in Lebanon would prove a continual source of factious rebellions. Joussef in proposing this step to his relation had two motives; to prevent the departure of the sovereign power out of his own family, and to regain the chief command, after Beschir had smoothed all difficulties, either by conciliation or force of arms. He therefore earnestly urged this measure, and on promising to quit the country as soon as the Emir Beschir should have obtained the command. the young prince set out for Acre. Djezar Pacha received him favourably, entrusted him with the command of Lebanon. and gave him 8000 men to establish his power and to possess himself of the Emir Joussef. Beschir, when he arrived at the bridge of Gesser Cadi, wrote secretly to his cousin, communicated to him the instructions he had received from the pacha, and desired him to retire. The Emir Joussef fell back upon Gibel in Kosrouan, where he assembled his adherenta. Beschir joined to his own troops those which he had brought from Acre, and marched against Joussef, whom he met with in Kosrouan; he fought a battle with him and slew many of his people, but still several months clapsed without any definite results.

In order to terminate this difference Joussef sent an express to Acre, and promised the pacha a higher tribute than what Beschir paid, if he would restore him to the command. Djezar consented to it, returned him the pelisse, and gave him, in order to drive away Beschir, the same 8000 men who had fought against himself. The Emir Beschir retired into

the district of Mar Meri, where he laboured to overthrow his rival by offering still more than the Emir Joussef had promised; the pacha accepted it, and Joussef was once more obliged to give place. He returned to Acre in order to try fresh intrigues, but Beschir offered the pacha 4000 purses (every one containing 500 pieces of the value of 40 centimes each\*) if he would put Joussef to death.

Diezar was then at Damascus, and his prime minister (a Greek, who possessed all his confidence, and who was, in his absence, considered as pacha of Acre) entered into treaty in his name, and then informed his master of the bargain he had concluded. The offer at first was very pleasing to Djezar, who ratified the engagement, and ordered the Emir Joussef and his minister Gandour to be hung. Scarcely, however, had he expedited this order, when he repented of it; he thought that the enmity of the two princes might be subservient to his interests, and sent a second order revoking the first; but whether it came too late, or whether the prime minister was gained over, the Emir Joussef was hung. execution infuriated the pacha; he returned to Acre, investigated the business, pretended he had been deceived, and caused his prime minister to be drowned, together with all his family, and several other persons who were accused of being involved in the transaction.

Djezar confiscated the immense treasures of his favourite, and wrote an angry letter to the Emir Beschir. The tone of this despatch showed the young prince that he was in danger; he endeavoured to justify himself to the pacha, who dissimulated his feelings till the return of the time for the re-election of a governor; then he invited the prince to come to Acre to receive the investiture.

He came without any suspicion, together with his minister, the Scheik Beschir; but no sooner had they arrived than they were thrown into a dungeon, where they were forced to endure all kinds of hardships during a captivity of eighteen or twenty months. Djezar's object in thus treating them was to induce

<sup>•</sup> Thus making in all nearly £34,000.

them to pay a large ransom; but the prince had nothing; he had been in authority too short a time to have amassed any great quantity of riches. His minister supplied the deficiency; he sent secretly to the pacha the widow of a Druze prince, named Sest Abbous, with whom he had been intimately connected, and enjoined her to offer to the pacha the required sum, and to pretend to pledge her own jewels herself to complete the ransom. She set out, and found the pacha at Acre; and being an adroit, bold, and skilful woman, she prevailed on him so well by the charms of her mind and person, that he considerably reduced the sum which he had at first demanded. The investiture was then again conferred on the Emir Beschir, and he was reinstated in the pacha's good graces.

During this captivity the Emir Joussel's brother, and his cousin the Emir Kaïdar of Bubda, had possessed themselves of his authority, and taken the necessary measures to prevent the Emir Beschir from returning into his dominions if Djezar should set him at liberty. When the prince came out of his prison, not judging it prudent to reappear as yet among his people, he sent his minister, the Scheik Beschir, to sound public opinion, and retired himself into the town of Homs to await the result of his negotiations. He laboured, moreover, to gain the good will of the Emir Abbets, a Druze prince of Solima, who had remained neuter up to that time, and who enjoyed the highest reputation among the Druzes and Christians, especially those of the district of Marcaeutre.

The Emir Abbets, thinking the cause of the Emir Beschir to be just, took his part, and requested him to come to him; and as communication was very difficult, he transmitted his despatch to him by an Italian lay brother of the convent of Solima. Beschir presented himself in the midst of his adherents (whose number had been greatly increased by the bounty and address of the Scheik Beschir), fell furiously upon his rival's army, dispersed it, got possession of the two princes, and had them strangled without observing any formality.

Being in peaceable possession of power, the Emir Beschir married the widow of a Turkish prince, who like himself was

of the Chab family, and whom he had put to death two years before. This connexion made him master of immense wealth. Before marrying this princess (who was extremely beautiful), he had her baptised. This marriage proved exceedingly happy. At the age of sixty-eight the princess was oppressed with infirmities, and with a paralysis which deprived her of the use of her legs; still, the royal pair presented an example of the warmest affection and most perfect cordiality.

The Emir Joussef had left at his death three infant children, who were carefully educated by Giorgios Bey and his brother Abdalla, in hopes that they would one day reanimate Joussef's party, and overturn the Emir Beschir; but he triumphed over all difficulties, and enjoyed the dominion peaceably till 1804.

Events of the highest importance were taking place in Bonaparte having entered Syria with an army, arrived before Acre, which, when gained, would open to him the gates of the East. The French general solicited the Libanian prince, by writing pressing letters and sending emissaries, to enter into his interests and assist him in reduc-The Emir Beschir answered that he was ing the place. inclined to unite with him, but would not do so till after the taking of Acre. A Frenchman was one day reproaching the emir for not having enthusiastically embraced the cause of the French army, and of having perhaps thus prevented the regeneration of the East; when he answered-" Notwithstanding the earnest desire I had of uniting myself with General Bonaparte, notwithstanding the intense hatred I had sworn against the pacha, I could not embrace the cause of the French army. The fifteen or twenty thousand men whom I should have sent from the mountain would have done nothing towards the success of the siege. If Bonaparte had carried the place without my assistance, he could have taken possession of the mountain without fighting; for the Druzes and Christians ardently wished for him; then I should have lost my authority: on the contrary, if I had aided General Bonaparte, and we had not taken the place (which would indeed have happened), the pacha of Acre would have had

me cither hung or immured in a dungeon. Who would then have succoured me? Whose protection should I have implored? Would it have been that of France, who was so far distant and had England and Europe on her hands, and who was herself torn in pieces by factions and civil war?"

General Bonaparte understood the position of Prince Beschir, and, as a proof of his friendship, made him a present of a superb musket, which Beschir has preserved in memory

of the Great Captain.

Before resuming the history of the events which followed the ruin of the Emir Jousses's party, it will be as well to relate an adventure which perhaps rendered the pacha Djezar so ferocious and cruel. In the first years of his command, he went, according to custom, to meet the caravan returning from the pilgrimage to Mecca. (By the way, the pacha of Damascus was charged with this ceremony, and he of Acre was only expected to defray the expenses of the caravan, and to pay a tribute to the Arabs of the desert.) The Mamelukes. to whom Diezar had entrusted the protection of his sergelio during his absence, broke open its doors, and gave loose to all the brutality of their passions. On the return of the pachafar from flying at his approach, the Mamelukes took possession of his treasure, shut the gates of the town, and determined to return force for force. With the feeble escort that accompanied him, Djezar was unable to conquer them: however, the Mamelukes proposed to him that if he would permit them to retire with their arms and horses, they would open the gates of the town to him; otherwise they would accept the contest, and die sword in hand rather than surrender.

Djezar Pacha was not long in coming to a decision: he knew very well that he was hated by the Turks as well as by the Christians, on account of his oppressions; nor was he ignorant that should the Emir Joussef happen to know his situation, he would join himself to the Mamelukes, and bring upon him a war that might prove fatal to him. He accordingly agreed to what the Mamelukes demanded, and they

rapidly departed while the pacha entered the town. Sca had Djezar entered his palace when he sent his caval pursuit of the fugitives, but in vain; the Mamelukes ar safe and sound in Egypt. Djezar then wreaked his ve ance on his wives; he had them all flogged, and then th into a large pit, which was afterwards filled up with a lime. He excepted from this atrocious execution his favo wife, whom he had dressed in her jewels and handso apparel, and then shut up in a box and thrown into the This occurrence rendered the character of Djezar darl gloomy: he was before avaricious and oppressive, he became ferocious and cruel; he talked only about chor off noses, cutting off ears, and pulling out eyes. A moment of his death, when he could neither speak nor executions any longer, he made a sign to those who around him, pointing to the bolster of his bed. Happi was not understood; but after his decease, a long lis found of the names of persons whom he had condemn death in case he returned to health. His ferocity foll him even to the grave.

To return to Prince Beschir. As soon as the Emir Jou sons were old enough to contend for the power, Giorgion and Abdalla resolved to put their projects into executively took advantage of a moment of misunderstate between Djezar and Beschir, and revived their pupils' I The Emir, taken by surprise, was obliged to retire into H and invoked the mediation of the pacha, addressing his to his avarice and cupidity. Djezar interposed his mediand obliged both parties to observe a treaty, which brothem to an agreement, but was much the more favoural Beschir, to whom he granted the country of the Diwhile there only remained to Joussef's sons that of Gibe Kosrouan.

This treaty was observed only for a few years; Joussel's sought after every possible way of overthrowing their er As they were the strongest, they succeeded in it, and I being no longer willing to listen to Beschir's representa-

which the treaty accorded to their rival their minist

The Emir Beschir was beforehand with them; being instructed of the favourable moment by his confidents, he sent for Giorgios Rev to Deir al Kammar upon pretext of business, and at tl er, the Emir Hassem, fell upon Gibel, ca nd caused Abdalla to be hung. The th conducted to Yong Michael, where their ev out; their goods were confiscated to the ir Beschir. At the news of these events. threw himself out of the window of his prison a nimself, which however did not prevent the emir aging him, by way of example to his enemies. Fiv ces of Deir el Kammar, and a brother of the Scheik Be want, all belonging to the house of Gruimbelad el Bescantar, and accused of having assisted the conquered princes, were put to death and their goods confiscated.

When these executions were over, Prince Beschir assumed the supreme authority over all Lebanon, giving his brother Hassem the command of Kosrouan, the chief place of which was Gazyr; but as he died a little while after, the Emir Beschir was accused of having poisoned him, because he suspected him of ambitious designs. This accusation is without foundation, and public opinion has done it proper justice.

Towards 1819, the countries of Gibel Biscarra, Gibes, and Kosrouan, rose up in rebellion on occasion of a contribution which gave rise to universal discontent. The rebels, on the advice of the Bishop Joussef, resolved to go and attack the Emir Beschir in the Druzes' country, where he then was. The prince, without allowing the insurgents time to unite their forces, went himself to seek them at the head of a small detachment, having ordered his lieutenant, the Scheik Beschir, to follow him with three thousand men whom he had hastily gathered together. The emir entered the country of Gibes, and encamped in a valley of the district of

Agousta, between Djani and the territory of Gazyr. The following night and the next morning he sustained a brisk fire from several hostile detachments who held possession of the heights. His tent was riddled with musket shots, but in spite of the entreaties of his son Halil, he would not change his position. When the day was farther advanced, the fire of the enemy becoming hotter, Beschir supposed that the rebels had augmented their forces and wished to stop his progress. Then he rose up from the carpet on which he had been lying during the volley of musketry, mounted his horse, and marched straight to the enemy, accompanied by his little guard. At his approach the insurgents dispersed without any resistance, and he arrived at Gibes, where he took some energetic measures in order to prevent the increase of their forces.

His lieutenant-general, the Scheik Beschir, who followed him by short marches, passed the River of the Dog, and with his 3000 men took possession of the two principal towns of Kosrouan, Yong Michael and Yong Monsbak, which lay on his route; the very day that he occupied them, the advanced posts stopped a priest who was carrying despatches to the Bishop Joussef, and the Scheik Beschir having read these letters, gave his kangiar to the person who had brought them to him, and ordered him to go and slay the priest, and bury him on the spot where he had been arrested. A few hours after, another secret messenger shared the same fate. The following day, the Scheik Beschir resumed his march, invaded Kosrouan without encountering any difficulty. and caused to be strangled all those persons whom the Emir Beschir had written on a note that he had sent him. went on in this way to Gibel Biscarra, where he joined the prince who had come from Gibes. The Emir Beschir remained nine days in this province, during which he completely extinguished the rebellion, by hanging or strangling all the rebels of distinction in the three districts of Gibes, Kosrouan, and Gibel Biscarra; several others were bastinadocd, and were moreover mulcted of ruinous fines. Among these last was a

poor old man, seventy-five years of age, who was conder to pay 70 purses; he was unable to discharge the pen and his son wrote to inform him that he was going to be money for the purpose, entreating him to authorize the tr action; the old man answered that he was determined to nothing, and added some expressions not very benevo towards the prince. The letter was intercepted, and the man condemned to lose his toes and fingers; the poor wre already worn out with old age, could not sustain so n torture; and when, by order of the Scheik Beschir, he taken back to his own house, he died after twenty day suffering. The son inherited his father's condemnation: goods were confiscated to the Emir, who left him only I piastres.

During the time that the Scheik Beschir occupied insurgent province, the Emir Beschir ascended up to E passed the Cedars, and descended on the other side of mountain to Balbec. On his arrival at Balbec, the pri ordered his lieutenant-general to return by the same re that he had come, and to levy, as he passed, on the th insurgent provinces a contribution of 400 purses, each of pieces.

It would appear miraculous that, with only 3000 m the Libanian prince could have suppressed a rebellion three such strong provinces, if it were not recollected t the insurrections were but partial, and that Beschir's party

these provinces greatly aided his victory.

The pacha of Damascus had, during this interval, sent Bkaa an aga commissioned, according to custom, to ass the productions of the earth in the dependencies of This officer penetrated as far as the town Haunia, which belonged to the principality of Lebanon, a there levied contributions both of cattle and money; t inhabitants, unwilling to submit to this, informed Prir Beschir, who wrote to the aga, testifying his displeasur but this last paid no attention to his remonstrances, but co mitted most enormous oppressions, and returned hon

Prince Beschir, being irritated, communicated the circumstance to the pacha of Acre, strongly expressing his resentment; Abdalla, whether out of regard to Beschir, or to gratify a revenge of his own against the aga, sent to the pacha of Damascus, desiring him to punish him severely. The other sent an evasive answer, expressing his astonishment at the part the pacha of Acre took in an affair regarding the Christians. Abdalla sent this answer to Beschir, soliciting him to take vengeance himself on the pacha of Damascus. The Libanian prince hastily assembled 10,000 men, and directed his march towards Damascus; the pacha sallied out to the encounter, and the two armies had several engagements, but Prince Beschir was uniformly successful.

During this time, Abdalla had issued a false firman, declaring the pacha of Damascus deposed from his pachalic, which was to be united to that of Acre; but the pacha of Damascus having applied to the neighbouring pachas, and to the court of Constantinople, this last condemned the pacha of Acre to death, and deprived Prince Beschir of his government. The emir was already at the very gates of Damascus when this firman arrived: he then saw that that of Abdalla was forged. and he deemed it prudent to retire into the province of Deir el Kammar, where, learning that the fate of Abdalla was reserved for himself, he was obliged to take refuge in the neighbourhood of Bayruth, requesting the governor to receive him along with his escort. This last however refused, pretending that the presence of the emir in the town would excite a sedition. The prince then informed his brother, the Emir Abets, to whom he had left the command of the mountain, that he wished to return into his dominions, and try the force of arms against the pachas sent to oppose him by the Sublime Porte; his brother answered him that the mountain was destitute of provisions and money, and that he strenuously advised him not to attempt so perilous an undertaking.

In these unhappy circumstances, the prince again turned his eyes towards Egypt, and addressing himself to a Frank, entreated him to afford him the means of quitting Syria. M.

Aubin embarked him, between Bayruth and Saïda, on board of a French vessel that was setting sail for Alexandria. After his departure, his brother the Emir Abets, and the Scheik Beschir, leagued themselves with the allied pachas, and requested the command of the mountain; this was the source of the divisions that rent Lebanon in 1823.

The allied forces laid siege to Acre in July, 1822, and continued it unsuccessfully till April, 1823, when the siege was raised. Then, the young pacha of Acre, being extremely avaricious, devised a way by which he might evade the tribute which he owed to the Porte. For this purpose, he caused the officers who bore the tribute to be assassinated near Latakia, and had the money returned to him by the assassins. He afterwards complained to the Porte of the murder committed on his agents, and of the robbery of a sum of money belonging to the Grand Signior. The pacha of Acre hoped, at first, by this odious conduct to exempt himself from tribute, and also to involve in censure the pacha of Latakia, to whom the Grand Signior would perhaps send the bowstring, reuniting, at the same time, his pachalic to that of Acre.

But Abdalla Pacha was deceived; the Grand Signior, being informed of his perfidy, demanded his head a second time. But what could the pachas of Damascus, Aleppo, and Adana, do against Acre, with an army of 12,000 men of all sorts, ill-disciplined, without any artillery to make a breach, and only possessing a few guns of large calibre which their balls did not fit, three or four thousand cavalry without baggage, and an infantry who passed the days and nights smoking in their tents? So that Abdalla Pacha, being in possession of the strongest citadel in the East, prepared himself without fear for a vigorous defence.

An officer of an English corvette, then at anchor in the road, offered to direct the besiegers' artillery; the pachas accepted his offer, and put the cannon under his command. But at the end of three days he saw that he should never carry the place with Turks who would not come near the walls

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with their cannon, which was however the only method to make a breach. So in spite of the pachas' army, Abdalla rested quietly; he had nothing to fear from the land side from troops so badly organized, and answered their cannon by musket shots, to show how much he despised their attacks. He had good, well-paid troops; provisions and ammunition were supplied to him in plenty by vessels, either from Europe or from Asia; and he was even suspected of having communications with the Greeks of the Morea.

The Emir Beschir, who was at that time already under the protection of the viceroy of Egypt, kept up a regular correspondence with Abdalla, who, through the mediation of Mehemet Ali, solicited peace and his pardon from the Porte. If the pacha had nothing to fear from the land side, he might still be apprehensive lest the Constantinopolitan Divan, blockading the place by sea, should cut off his communication with foreigners, which would bring famine on his people, make his soldiers mutiny, and force himself to yield up his neck to the Sublime Porte's bowstring. The Divan pardoned him, knowing that he could deliver up the place to the insurgents of the Morea; but he was condemned to pay a penalty of 3000 purses and to defray the expenses of the war.

The viceroy, having obtained the pardon of Abdalla Pacha, and having also asked and obtained that of the Emir Beschir (who resumed his command), he profited of this circumstance to make his reputation felt at the Divan, and to obtain an immediate influence over the Libanian prince, whose political interests are, at the present time, always connected with those of Mehemet Ali.

At the end of the year 1823, the Emir Beschirdisembarked at Acre, to settle with Abdalla Pacha the expenses of the siege of that place, and to fix the amount of his portion of the debt. On his return to Lebanon he made a requisition of 1000 purses, for he was not in very easy circumstances, by reason of his exile and the expenses occasioned by his stay in Egypt. His people were poor as well, and being unwill-

ing to irritate them against him by so heavy a tax, he resolved to make his old lieutenant-general, the Scheik Beschir, pay it; wishing thus to take his revenge for the intrigues in which he had been engaged with his brother Abets to deprive him of the government of the mountain. The Scheik Beschir refused to pay it, and retired into Karan, a province of Lebanon; he afterwards returned to his palace of Moctura, from whence he entered into communication with Prince Abets for the overthrow of Beschir; he even succeeded in drawing into the conspiracy the prince's three younger brothers, who till then were remaining quietly in their own provinces. This conspiracy might have proved fatal to the Emir Beschir, had it not been for the assistance of Abdalla Pacha.

The Scheik Beschir was pursued, and arrested in the plains of Damascus with an escort of 200 men; he might easily have saved himself, but on the assurance given him by a Turkish officer, in the name of the pacha of Damascus, that the Prince of Lebanon would pardon him, he gave himself up into his hands, and was conducted to Damascus. There he was stripped of his clothes, his hands were fastened, one on his back and the other on his breast, and he was thrown into prison, where he remained several days, during which time they were proceeding with his trial at Constantinople, where he was condemned to death. When they showed him the bowstring he did not change colour, but only asked to speak to the pacha or the prince; he was told that that would be useless. as neither the one nor the other could do anything, for the sentence was issued from Constantinople. Then the Scheik Beschir submitted to his fate; he was strangled, then decapitated, and his body was cut in pieces and thrown to the dogs. This execution took place in the beginning of 1824. The prince's three brothers were afterwards arrested, their tongues were cut off, their eyes scooped out, and then they were exiled with their families, each in a town distant from Since that time, tranquillity has prevailed in the others. Lebanon, and the Chab family peaceably enjoy the government, for which they may thank the active police established by the emir in his territories, and the friendship of Abdalla Pacha, who again is not ignorant of the intimate ties that connect the Great Prince to Mehemet Ali.

Such is the course of policy pursued till this present time by the Emir Beschir, and every thing indicates that he will also successfully follow it in the new crisis which the quarrel of Mehemet Ali with the Ottoman Empire has brought upon The emir did not take any part in the war until the moment when Ibrahim Pacha, having taken Acre, sent Abdalla Pacha, conquered and a prisoner, to his father in Egypt; and then entered Syria. Then the Libanian prince was obliged to declare himself; and, after the manner of the Orientals, he saw in victory the finger of God, and ranged himself on the successful side: nevertheless, he did so reluctantly. and apparently justifying himself to the Porte by the pretext of constraint. It is probable that if Ibrahim Pacha should sustain a reverse, the Emir Beschir would again turn to the side of the Turks, and help them to crush the Arabs. Ibrahim. who is mistrustful of this two-edged policy, has entrammeled the prince as much as he possibly can; he has compelled him to let him have one of his sons and some of the best of his cavalry to accompany him to Homs, and his other sons, having come down from the mountain, hold military commands in the name of the Egyptians over the principal towns of Syria.

The fate of the Emir Beschir's head depends on Ibrahim's success at Homs: if he should be conquered, the reaction of the Turks' revenge against the Christians of Lebanon, and even against the prince himself, would be implacable; on the other hand, if Ibrahim remains master of Syria, he will not long be able to see, without offence, a power independent of his own; and he will endeavour either to undermine it by political cunning, or to overthrow it for ever by destroying the Chab family. If the Emir Beschir was younger and more active, he might combat these two dangers, and for a considerable time, perhaps for ever, establish his own authority

and that of his sons, over the most inaccessible, populous, and richest part of Syria. The mountaineers under his command are brave, intelligent, and well-disciplined; the roads which lead to the centre of Lebanon are impracticable; and the Maronites, who are becoming very numerous in Lebanon, would be devotedly attached to him by the common sentiment of Christianity, and by their hatred and fear of the Turkish power. The only obstacle to the creation of a new dynasty in these parts, is the difference of religion existing among the Maronites, Druzes, and Metualis, who inhabit, in almost equal proportions, the mountains under the emir's jurisdiction. The strongest bond of nationality is the community of religious feelings, or at least such has been the case up to the present time; as civilization advances, it reduces religious sentiments to individual opinion, and a community of other interests form a bond of nationality; these interests are less important than those of religion, and thus national feeling gradually grows fainter, and vanishes away: for what can there be more important to mankind than religious feelings, doctrines, and heart-felt faith? They are the dictates of judgment, the sentiments in which all others are included: morals, laws, and patriotism are all found in a nation's religion. This is, I think, the reason why the people of the East are with so much difficulty combined into a single great nation; this is why the Turkish empire is crumbling into dust. You perceive no signs of any common feeling, no symptoms of any possible national union, excepting in parts where tribes of the same religion are collected together, as among the Greek and Asiatic races, the Armenians, Bulgarians, and Servians; among all the other races you may indeed find many men, but no nation.

October 3, 1832.

To-day I have descended the low declivities of Lebanon, that slope from Deïr el Kammar towards the Mediterranean; and I am now come to sleep in an isolated khan on one of those mountains.

At five o'clock in the morning we mounted our horses in the court-yard of the emir's palace. Coming out of the palace gate, the way begins to descend by one of the roads cut out of the rock, that wind around the hill of Dptedin. On either side of these roads, the plots of ground upheld by artificial terraces are planted with mulberry trees, and are admirably cultivated. The ground is everywhere overshadowed by trees and vines, and numerous springs, turned by the Arabian husbandmen, trickle down from the top of the mountain, divide into rivulets, and water the gardens and the roots of the trees. The gigantic shade of the palace and terraced roofs of Dptedin is projected over all the scene, and follows you to the foot of the hill, when you begin to ascend another mountain, which bears on its summit the town of Deïr el Kammar, where we arrived after a quarter of an hour's ride.

Deir el Kammar is the Emir Beschir's capital, and the metropolis of the Druzes. It contains a population of ten or twelve thousand souls; yet (excepting an old building ornamented with Moresco sculptures and high balconies, and exactly resembling the remains of one of the castles of our middle ages) Deïr el Kammar is not by any means a town. and still less is it a capital; it exactly resembles a village of Savoy or Auvergne, or a large hamlet in some sequestered province of France. Day was just breaking as we came through it, and herds of horses and camels were issuing out of the court-yards of the houses, and spreading themselves over the unpaved streets of the town. In a square that was a little more extensive than the rest, were pitched some black zingari tents, and men, women, and children, all either half naked or wrapped in the capacious white woollen blanket which forms their only garment, were crouching round a fire.

combing their heads, and hunting out th vermin that were devouring them. Some Arabs in the emir's service passed by on horseback, in magnificent costumes, with superb arms hanging at their girdles, and a lance, twelve or fourteen feet long, in their hands. Some were going to carry the emir intelligence concerning Ihrahim Pacha's army, others were descending towar transmit the prince's orders to the detachmen is sons, and encamped in the plains. Notl nore rich and imposing than the Druze warriors; their capacious dress and armor turbans, over w brilliantly-coloured shawls in graceful rolls, cas , er weir bronzed features and black eyes a deep shadow, i -t still farther heightens the dignity and savage energy of ir countenances; long mustachios cover their lips and fall down on both sides of their mouths. A kind of short red tunic is the uniform clothing of the Druzes, and of all the mountaineers; this tunic is woven of cotton and gold, or cotton and silk only, according to the wealth or rank of the wearer; and elegant designs, in which the diversity of the colours contrasts with the gold or silver of the texture, shine in brilliant display on the back and breast. Large pantaloons, plaited into numerous folds, cover the legs; the feet are shod with red morocco buskins, and over these are yellow morocco slippers; furry jackets, having long hanging sleeves, are thrown over the shoulders. A silken or morocco girdle, like that worn by the Albanians, surrounds the body, and serves to carry the horseman's weapons; the handles of two or three kangiars or yatagans, the poignards and short sabres of the Orientals, may always be seen sticking out of this girdle and shining upon the breast, and generally this portable arsenal is completed by the but-ends of two or three pistols incrusted over with gold and silver. All the Arabs have also a lance, the handle of which is formed of a slender, tough, and hard branch, like a long reed. This lance, which is their principal weapon, is decorated with waving pendants and silken cords; they generally hold it in the right hand, with the point turned towards the sky, and

the stem almost touching the ground; but when they put their steeds to the full gallop, they brandish it horizontally over their head, and in their military games dart it to an immense distance, and then go and pick it up, by stooping down to the very ground. Before letting it fly out of their hands, they give it a trembling, vibratory motion, which adds greatly to the force of the discharge, and makes it proceed to a greater distance towards any mark they may aim at. We met a considerable number of these horsemen in the course of the day, and the emir had himself given us some both as guides and as a guard of honour; all of them saluted us with extreme politeness, and drew up their horses to leave us the path free.

About two miles from Deir el Kammar is one of the finest views of Lebanon that can possibly be imagined. On one side. the deep gorges, into which you are descending, open suddenly beneath your feet; on the other, the castle of Dptedin towers above the top of its verdant hill, which is furrowed by foaming torrents; and just before you, the mountains gradually descending to the sea, some black, and others reflecting the brightness of day, roll onwards like a falling cataract of hills. and hide their feet either in the verdant carpets formed by the olive groves in the plains of Sidon, or in the brick-red. sandy beaches that lie along the coasts of Bayruth. Here and there, the tints of the mountain sides and the diversified lines of their extensive, descending, horizontal outlines are broken in upon and cut up by the tops of cedars, firs, and large-headed pines; and numerous villages sparkle out from their bases or summits. The view is terminated by the sea. and the eye follows, as if on an extensive map or a modelled plan in relief, the indentations, hollows, and undulations of the capes, promontories, and bays on its coast from Carmel to cape Batroun, an extent of fifty leagues. The air is so pure as to lead the imagination to believe that, by a few hours' descent, spots may be reached which in reality lie at the distance of two or three days' journey. At these distant points the sea is apparently so confounded with the sky, which

it seems to unite with in the horizon, that the elements cannot at first be distinguished from each other, and the earth seems to swim in a vast double ocean. It is only when the eye is more attentively fixed on the sea, and the small white sails are seen glittering on its blue bosom, that visible objects can be properly defined. A light mist, more or less brilliantly tinged with gold, floats on the extreme distant waves, and parts the waters from the heavens. Every now and then, a few thin clouds, raised from the mountain sides by the morning breezes, are thrown off like white down blown from a bird's plumage, and either carried over the sea, or evaporated by the sun's rays, which already begin to feel

scorehingly hot.

We reluctantly quitted this magnificent scene, and began to descend by a more dangerous path than I have ever seen, even among the Alps. The descent is almost perpendicular; the path is not two feet wide; unfathomed precipices border it on one side, and rocky walls on the other; the road is strewed with rolling stones or with pebbles so polished by the rushing of the waters, the horses' shoes, and the camels' feet, that these animals are obliged to seek carefully for a spot on which to plant their steps, and as they always fix them in the same places, they have at last worn cavities in the stone, where their feet sink in to a depth of several inches, and it is only by favour of these cavities, which offer a point of resistance to a horse's shoes, that the animal is able to support itself at all. Steps, about two feet in height, are also found from time to time carved out in the rock itself; or round blocks of granite are met with, which are impassable, except by winding around them through crevices hardly wide enough to admit the legs of the beast that carries one; such are all the roads in this part of Lebanon. At other times the mountain slopes widen and grow more level, and the way proceeds in an easier manner over beds of yellow sand, brown freestone, or vegetable soil. It is difficult to conceive how a country like this can be filled with so great a number of fine Arabian horses, and how the use of them can be so habitual. No Arab, how-



ever inaccessible may be his town or house, ever goes out excepting on horseback; and we often see them, with their pipes in their mouths, carelessly riding up and down precipitous steeps, where the antelopes of our mountains would scarcely dare to climb.

After descending for an hour and a half, we began to get a glimpse of the bottom of the defile which we had to traverse and follow. A river resounded in its dark depths, which were still hidden from our sight by the spray of the water, and by the foliage of walnut, carob, plane, and Persian poplar trees, which grew on both sides of the ravine. Beautiful springs issued, on the right of the road, out of grottoes situated in rocks carpeted over with a thousand strange climbing plants, or out of the bosom of grassy lawns strewn over with autumnal flowers. We soon perceived, among the trees, a house on the bank of the river, and we crossed this river or torrent, as it might be more properly termed, by a ford. There we stopped to rest our horses, and to enjoy, for a few moments, one of the most extraordinary spots that we had met with in our journey.

The defile, to the bottom of which we had descended, was entirely filled by the waters of the river, which foamed around some rocky masses crumbled to pieces in its bed. Here and there islands of vegetable earth gave root to some gigantic poplars, which rose to a prodigious height, and cast their pyramidal shadows on the slopes where we were sitting. The waters of the stream entered on our lest between two granitie walls, which seemed to have opened purposely to swallow them up; these walls rose to a height of four or five hundred feet, and approaching each other at the top, appeared like an immense arcade crumbled into ruin by time. Italian pines were scattered over their summits, like bunches of gilliflowers over the ruins of ancient walls, and stood out in sombre green on the deep, bright azure of the sky. On our right the defile wound for about a quarter of a mile between rising banks that were wider and not so steep; the waters of the river spread themselves more freely, and surrounded a number of

small islands and verdant promontories, which were all covered with the most luxuriant and graceful vegetation. This was the first time I had seen the poplar since I had left the banks of the Rhone and the Saône. It covered with its pale and fluttering shade all the valley of this river; but, as it is neither pruned nor planted by the hand of man, it grows in clumps, extending its branches freely, and with much more majesty of appearance, variety of form, and gracefulness of beauty, than they display in our countries. Between these clumps of trees, and others of rushes and large reeds, which also cover the islands, we could see the broken arches of an old bridge built by the ancient emirs of Lebanon, which has fallen to ruin for ages past. Beyond the arches of this ruined bridge, the defile opened widely into a vast interior scene of valleys, plains, and hills, strewn with villages inhabited by the Druzes, and the whole was surrounded, as by an amphitheatre, by a circuitous chain of lofty mountains. These hills were almost all green with verdure, and were all clothed with dark pine forests. The villages, hanging one above another. seemed to the eye to touch; but when we had gone through some of them, we found that the distance from one to another was considerable, by reason of the difficulty of the paths and the necessary ascents and descents of the deep ravines that separate them. There are instances where the voice of a man speaking in one village may be easily heard in another; yet it requires an hour to pass between The effect of this fine landscape was still farther heightened by two large monasteries, situated like fortresses on the tops of two hills that rose behind the river, and resembling two blocks of granite blackened by the effects of time. One is inhabited by Maronites, who devote themselves to the instruction of young Arabs destined to the priesthood: the other was till lately deserted; it had formerly belonged to the Congregation of the Lazarists of Lebanon, but it now serves as an asylum and dwelling for two young Jesuits, sent there by their order, on the request of the Maronite owner, to give regulations and examples to the Arabian schoolmasters; they live there in entire solitude, in poverty, and in most exemplary sanctity. (Since then I have become intimately acquainted with them). One of them is learning Arabic, and vainly striving to convert some Druzes of the neighbouring villages; he is a man of great genius and intelligence: the other is busy with medical studies, and traverses the country, distributing medicines gratis. Both are loved and respected by the Druzes, and even by the Metualis; but they cannot hope for any favourable results from their stay in Syria. The Maronite clergy are very much attached to the Romish church; yet they have their own traditions, independence, and discipline, which they will not permit to be encroached upon by the energy and ardour of They are the real spiritual authorities, the ghostly rulers of all Lebanon; they would soon find rivals in the active and stirring societies of Europe, and this rivalry would naturally give them much uneasiness.

After having rested for half an hour in this enchanted spot, we remounted our horses, and began to ascend the steep side that rose up before us. The path became still rougher and rougher as it ascended the last range of Lebanon, which alone separated us from the coasts of Syria; but in proportion as we rose higher, the more vast and imposing became the prospect of the large basin which we had left on our right.

The river, which we had quitted on resuming our journey, meandered through this plain (which was slightly undulated with hills), and sometimes spread into sheets of shining blue water resembling the lakes of Switzerland. The dark hills, crowned on their summits with clumps of pines, incessantly interrupted its course and divided it into a thousand shining branches beneath our eyes. The hills springing out from the plain rose in piles leaning against each other, all covered with blossoming heaths, and bearing, at far distant intervals, large-headed trees, which formed dark blotches on their sides. Higher up, large forests of cedars and firs stretched downwards from the lofty peaks, and terminated in clumps and patches around the numerous Druze villages.

whose terraced roofs, projecting balconies, and mullioned windows we can see rising out from the bosom of the pine The inhabitants, covered with their handsome foliage. scarlet mantles, and having their foreheads encircled by the large red folds of their turbans, came up on their roofs to see us go by, and by the brilliancy of their dresses and the dignity of their attitudes heightened the majestic, strange, and picturesque effect of the journey. Fine Turkish fountains flowed on every side, either at the entrance or end of these villages; the women and girls, who had come to draw water in their long narrow pitchers, were grouped around the basins, and lifted up one corner of their veils to have a peep at us. The population presented a very excellent aspect to our view; men, women, and children, all bore the appearance of health and strength; the women were very beautiful, and their features generally wore the expression of pride and nobility without any mixture of ferocity.

We were every where gracefully and politely saluted, and every hamlet offered us its hospitality; but we did not at any place accept it, and we continued, for about three hours, climbing the steep slopes beneath the forests of fir-trees. We at length attained the last, white, bare mountain crest, and the vast horizon of the coast of Syria was at a glance spread out before us. The prospect was entirely different from that which our eyes had been for several days accustomed to; it was the exact counterpart of the view of Naples, as seen from the summit of Vesuvius or the heights of Castellamare. The wide sea was below our feet, unbounded on all sides, excepting where a few clouds were heaped together at the very extremity of its billows, beneath which, land was apparently perceptible, the land of Cyprus, which is thirty leagues out to sea; on the left was Mount Carmel, and on the right to the extremest point of sight lay the endless chain of the coasts of Bayruth, Tripoli, Latakia, and Alexandretta; lastly, we could espy confusedly beneath the golden evening clouds, some sparkling peaks of the mountains of Taurus: but this might have been an illusion, for the distance is immens

The descent began immediately beneath our feet, and after gliding over the rocks and dry furze of the peak which hore us, it grew more gradual and traversed from summit to summit; at first passing the dusky tops of stony hills, and afterwards the dark green heads of pines, cedars, carobs, and holm-oaks; afterwards over gentler slopes clothed with the paler and yellower verdure of planes and sycamores; at last came some grey hills covered with the velvet foliage of olive groves; and the road terminated by extending itself over the narrow plain that separates Lebanon from the sea. There, on the capes, were seen the old Moresco towers which guard the shore; at the bottoms of the bays appeared the towns or large villages, with their walls shining in the sunlight, their inlets scooped out in the sands, and their vessels either drawn up on the strand or sailing in and out of the harbours. Saida and Bayruth, more especially, surrounded by their luxuriant plains of olive, citron, and mulberry trees, with the minarets and cupolas of their mosques, their castles and their embattled walls, rose out of this wide ocean of forms and colours, and arrested the eye at two points, projecting into the waves. Beyond the plain of Bayruth, the principal range of Lebanon (which had been broken through by the course of the river) began again to rise; at first yellow, and gilded like the columns of Pæstum; afterwards dingy, sombre, and grey: then green and black in the woody regions; and, at last, elevating its snowy peaks, which seemed to melt into the very transparence of the sky, and where the pure beams of light rested in perpetual screnity on unsulfied beds of everlasting whiteness. Neither Naples nor Sorrento, Rome nor Albano, can boast of an horizon such as this.

After having descended for about two hours, we found an isolated khan under some magnificent plane trees, and by the side of a stream. It will be as well to describe, once for all, what is called a khan in Syria, and in all countries of the East generally. It is a hut whose walls, built of ill-joined stones without mortar, let through the wind and the rain; these stones are generally blackened by the smoke of the

fire-place, which is continually creeping out through their interstices. The walls are about seven or eight feet in height, and are covered with some rough pieces of wood, with the bark and the principal branches still remaining on them; the whole of it is overshadowed with some dry faggots, which serve for a roof; the floor is not paved, and is therefore, according to the weather, a layer of dust or mud. One or two posts serve to support a roof of leaves, and to suspend the traveller's cloak or arms upon. In one corner a small fireplace is raised up on some rough stones, on which a charcoal fire perpetually burns, bearing one or two copper coffeepots full of thick, farinaceous coffee, which is the habitual and only necessary refreshment of the Turks and Arabs. There are usually two rooms similar to what I have just described. One or two Arabs are authorized, on paying a small tribute, to do the honours of this hospitality, and to sell the coffee and barley cakes to the caravans. When the traveller arrives at the door of one of these khans, he dismounts from his camel or horse, has the straw mats or Damascus carpets, which are to serve for his couch, unfastened and spread in one corner of the smoky house, sits down there, asks for coffee, lights his pipe or hooka, and waits till his slaves have collected together a little dry wood to prepare his meal. This repast generally consists of two or three cakes half baked on a heated stone, and some pieces of hashed mutton cooked in a copper pot along with rice. Most commonly neither rice nor mutton can be bought at the khan, and one is forced to be content with the cakes and some excellent cold water, which is never wanting in the neighbourhood of a khan. The servants, slaves, mouhrs (camel drivers), and horses remain in the open air around the khan. There is generally some renowned and ancient tree in the vicinity. which serves as a guiding point to caravans from afar; it is most commonly a sycamore fig-tree, a species which I have never seen in Europe. It is about the size of a large oak, and attains to a still greater length of years; its trunk is sometimes thirty or forty feet in circumference, and often much

more; its boughs, which begin to branch off at about fifteen or twenty feet from the ground, spread out horizontally, at first, to a vast extent; afterwards the higher branches grow in narrower cones, and present from a distance the appearance of our beech trees. The shade of these trees thus seems to have been placed here and there by Providence, as an hospitable cloud over the burning soil of the desert, and extends to a very considerable distance from the trunk, so that it is not unusual to see perhaps sixty camels and horses, and as many Arabs, encamped, during the heat of the day, under one single tree of this kind. But in this instance, as in every other, is seen the grievous negligence of the Orientals and their government; these plane trees, which ought to be carefully preserved as natural inns for the accommodation of caravans, are abandoned to the stupid improvidence of those who are sheltered by them; the Arabs light their fires at the roots of the sycamores, and the greater part of these fine trees are blackened and burnt into hollows by the flames. Our little caravan has taken up its lodging under one of these majestic sycamores, and we ourselves pass the night wrapped up in our cloaks, and lying on a straw mat in one corner of the khan.

## October 4.

We set out this morning from the khan, and, after travelling for a few hours over the steep declivities of Lebanon, we arrived at the beautiful villages that lie half-way down to the coast. There the roughness of the mountains disappears, and the road lies, for two hours' journey, among little hills of the most cheerful and admirably cultivated aspect that can be imagined. The landscape altogether very much resembles those of Tuscany. The supporting walls uphold, on every side, terraces of soil where vines and trees are intertwined, overshadowing the grass and grain of every kind without preventing it from flourishing. Villages, in which order, peace, industry, and wealth are every where apparent, are scattered over these hills; the houses, or rather the castles of the

scheiks overlook them, just as our Go .... . towered above our country towns. Spacious convents of Maronite monks occupy, like fortresses, the tops of the hills. The monks may be seen going in and out, occupied in guiding the ploughshare, or gathering the leaves of the mulberry The Arabs are seen labouring in the fields, without distinction of at us as we pass with a smile at our European e scheik and his principal servants are gen and sitting on a carpet at the door of his castle, or rge sycamore tree in the middle of the road; he , and salutes us by placing his hand on his heart a , Sala el kaer! " Blest be the day to you, travellers

We at last ch the plain, which we cross beneath a vaulted verda t roof, composed of long reeds, palms, vines, and fig and mulberry trees. From time to time, the isolated house of an Arabian or Greek-Syrian farmer issues from this forest of foliage; the children are playing before the door with the large-tailed Syrian sheep; pretty girls with uncovered faces are carrying pitchers of water on their heads; and the father and mother are at work, at the foot of the mulberry trees, on beautiful silken textures of a thousand hues, the threads of which they fasten from one tree to another, and weave as they walk beneath their shade. Neither Scotland, Saxony, Savoy, nor Switzerland can present to the eye of the traveller more abundant scenes of life, peace, and happiness, than the base of these Libanian mountains where are expected to be found none but barbarians.

## October 5.

I have, on my return, found my wife and child in good health, and busy in adorning our winter dwelling. I shall pass a few days with them before setting out for Palestine and Egypt. Ibrahim Pacha has gained a decisive victory at Homs; he is advancing towards Caramania, and will pass the Taurus, driving the Turks before him. There is no longer any disquietude respecting the security and tranquillity of

this country; I shall travel with a mind free from anxiety about the objects dearest to me in life. Our new Bayruth friends, Messieurs Bianco, Jorelle, Farren, Laurella, and Abost, will provide, during my absence, against any casualties that may occur. I am now about definitively to organize my caravan, and shall start as soon as the first shower of rain shall have lowered the temperature of 30°° which now reigns over the coast of Syria.

<sup>•</sup> Reaumur, or 100° Fahrenheit.

## JOURNEY FROM BAYRUTH, ACROSS SYRIA A PALESTINE, TO JERUSALEM.

Mounted my horse at three o'clock in the afternoon of 8th of October, 1832, accompanied by eighteen more hobearing my attendants and luggage, and forming my cara—Slept at the khan, three hours' journey from Bayrut same road as that already described in the journey to I Stanhope's.

Started again at three o'clock the next morning; at crossed the river Tamour, the ancient Tamyris,-rose-la trees blossoming on its banks.-Followed the beach (w the billows wetted our horses' feet with their foam) to Sa the ancient Sidon; it is still a beautiful shade of that ru city of which it has lost all but the name, -there are not slightest traces of its past magnificence. A circular formed of enormous rocks, surrounds a dock choked up sand, and a few fishermen, surrounded by their children, standing in the water and pushing into the sea a small without either masts or sails; and this is all the mari remains of her who was once the second queen of the s At Saïda we went down to the French khan, once the man of our former trade in Syria, in which our consuls assem all our countrymen under the French flag. Now the neither trade nor Frenchmen, and there only remain Saïda, in this vast deserted khan, an old and respect French agent, M. Giraudin, who has lived for fifty year the midst of his entirely oriental family, and who enterta us in a manner becoming the reception of fellow-country and travellers, in the land where ancient hospitality is preserved entire. Dined, slept, and continued a few h with this excellent family. How agreeable is hospitality unexpectedly and lavishly conferred !-water for washing sented by the sons of the family, while the mother the two sons' wives, standing up, attend to the waiting table.

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At four o'clock, mounted our horses, and were escorted by the sons and friends of the Giraudin family;-running the dgerid performed by one of them, mounted on a fine Arabian horse.—Thanks and adieux at two hours' distance from Saida. After two more hours' travelling, slept beneath our tents at a delightful fountain on the sea coast, called El Kantara. Gigantic tree overshadowing the whole caravan-delicious garden reaching down to the waves of the sea. A very large caravan of camels is spread around us in the same field. Night passed in the tents; -horses' neighings-camels' cries -smoke of the evening fires-flickering light of the lamps through the striped transparent canvas of the tents. Thoughts of quiet life, fireside, family, and far-distant friends pass through the brain, while resting the dull and feverish head on the saddle that supplies the place of a pillow. In the morning, while the moukrs and slaves are bridling the horses, two or three Arabs pull up the tent-pegs; they strike the stake that serves as a central support; down it falls, and the wide outstretched sheets, that shelter a whole company of travellers, tumble together, and lie on the ground in a little heap of linen that a camel driver puts under his arm and hangs to his mule's saddle. There remains on the empty place, where you were a moment before settled as if in a permanent abode, nothing but a deserted fire, still smoking but soon extinguished in the sunlight; an appropriate, vivid, and striking emblem of life, often made use of in the Bible, which forcibly impresses me whenever it comes under my notice.

Departed from Kantara before the dawn;—ascended some arid, stony hills, that project like promontories into the sea. Then, from the summit of the last and loftiest of these hills, was to be seen the striking view of Tyre appearing at the end of its long, barren hill. Between the sea and the last hills of Lebanon (which at this spot are rapidly growing lower) extends a plain about eight leagues in length by one or two in width, sterile and yellow, and covered with thorny shrubs cropped by the camels of the passing caravans. It throws

out into the sea a projecting peninsul mainland by a causeway covered with coloured sand brought from Egypt by the wind. Tyre, called Sour by the Arabs at the present day, stands on the sharpest point of this promontory, and seems to rise out of the very waves; from afar, you would say that she is still a beautiful, fresh, white, and living city re reflected in the water;but this is on eauty that vanishes as you approach. Ty ent time, nothing but a few almost deserted houses, where hundreds of c the evenings, the large flocks of the Arabs coll long hanging ears, that we see sheep and bla n the plain. She has no longer passing in roy or roads upon the land; all the any port on a prophecies ha a long time accomplished upon her.

We travelle tout in silence, busy in contemplating the desolation and dust of that empire which we were treading under our feet. We followed a path through the middle of the plain of Tyre, between the city and the bare, grey hills that branch out from Lebanon and bound the level country. We arrived at the very hill that bore the city, and came in contact with a heap of sand, which seems to form its only rampart, and to be waiting to overwhelm and bury it. thought on the prophecies, and sought in my memory for some of the eloquent imprecations which divine inspiration had breathed into Ezekiel. I could not recall the words, but I could see them visibly inscribed in the deplorable reality that lay before my eyes. All that I could call to mind was some careless, chance verses, that I had composed before leaving France for the East, and which alluded to the prophetic eagles swooping down from Lebanon's heights, in sign of judgment, on ruined Tyre.

I now had dark Lebanon before me. "But my imagination has been deceived," said I to myself: "I do not see either the eagles or the vultures which should, in order to accomplish the prophecies, incessantly come down from the mountains, to devour perpetually the carcase of the city rejected of God and hostile to his people." At the very moment that I was making this reflection, something large, strange, and immovably still, appeared to our left on the top of a perpendicular rock, which projected forward, at that spot. into the plain as far as the caravan road The object resembled five black stone statues erected on the rock as on a pedestal. but from some almost imperceptible motions of these colossal forms, we thought, as we approached nearer, that they were five Bedouin Arabs, clothed in their garments of black goats' hair, who, from the top of this hill, were watching us pass. At last, when we were within fifty paces from the hill, we saw one of these five figures open a pair of large wings, and flap them against its sides, with a noise like that of a sail unfurling to the wind. We then recognised five eagles of the largest species that I have ever seen either on the Alps or chained up in the menageries of our cities. They did not offer to fly away, or appear the least disconcerted at our approach: standing, like kings of the desert, on the rocky cliffs, they looked at Tyre as at a dominion that peculiarly appertained to their care, and whither they were about to return. They appeared to possess a divine right, as instruments of an order which they were executing; a prophetic vengeance, which they had been commissioned to accomplish, against men and in spite of human opposition. I could not refrain from the contemplation of this fulfilled prophecy, this wondrous accomplishment of the divine threats, of which chance had thus made me an eye-witness. Neverhad any thing appeared more miraculous. or so forcibly impressed my eye and mind; and it required an effort of reason for me not to see behind the five gigantie eagles, the tall and terrible figure of the vengeful poet Ezekiel. rising above them, and pointing out to them with his eye and finger, the city given up by God for them to devour: the blasts of divine indignation agitating his white waving beard, and the flames of celestial wrath shining from his prophetic eyes. We stopped when at a distance of forty paces from the eagles, which however merely scornfully turned their heads to look at us in return; at last, two of our company left the caravan, and galloped with their muskets to the very foot of the rock; but even then they did not take to flight. A few musket bullets drove them away, flying heavily; but they again returned of their own accord within range, and hovered a long time over our heads without receiving any injury from our bullets; as if they had said to us, "You can do nothing; for we are the eagles of God." Thus I found that poetical imagination had revealed to me the eagles of Tyre less truly, beautifully, and supernaturally than they really were; and that there is in the mens divinior of even the most obscure poets, something of that divining and prophetic spirit which speaks the truth without knowing it.

We arrived at noon, after travelling seven hours, at a place in the middle of the plain of Tyre, called Solomon's Wells. All travellers have given descriptions of them; they are three reservoirs of clear, running water, which issues out, as if by enchantment, from a low, dry, arid soil, at about two miles distant from Tyre; each of these reservoirs is artificially raised about twenty feet above the level of the plain, filled up to the brim, and incessantly overflowing. The water turns some mill-wheels in its after course, and is brought to Tyre by aqueducts, half ancient and half modern, which have a very fine effect in the horizon. It is said that Solomon caused these three wells to be constructed, to reward Tyre and her king Hiram for the services rendered him by her fleet and artificers in the construction of the temple, for which Hiram had brought marble and cedars from Lebanon. These vast wells are each about sixty or eighty feet in circumference, and of an unknown depth, and one of them is indeed unfathomable. No one has ever been able to discover by what mysterious conduit the water of the mountains can come there; but from examination there is every reason to believe that they are large Artesian wells, invented before their re-invention by the moderns.

Departed at five o'clock from Solomon's Wells-travelled two hours through the plain of Tyre-arrived at night at the

foot of a high mountain, rising perpendicularly from the sea, and forming the promontory of Raz el Abiad. The moon rose over the dark summit of Lebanon on our left, but not vet high enough to illuminate its sides; her light fell on some vast, white, broken rocks, which reflected a light like flames from marble, while we ourselves were entirely left in deep shade. These rocks lay confusedly in the midst of the waves. and broke their foam, which splashed almost as far as us. All that was to be heard was the dull, regular sound of the billows beating against the cape, which every instant shook the narrow parapet on which we were travelling and hanging over the precipice. The sea shone from afar like a vast sheet of silver, and here and there dark capes projected forward into its bosom, or deep caverns penetrated the shattered sides of the mountain. Behind us extended the plain of Tyre, which might yet be confusedly distinguished by the fringes of vellow, golden sand, that marked the boundary lines between the land and sea; the shade of Tyre was seen at the extremity of a promontory, and by chance, doubtless, a fire was shining upon its ruins, so that it might at first have been taken for a beacon; but it was the beacon of ruin and desolation, which guided no vessel, twinkling for no eyes but ours, and calling for pity on the ruins. This precipitous road, with all its diversified, sublime, and solemn accompanying circumstances of night, moonlight, sea, and dark abysses, continued for about an hour—an hour which is among the most forcibly impressed on my memory that God has ever permitted me to see upon earth—a most sublime gate by which to enter on the morrow to the land of miracles, the land of revelations, where is yet impressed the traces of the Old and New Communications between God and man.

As we descended from the summit of the cape, we had the same kind of view which had so forcibly attracted our attention on the ascent; precipices as deep, as resounding, as much whitened with foam, as thickly strewn with vast fragments of the living, white rock, opened under our feet and beneath our eyes; the sea dashed with the same re-echoing

sound that had accompanied us all along the "stormy coast" of Syria, as it is termed in the ancient Hebrew poems: the moon, now risen higher in the heavens, still more illuminated this scene, at once tumultuous and solitary; and the wide plain of Ptolemais opened before us. It was nine o'clock in an October evening; our horses, worn out by thirteen hours' travelling, slowly placed their iron-shod hoofs on the sharppointed, shining rocks which form the only roads in Syriairregular stairs of stones, on which no beast of burden would be risked in Europe; we ourselves, overcome with fatigue, and much affected, especially with the magnificence of the spectacle and the crowded recollections of the day, advanced silently on foot, holding our horses by the bridle; and looking, sometimes on that sea which we had to cross ere we could see our own rivers and our own mountains, and sometimes on the long, black, level top of Mount Carmel, which began to appear in the farthest limits of the horizon. We arrived at a sort of khan, a half destroyed and ruined house, near a stream, where a poor Arab cultivates a few fig trees and gourds in the clefts of the rocks. This ruin was occupied by some camel-drivers from Naplousa, carrying wheat into Syria for Ibrahim's army; and the stream was dried up by the autumnal heats:-we, however, fastened our horses to a stake, and drank sparingly of a few drops of cold water that remained in our jars from Solomon's Wells. From the plain of Tyre and the depression of the mountains, water begins to grow scarce; the wells are five or six hours' distance from each other, and often when you reach them, you find in the bed of the spring, only a dry scorched hollow place, still bearing the foot-prints of the goats and camels who have last slaked their thirst there.

On the 11th, we struck our tents by the light of a thousand stars reflected in the waves that were spread out at our feet; we descended for about an hour down the last hills that form the White Cape, or Raz el Abiad, and entered the plain of Acre, the ancient Ptolemais.

The siege of Acre, by Ibrahim Pacha, had recently reduced



the town to a heap of ruins, under which were buried ten or twelve thousand corpses and several thousand camels. Ibrahim, having taken it, and being anxious to secure his important acquisition from any reverse of fortune, was busy rebuilding the walls and houses: hundreds of half-rotten bodies were every day disinterred from among the rubbish, and the putrid exhalations and heaps of carcasses had corrupted the air over all the plain. We passed at the greatest possible distance from the walls, and halted at noon at the Arab village of the Waters of Acre, under a plantation of pomegranate, fig, and mulberry trees, and near the pacha's mills. At five we again departed, and went to encamp under an olive grove on one of the first hills of Galilee.

The 13th we resumed our journey at the first dawn of day: we crossed first a hill planted with olives and a few holmoaks spread out in patches, or growing into bushes, owing to their being continually cropped by the goats and camels. When we got to the other side of this hill, the Holy Land, the Land of Canaan, appeared all entire before us. The impression it made was magnificent, agreeable, and profound: it was not by any means that naked, stony, sterile land, that heap of low, bare mountains, that has been represented to us as the promised Land, on the faith of a few prejudiced writers. or a few travellers, hastily coming and scribbling, who have only seen, out of all the vast and diversified domains of the Twelve Tribes, the rocky path that leads in two days' journey from Jaffa to Jerusalem. Deceived by them, I only expected to see what they describe, that is to say, a country without any large extent of horizon, without valleys, plains, trees, or water: a land chequered with a few white or grey hills, where the Arab robber hides himself in the shade of a ravine to plunder the passenger. Such, perhaps, may be the road from Jerusalem to Jaffa; but this is Judea such as we saw it the first day from the hilly heights that border the plain of Ptolemais, such as we again found it on the other side of Zabulon from those of Nazareth, from the foot of the Mount of the Dew of Hermon, and from Mount Carmel; such

as we have traversed it in all its extent and all its variety from the heights that overlook Tyre and Sidon down to the Lake of Tiberias, and from Mount Tabor to the mountains and Samaria and Naplousa, and from thence to the walls a Zion.

Here then, at first, before us is the plain of Zabulon;we are situated between two slightly rising grounds, hardl worthy of the name of hills; the hollow left between then as they open before us, forms the road on which we advance this road is marked out by the footsteps of the camels wh have for four thousand years pounded its dust with the tread, or by the wide, deep holes which their heavy fee being always placed on the same spots, have worn in th white friable rock, which extends in one unbroken line from the cape of Tyre to the nearest Libyan sands. On the righ and left, the round sides of the two hillocks are overshadowe at intervals of twenty paces by clumps of different specie of evergreen shrubs; at a rather greater distance rise tree with gnarled trunks, strong, interlacing branches, and solid dark foliage; the greater part of them are evergreen oaks a peculiar species, the stem of which is taller and slender than that of European oaks, and its rounded velvet leaf h: not the indentations of that of our common oaks: the care and turpentine trees, and more rarely planes and sycamore complete the clothing of these hills. The other trees I d not know by their names: some have the foliage of firs an cedars; others (and these are the most beautiful) resemb great willows in the colour of their bark, the beauty of the foliage, and the delicate yellow tinge of their leaves, but the exceed them, beyond all comparison, in breadth, height, an thickness. The most numerous caravans can meet aroun one of their colossal trunks and encamp, all together, wit their camels and baggage, under the shade of its branche In the numerous and wide spaces left naked between the trees on the declivities of the hills, ridges of whitish or, sti more frequently, of bluish grey rocks pierce through the soi and come up to the light like the powerful muscles of

strongly built human body, which project with greater prominency in old age, and seem ready to break through the skin that covers them. Among these ridges or rocky blocks, the black, deep, and light soil is incessantly pushing out vegetation, and would constantly produce wheat, barley, and maize, with a very small degree of cultivation; or else forests of thorny bushes, wild pomegranates, Jericho roses, and prodigious thistles, whose stalks rise as high as a camel's head. A description of one of these hills is applicable to all; and the imagination may thus conceive of their effect when they are noticed in the descriptive scenery of the Holy Land.

We were passing, then, between two of these hills, and began gently to redescend, leaving the sea and the plain of Ptolemais behind us, when we perceived the first plain of the land of Canaan; it was the Plain of Zabulon, the garden of the tribe of that name. Before us, both on the right and left, the two hills separated gracefully from each other by two precisely similar curves, exactly resembling two expiring billows which softly break and harmoniously divide before the prow of a vessel. The space left between them, which thus gradually grew wider, was, as it were, a short inlet running from the plain in among the mountains: this terrestrial inlet or bay, level and fertile, soon becomes a wide valley; and at the spot where the two hills which inclosed it entirely disappeared, the valley was lost by developing itself into an almost oval plain, the two sharpest extremities of which were buried beneath the shade of two other ranges of hills. This plain appeared to the eye to be about three or four leagues in length by about a league and a half in breadth. From the height where we stood on the brow of the hills of Acre, our looks naturally glanced down upon it, involuntarily followed its winding sinuosities, and penetrated into the narrowest inlets that branched off from it among the bases of the mountains by which it was surrounded. On the left, the lofty, gilded, and glittering summits of Lebanon boldly shot their pyramidal peaks into the deep blue of the morning sky; on the right,

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the hill on which we stood rose imperceptibly higher as it departed farther from us, and, as though it had intertwined with a number of other hills, formed various groups of elevations, some arid and barren, and others covered with olive and fig trees, and bearing Turkish villages on their tops, whose white minarets strongly contrasted with the sombre cypress colonnades that surrounded the mosque on every side. But in the direct front, the horizon that terminated the plain of Zabulon, and which extended before us for a space of three or four leagues, formed a fine perspective of hills, mountains, valleys, sky, light, shade, and clouds, arranged with so much harmony of forms and colours, and felicity of association, united together with so much symmetrical beauty, and diversified by such a variety of impressions, that I could not divert my looks from it; and finding nothing in my recollections, either of the Alps, Italy, or Greece to which I could compare this magic scene, I cried out-" This is Poussin or Claude Lorraine." Indeed, nothing could possibly equal the sweet majesty of this view in Canaan, but the pencils of the two painters, to whom the divine genius of Nature had revealed her beauty. This union of the great and the sweet, the powerful and the beauteous, the picturesque and the fertile, can only be found in the imaginary landscapes of these two great men, or in the inimitable natural scenery of the fine country which we now had before us, and which the hand of the Great Supreme Painter had drawn and coloured for the habitation of a people still in a pastoral state of innocence.

First of all, near the foot of the mountains, distant about half a league in the plain, a small hill rose, as it were, out of the ground, like a natural pedestal formed by nature alone in order to bear a strong city. The sides rose almost perpendicularly from the level of the plain to the top of this sort of earthen altar, and exactly resembled the ramparts of a fortified citadel built by the hand of man. The summit itself, instead of being round and rough, like the tops of hills and mountains always are, was levelled and flattened as if to

receive something that was to surmount it, when the people, for whose use it was designed, should arrive. In every one of the delightful plains of the land of Canaan I have since again seen the very same kind of hills, in the shape of quadrangular or oblong altars, evidently designed to protect the first settlements of a timid and feeble nation; and their purpose is so strongly marked in their isolated and extraordinary forms, that nothing but their magnitude prevents the mind from being deceived into a belief that they were constructed by the people who crowned them with their towns. But how could so small a nation ever have been able to raise earthen citadels, of so enormous a size that all the armies of Xerxes could never have piled up a single one of them? Whatever religious belief any one may entertain, he must be blind not to recognize a special providential or natural design in these lofty fortresses at the entrances and exits of almost all the plains of Galilee and Judea. Behind this hill (on which imagination can easily construct an ancient city, with its walls, bastions, and towers), the nearest hills rise gradually out of the plain, bearing grey and black blotches on their sides. which are thickets of olive trees and evergreen holm-oaks. Between these hills and the higher and darker mountains, whose bases they form, and which rise majestically above them, there had doubtless foamed some torrent, or perhaps some deep lake had been evaporated by the early heat of the morning sun; for a bluish white vapour was spread over this empty space, and partially developed (as if with the design of adding to the effect of their sequestered distance) the second mountain range, dimly seen through this transparent curtain. which was pierced through here and there by beaming pencils of the dawning light. Still farther and higher, a third chain of mountains, entirely obscure, rose in round and irregular ridges, and conferred on all this sweetly delightful landscape. that character of strength, majesty, and solemnity, which should be intermingled with all beauty, either as a component element or as a contrast. This third range was broken at various intervals, and allowed the horizon and eye to range

over the boundless extent of a pale silvery sky, strewn with light, rosy clouds; and at last, behind the whole of this magnificent amphitheatre, two or three peaks of the far away Lebanon rose like projecting promontories into the liquid sky, and received, first of all, the luminous shower of the earliest rays of the sun rising above them, seeming to be so transparent that it might have been imagined that the light of heaven. which they hid from our view, could be seen vibrating behind Add to this scene the warm, serene vault of the firmament, the limpid hue of the fluid light, and the solid strength of shadow that characterises an Asiatic atmosphere: strew over the plain a ruined khan, some long lines of red cows, white camels, and black goats, coming with sauntering steps to search for water, which, though sparingly distributed, is sweet and clear; imagine some Arab horsemen mounted on their fleet coursers, scouring over the plain, glittering with their silver-mounted arms and their scarlet apparel; some women from the neighbouring villages, robed in their long, sky-blue gowns, wearing a large white girdle, the ends of which trail on the ground, and a blue turban ornamented with bands of Venetian sequins strung together; add again to this some Turkish and Arabic villages scattered at different distances over the sides of the hills, the walls of which, being of the same colour as the ground on which they stand, and the houses entirely roofless, are confounded with the rocky surfaces of the hills themselves; let a light cloud of azure smoke rise from different spots among the olive and cypress trees that surround these villages; and let some stones hollowed out in the shape of troughs (the tombs of the patriarchs), granite shafts of columns, and sculptured capitals, lie here and there round about the fountains, beneath your horse's feet; and you will then have an exact and faithful delineation of the delightful plain of Zabulon, of that of Nazareth, of Sephora, and of Tabor. A country such as this, if repeopled by a fresh nation of Jews, cultivated and irrigated by skilful hands, and fertilized by a tropical sun; producing spontaneously all plants for the necessities or pleasure of

mankind, from the sugar-cane and the banana to the vine and corn of temperate climates, and the cedar and fir of the Alps:
—such a country, I say, would even yet, at this very time, be the Land of Promise, should Providence restore to it a population, and political circumstances of peace and liberty.

We passed onwards from the plain of Zabulon, ascending several slightly rising hills of a more arid aspect than the former, to the town of Sephora, the aucient Saphora of the Scriptures and the Diocesarea of the Romans—the largest town in Palestine after Jerusalem in the time of Herod Agrippa. A great number of blocks of stone, hollowed out for tombs, marked out our road to the top of the hill on which Sephora was situated; and when arrived at the last heights, we saw an isolated granite column, still erect and marking the former site of a temple; some beautifully sculptured capitals lay upon the ground at the foot of the column, and some large fragments of carved stones, taken from vast Roman buildings, were scattered on every side, and served as landmarks to the Arabs' fields, continuing until about a mile from Sephora, where we stopped for a halt about the middle of the day. An excellent and inexhaustible fountain of water runs there for the use of the inhabitants of two or three valleys, and is surrounded by some plantations of fig and pomegranate trees; we sat down under their shade and waited for more than an hour before we were able to water our caravan, so great was the number of cows and camels brought there by the Arabian herdsmen from all parts of the valley; while innumerable rows of black goats and cows stretched along all the plain and over the sides of the hills that ascended towards Nazareth.

I slept, wrapped up in my mantle, under the shade of a fig tree, at a short distance from the fountain, after gazing a long while on this scene of ancient times. Our horses were scattered around us, having their feet fastened by shackles, their Turkish saddles on their backs, and their heads bending down low and seeking for the shelter of their own long, flow-

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ing manes. Our sabres, muskets, and pistols, were hung up over our heads on the branches of the pomegranate and fig trees. Some Bedouin Arabs, arrayed in a single garment of black and white striped cloth of goats' hair, were sitting in a circle at a small distance from us, and gazing on us with vulture's eyes. The women of Sephora (clothed in precisely the same manner as Abraham's and Isaac's wives, with a blue gown fastened in the middle of the body, and the swelling folds of another white gown falling gracefully over the blue one) were bringing empty water-jars lying on their sides on the top of the blue turbans that surrounded their heads; or were carrying them back, filled, and erect upon their heads, holding them up with both their hands like the caryatides of the Acropolis. Other girls, dressed in the same style, were washing at the fountain, and laughing among themselves as they looked at us; others, again, clothed in the richest of dresses, and having their heads covered with fillets of piastres or golden sequins, were dancing under a large pomegranate tree at a little distance from the fountain and from us; their soft slow dance was but a monotonous and ever-recurring similarity of motion, accompanied from time to time by some inartificial but not ungraceful steps. Woman has been created full of grace and beauty; manners and customs cannot alter in her that beauteous and lovely charm which every where surrounds her, and discovers itself through every disguise. These Arabian females were not veiled, like all those which we had already seen in the East; and their features, although slightly tatooed, possessed a delicacy and regularity which distinguished them from the Turkish race. They continued dancing and singing all the time that our stay lasted, and did not appear at all offended at the notice we took of their dance, song, and dress. We were told that they were assembled together to wait for some nuptial presents, which a young Arab was gone to buy at Nazareth for one of the girls of Sephora, who was his betrothed bride. We did, indeed, meet the same day with the presents on the road:

they consisted of a sieve to separate the flour from the bran, a piece of cotton cloth, and a piece of richer fabric for the bride's gown.

This day was to me the commencement of new impressions entirely different from any that my journey had hitherto made upon me:-till now I had travelled with eyes, thoughts, and intellect, but I had not travelled with heart and soul, as I did when I touched the land of miracles, the land of Jehovah and of Christ, the land of which all the names that it contains had been lisped a thousand times by my infant lips, all the images of which had been the first that were imprinted on my young and tender imagination; the land from which, at a subsequent period, I had drawn the pleasures and instructions of religion, that inward soul of our minds; I now felt within myself as if something cold and dead had been reanimated and rewarmed, and experienced that sort of sensation which is felt, when among a thousand strange faces we recognise that of a mother, sister, or mistress—such a sentiment as is felt, when from the street we enter into a church; a mixture of exquisite, sweet, internal, tender, and consolatory feelings which is not experienced on any other occasion.

My church was this land of Biblical and Evangelical associations; on which I had just placed my first steps. I silently prayed to God in my most secret thoughts, and returned him my grateful thanks, for having permitted me to live long enough to see with my own eyes this sanctuary of the Holy Land; and from this day forward, during the whole course of my journey in Judea, Galilee, and Palestine, the material, poetical impressions that I received from the. views and names of places, were mingled within me with a most vivid feeling of veneration and tenderness, which was united with the recollections they left in my memory. journey often became a continued prayer, and the two rapturous feelings most natural to my mind, the ardent love of nature and of her Author, returned almost every morning, as fresh and vivid as if they had not been repeatedly crushed and trodden down in my breast, by the destroying and

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withering influences of so great a number of years. I felt that I was again a man, as I appeared before the shadow of the God of my youth. A feeling is experienced in visiting the sites consecrated by one of those mysterious events which have changed the moral aspect of the world, similar to that which is felt by the traveller who is laboriously ascending a large river, such as the Nile or the Ganges, to discover and contemplate its hidden and unknown source; so did it appear to me, as I ascended the last hills that separated me from Nazareth, that I was now about to contemplate, at its mysterious source, that grand and fertilizing religion which, in the space of two thousand years, had made its course through the world, and slaked the thirst of so many successive generations with its pure and life-giving waters. Here was the spring-in the hollow of this rock beneath my feet; in the sides of this hill, whose last heights I was now ascending, was once contained the Salvation, Life, Light, and Hope of the world; here, at but a few paces' distance, the Model of Humanity had been introduced among mankind to draw them, by his doctrine and example, from the ocean of error and corruption in which all the human race was drowning. If I considered the matter as a philosopher, here was the starting-point of the greatest event that ever shook the moral and political world—an event whose momentum is the only cause of that remaining motion and life, which is yet left in the world of intellect; there it was that, from amid obscurity, misery, and ignorance, came forth the greatest. justest, wisest, and most virtuous of men; there, there was his cradle, there the theatre of his actions and of his touchingly affecting tokens of future greatness; thence, while still young, he came forth with a few obscure and ignorant men. whom he had imbued with confidence in his genius, and courage in his service, to go, with a perfect knowledge of what he was doing, to face an order of things and ideas which were not strong enough to resist him, but which were strong enough to effect his death. Thence, said I, did he issue forth to conquer death and obtain the universal empire of posterity!

—thence flowed out Christianity, an obscure spring, an imperceptible drop of water in the crevice of the rock at Nazareth, which would not have quenched the thirst of a couple of sparrows, and which a single sunbeam could have dried up and evaporated; but which, at the present time, like a great spiritual ocean, has overwhelmed all the abysses of human wisdom, and bathed with its eternal waves the past, the present, and the future. Thus, even if my mind had been incredulous as to the divinity of that event, I should yet have been forcibly affected on approaching the scene of its first appearance, and have uncovered and bowed down my head under the secret and fateful influence, which had brought out such magnificent events from so feeble and insignificant a beginning.

But to consider the mystery of Christianity in the spirit of a Christian;—here it was, under this very portion of blue sky. at the bottom of this dark, narrow valley, and under the shade of this little hill, where the aged rocks seem yet cleft with the bounding joy which they felt in bringing forth and supporting the infant Word, or with the convulsions of grief which agitated them when containing the buried corpse of the dead Word—this was the destined and sacred spot of the globe. which God had chosen from all eternity to receive the descent upon earth of his truth, justice, and love incarnated in an Infant God; here it was that the breath of the Deity descended at its appointed hour upon a poor cottage, the dwelling of humble labour, simplicity of spirit, and lowliness of circumstances; here it was that it vivified in the womb of a pure and innocent virgin, a Being possessing sweetness. tenderness, and compassion like herself, having the sufferings. groans, and affections of a man, and the power, supernaturalism, wisdom, and strength of a God; there it was that the God-Man passed through our ignorance, toil, and miseries, during the obscure and hidden years of his existence, and where he in some sort experienced life, and acquainted himself with the world, before instructing it with his words, healing it with his miracles, and regenerating it by his death; there it was

that Heaven was opened, and sent forth on the earth its incarnate Spirit, its fulminating Word to consume, until the end of time, iniquity and error; to try, like a refiner's fire, our virtues and our vices, and to light up before the only and holy God, the aromatic, spicy flame which is never more to be extinguished, the incense of the renewed altar, the perfume of universal truth and charity.

As I was making these reflections, with my head bowed down, and my brow filled with a thousand other thoughts still more weighty than these, I perceived at my feet, at the bottom of a valley hollowed out in the form of a basin or dry lake, the white, gracefully grouped houses of Nazareth, situated on the two banks and the bottom of the basin. The Greek church, the tall minaret of the Turkish mosque, and the long, wide walls of the convent of the Latin Fathers were first distinguished; some streets, formed by houses of a smaller size, but of an elegant oriental form, were spread around these large edifices, and were animated with the noise and motion of life. All around the valley or basin of Nazareth, jungles of tall thorny nopals, fig trees stripped of their autumnal leaves, and pomegranate trees with their light foliage of a delicate yellow-green hue, were scattered here and there as if by chance, giving a freshness and beauty to the landscape, like wild flowers around a rustic altar. God only knows what was then passing in my heart; but by a spontaneous, and, as it were, involuntary movement, I found myself at my horse's feet on my knees in the dust, on one of the blue crumbling rocks that lay on the precipitous road we were descending; I thus remained some minutes in silent contemplation, in which all the thoughts of my past life, both as sceptic and as Christian, so crowded into my head that it was impossible to distinguish one of them clearly. These words only escaped from my lips, " And the Word was made flesh and dwelt amongst us." I pronounced them with the deep, sublime, and grateful feeling which they contain; and this spot so naturally inspires them, that I was much struck, on arriving in the evening at the sanctuary of the



Latin Church, to find them inscribed in letters of gold on the marble tablet of the subterranean altar in the house of Joseph and Mary. Then reverently bowing my head towards that earth which had been the native soil of Christ, I silently kissed it, and watered with a few tears of repentance, love, and hope, that land which has witnessed the weepings of so many, and which has been the means of drying up those of so many more, who have asked from it a small portion of truth and love.

We arrived at the convent of the Latin Fathers of Nazareth, just as the last rays of evening were slightly gilding the high yellow walls of the church and monastery. A large iron door opened before us; our horses glided in, making the polished and sonorous pavement of the outer court of the convent resound with the clatter of their iron shoes. The door shut behind us, and we dismounted at the very portal of the church, which was formerly the humble house of that mother who afforded her bosom to the Immortal Guest, and gave her milk to a God. The superior and the guardian father were both absent; some Neapolitan and Spanish friars. who were occupied in winnowing wheat for the convent underneath the doorway, received us rather coldly, and conducted us into a large corridor, into which opened the friars' cells and the rooms designed for strangers. We waited there a long time for the arrival of the Curate of Nazareth, who overwhelmed us with politeness, and caused to be prepared for each of us a chamber and a bed. Fatigued with the day's journey and excitement, we threw ourselves on our beds. putting off till the next morning our view of the sacred spots. and being unwilling to injure the whole effect of our impressions by a hasty glance, first of all, at those holy sites in whose precincts we already dwelt. I rose several times during the night, to elevate my mind and voice to that God who had been pleased to make this the spot which should bear his Word to the universe.

The next day an Italian father came to conduct us to the church, and to the subterranean sanctuary which was formerly

the house of the Holy Virgin and St. Joseph. The church is a large and lofty nave with three stories, the uppermost of which is occupied by the choir of the Fathers of the Holy Land, and communicates with the convent by a postern door; the inferior story is occupied by believers: it communicates with the choir and the grand altar, by a fine staircase having two flights of steps and gilded balustrades. From this part of the church, and under the grand altar, a flight of a few steps leads to a little chapel, and to a marble altar, lighted by silver lamps and placed on the very spot where tradition supposes that the Annunciation took place. This altar is built beneath a cave, partly natural and partly artificial, in a rock, against which the back of the holy house doubtless abutted. Behind this first cavern two other altars mark out the subterranean spots which, it is said, served as kitchen and cellar to the Holy Family. These traditions, more or less faithful, or altered by the pious wants of popular credulity, or by the desire (so natural to monks who are in possession of such a precious relic) of augmenting its interest by multiplying its details, have perhaps added some well-meaning inventions to the powerful recollections of the place; but it is an undoubted fact that the convent, and particularly the church, was originally constructed on the exact spot occupied by the house of the Divine Heir of heaven and earth. name spread, like the light of a new dawn, after his death, and while his mother and disciples were still living, it is certain that they must have transmitted from one to another, the affectionate and melancholy worship which the absence of their Divine Master had left them, and must have often themselves gone, and have also conducted the new Christians to those places where they had seen him whom they now adored, living, speaking, acting, and dying. No human piety could so faithfully preserve the memory of a place dear to its recollections as did the piety of the saints and martyrs. The fervour of a new religion, and the vigilance of a perpetual worship, may be safely confided in as to the accuracy of the principal sites connected with the work of redemption. We fell on our knees upon the stones and within the cavern which witnessed the most incomprehensible mystery of divine love towards mankind; and we prayed. The rapture of prayer is a mystery between God and man; like modesty, it throws a veil over the mind, and discloses to men what is designed only for heaven. We also visited the vast and commodious convent, a building which exactly resembles all the convents in France or Italy, and where the Latin Fathers exercise the rites of their religion with as much liberty and publicity as they could possibly do in a street of Rome, the metropolis of Christianity. In this respect the Mussulmen have been greatly calumniated; religious toleration—nay, more, I will say religious reverence—is profoundly impressed on all their habits and actions; they are so religious themselves, and regard the freedom of their own religious exercises with so iealous an eye, that the religion of other men is the last thing they would allow themselves to injure. They have sometimes a sort of horror of a religion whose system is contrary to their own; but they entertain contempt and hatred only towards that man who does not pray to the Almighty in any language whatever: such men they cannot at all understand, so continually is the palpable idea of God present to their minds, and so constantly does it occupy their souls. Fifteen or twenty Italian and Spanish fathers live in this convent. occupied in singing the praises of the Infant God, and the glories of his mother, in the very same temple where they once lived poor and unknown. One of them is called the Curate of Nazareth, and is specially charged with the concerns of the Christian community in that town; which contains seven or eight hundred Catholic Christians, two thousand schismatical Greeks, a few Maronites, and only a thousand Mussulmen. The Fathers conducted us, during the course of the day, to the Maronite churches, the ancient synagogue. where Jesus went when a child to be instructed, in his human nature, in that law which he was afterwards to purify, and to the workshop where Joseph exercised his humble trade of a carpenter. We remarked with surprise and pleasure the

deference and respect which the inhabitants of Nazare even the Turks, everywhere paid to the Fathers of the Ho Land; no bishop would be more highly honoured or mo affectionately attended in the streets of a Catholic town th these monks are here. Persecution is not nearly so threateing to priests from the customs of the East as from those Europe; and if they desire martyrdom, it is not here that the should come to seek for it.

Started at four o'clock in the morning of the 14th October, for Mount Tabor, the place pointed out as the see of the Transfiguration, which is however an improbable su position, as the summit of Tabor was at that period occupi by a Roman citadel. The isolated position and great heig of this delightful mountain caused it to be chosen, in the tin of St. Jerome, as the scene of that sacred transaction. chapel has been built on the top, whither the pilgrims go attend the holy sacrifice\*; no priest lives there; but son come from Nazareth.

Arrived at the base of Tabor—fine cone, perfectly regula and clothed with vegetation and evergreen oaks;—the guid misleads us;—I sit down alone, under a fine oak, very net the spot where Raphael, in his picture, has placed the diciples dazzled with the brilliancy of the light; and there wait till the father shall have celebrated mass. It is announed to us from above by the report of a pistol, that we may, of the natural steps of this gigantic altar, kneel down to his who had built that altar, and spread out the blue vaulted roof sky that covers it.

At noon departed for the Jordan and the Sea of Galileeat one o'clock, crossed the low shady hills which support the base of Mount Tabor—entered upon a vast plain, eight leagues in length by almost as much in width;—ruine khan amidst architecture of the middle ages.—Passed throug some villages of the poor Arabs who cultivate the plain each village has a well situated at a little distance, and som fig and pomegranate trees planted near it: this is the onl token that indicates comfort. The houses can only be distinguished by approaching very near; they are hovels six or eight feet in height, and consist of cubic shaped masses of dried mud mixed with chopped straw, and having flat roofs. These roofs serve for court-yards, and contain all their furniture, bedclothes, and a mat; the women and children almost always remain there. The females are not veiled, and have their lips dved blue; round their eyelids is seen the same colour, and a slight tatooing is painted around the lips and on the cheeks. Their only garment is a blue shift, girt above the hips with a white girdle; they all present the appearance of misery and suffering. The men are clothed in a cloak made, without seams, of a heavy cloth woven in black and white stripes without any particular design; and they have the legs, arms, and breast naked. After having traversed, for the space of six hours, this yellow and stony, yet fertile plain, we found the earth sink suddenly down beneath our steps, and descried the large valley of the Jordan and the first bright azure glimpees of the beautiful Lake of Gennesareth, or Sea of Galilee, as it is termed in ancient writings and in the Gospels. It was soon entirely developed to our eyes, surrounded on all sides, excepting towards the south, by an amphitheatre of high grey and black mountains. At its southern extremity, and immediately beneath our feet, it narrowed and opened to permit the river of the prophets, the river of the Gospel,—the Jordan. to flow out of it.

The Jordan issues out in a winding course from the lake, glides into the low marshy plain of Esdraelon at about fifty paces distance, and passes, with a little foam and emitting its first murmurs, under the ruined arches of a bridge of Roman architecture. Thither we directed our course, by a steep, stony path; longing to salute those waters consecrated by the reminiscences of two religions. In a few minutes we were on its banks, and bathed head, feet, and hands in its sweet waters, which are warm and blue, like those of the Rhone as it issues from the Lake of Geneva. The Jordan at this spot,

which is situated about half way down its course, would not be worthy of the name of a river in a country of larger dimensions, but still it is much larger than either the Eurotas, the Cephisus, or any of those rivers whose historical or fabulous names are early imprinted on our memories, and present us with images of strength, rapidity, and abundance, which are easily destroyed by the reality. The Jordan, even here, is something more than a brook, though at the end of a dry autumn it slowly rolls, through a bed of about a hundred feet in width, a sheet of water two or three feet deep, clear, limpid, and transparent, allowing the pebbles at its bottom to be counted, and of a fine colour, which reflects all the deep tint of an Asiatic firmament, and is bluer than even the sky itself; like a picture which is handsomer than the original, or a crystal which colours all that it reflects. At twenty or thirty paces from its brink, the beach, which is now left quite dry, is strewn with rolling stones, with reeds and some rose-laurel trees that are still in blossom. This beach is five or six feet lower than the level of the plain, and shows the size of the river in the ordinary seasons of its highest waters; which, in my opinion, must be about ten feet in depth by a hundred or a hundred and twenty in breadth. It is narrower both higher up and lower down in the plain, but then it is deeper and more narrowly shut up, and the place where we were looking at it, is one of the four fords which are all that it contains in the whole of its course. I drank out of the hollow of my hand some of the water of the Jordan, that water which so many divine poets had drank of before me, that water which flowed over the innocent head of the Voluntary Victim. found this water perfectly sweet, of an agreeable taste, and of a high degree of purity. The habit that is contracted in travelling in the East, of drinking only water, and drinking it often, renders the palate an excellent judge of the qualities of a new water; the Jordan was deficient in only one of those qualities, which was coolness; it was quite warm, and though my lips and hands were heated by a journey of eleven hours,

have laboriously sought to give the lie to the Bible, and to knock the prophecies on the head. Would not one think, to see these great contests about a word ill understood or badly explained on both sides, that religions are geometrical matters demonstrated by figures or destroyed by arguments, and that whole generations of believers or infidels are waiting the end of the discussion, ready to pass immediately over to the side of the best logician or of the most erudite or ingenious antiquary? Fruitless disputes which neither pervert nor convert a single person! Religions are neither proved, nor demonstrated, nor established, nor ruined by logic; they are, of all the mysteries of nature and of the human mind. the most mysterious and inexplicable; they belong to instinct and not to ratiocination; like the winds which blow from the east or from the west, but of which no one knows either the cause or the commencement, so they blow, God only knows whence, God only knows why, God only knows for how many ages and upon what countries of the globe. They are. because they are; they are not taken up or cast away at pleasure, or at the words from such or such a mouth: they form part of the very heart, and still more so of the soul of man. Where is the man who will say, "I am a Christian because I have there a decisive answer in such a book, or an insurmountable objection in such another?" Every sensible man, when asked for a reason for his religion, will answer. "I am a Christian because the core of my heart is Christian, because I drew it in with my mother's milk, because all the sympathies of my mind and soul are closely connected with this doctrine, because I live on the air of my own times, without foreseeing what that will be on which the future will live."

Two villages might be seen suspended on the precipitous sides of the Lake of Gennesareth; one at about the distance of a quarter of an hour's journey, right in front of us on the other side of Jordan, the other at a few hundred fathoms to the left, and on the same bank of the river as ourselves. We were ignorant as to what race of Arabs inhabited these villages, and we had been forewarned to be on our guard against any

surprise which might be apprehended from the Arabs of the Jordan, who rarely suffer any person to cross their plains and river with impunity. We were well mounted and armed, and the rapid and unexpected conquest of Syria by Mehemet Ali had struck all the Arabs with such a consternation of fear and astonishment, that the moment was well adapted for attempting bold incursions into their territories; they did not know who we were, because we travelled with so much confidence among them, and they might naturally suppose that we were closely followed by superior forces to any that they could bring against us; so that their fear for the morrow, and their apprehension of a speedy vengeance, rendered our journey perfectly safe. In this view, I went and boldly encamped in the very midst of the last of the Arabian villages I have spoken of; I do not know its name; it is built (if shapeless blocks of stone and mud can be called buildings), on the very extremity of the high shore that overlooks the Sea of Galilee. While our Arabs were pitching our tents, I descended by myself the steep declivity that leads down to the lake, which bathed it with its murmuring waves, and bordered it with a fringe of light foam, that disappeared and was renewed at every return of its short and rapid billows, resembling those of a calm, deep sea when they come and die on the sand in the bottom of a narrow bay. I had scarcely sufficient time to bathe in its waters (which were the theatre of so many scenes of that grand modern moral poem, the Gospel), and to pick up a few handfuls of its shells for my friends in Europe; for already the sun was descending the high, black, volcanie peaks of the table-land of Tiberias, and some Arabs, who were wandering on the beach and had seen me descending alone. might possibly be tempted by the opportunity. I ascended right towards them with my gun in my hand; they looked at me, and saluted me by putting the hand on the heart, and We stretched ourselves out on our I returned to the tents. mats, overcome with fatigue, and having our hands still on our weapons, in order that we might be ready on the first alarm: nothing disturbed the silence and repose of that beautiful

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night, when we were lulled to slumber by the sweet murmu of the waves of the Sea of Jesus, as they softly kissed it shores, by the wind whistling in melodious gusts among th tight cords of our tents, and by the pious thoughts and sacrerecollections which each of these sounds awakened within ou minds.

When, on the dawn of the next day, we came out of ou tents to go and bathe in the lake, we only saw the Arabs wives combing their long black hair on the roofs of their cottages, some herdsmen occupied in milking, for our use their cows and goats, and some naked village children play ing familiarly with our dogs and horses; the cock was crow ing, the child crying, and the mother rocking or suckling it just the same as in a peaceful hamlet of France or Switzer land. We congratulated ourselves on having risked a journe through a part of Galilee so much dreaded and so little known, and we did not doubt but that the same pacific reception awaited us farther on still, if we had wished to have plunged even into Arabia itself. We were in possession o all the means necessary for traversing in safety Samaria, and the country of Naplousa, the ancient Sichem, through M Cottafago, who is all-powerful in that country, and who offered to introduce us, by his numerous Arabian friends, and to send his own brother to accompany us. But persona anxieties have compelled me to forego this route and to return by that of Nazareth and Mount Carmel, where I hope to find despatches and letters from Bayruth.

However, we again got on horseback, to coast along the sacred shores of the beautiful Lake of Gennesareth, till we should come to the extremity of this Sea of Tiberias. The caravan departed silently from the village where we had slept, and travelled along the western bank of the lake, at few paces' distance from its waves, on a beach of sand and pebbles, strewn here and there with some tufts of rose-laure trees, and shrubs with light, indented leaves, which bear a flower like that of the lilac. On our left, a chain of perpendicular hills (black, bare, hollowed out into deep ravines

and speckled at different distances by huge, scattered, volcanie stones), stretched all along the shore which we were to travel upon; and advanced in a dark, naked promontory almost into the middle of thesea, hiding from us the town of Tiberias. and the end of the lake on the side of Lebanon. was heard among us; all our reflections were inward, crowded, and deep: so loudly did sacred reminiscences speak to each of our souls. For my own part, never did any place in the world speak more forcibly or more delightfully to my heart. I have always loved to traverse the material scenes of the sites inhabited by men whom I have known, admired. loved, and revered, as well among the living as among the dead; it has always appeared to me, that the country which a great man has chosen and inhabited during his passage through the world, is the most certain and vocal relic left of him, a sort of material manifestation of his genius, a mute revelation of a part of his soul, a vivid and evident commentary on his life, actions, and thoughts. When young, I passed many solitary and contemplative hours, lying under the olive trees which overshadowed Horace's gardens, within sight of the sparkling cascades of Tibur; I often reclined in the evening, lulled by the sound of the beautiful Sea of Naples. under the drooping branches of the vines, near the place where Virgil willed that his ashes should be deposited, because it was the sweetest and most beauteous spot that his eyes had ever contemplated. Since then, how many mornings and evenings have I spent, sitting at the feet of the fine chestnut trees in the little valley of Charmettes, where the memory of Jean Jacques Rousseau attracted and detained me by sympathy in his feelings, musings, misfortunes, and genius: and so also of several other authors or great men whose names or writings have forcibly resounded within my mind. I have wanted to study them and to become acquainted with them, in the very places which brought them forth or inspired their minds; and a discerning glance almost always discovers a secret and profound analogy between the country and the man, the scene and the actor, the face of nature and the

genius which it has formed and inspired. But it was not the favourite dwelling here below of either a great man or a great poet that I was now visiting; -he was the man of all men-the Divine Man-Nature, Genius, and Virtue clothed in flesh-Divinity incarnate, whose footsteps I was now come to adore on the shores where he imprinted the greatest number of them, on the very waves which bore him, on the very hills where he sat, and on those stones on which he reposed his head. He had seen, with his mortal eyes, that sea, those waves, those hills, and those stones; or rather it should be said that the sea, waves, hills, and stones had witnessed his presence; he had trodden a hundred times this road, where I was reverently walking; his feet had raised the same dust which flew from beneath mine; during the three years of his divine mission he incessantly went and came from Nazareth to Tiberias, or from Jerusalem to Tiberias; he voyaged in the boats of the poor fishermen of the Sea of Galilee; he calmed its tempests; he mounted on its waves, giving his hand to the apostle, who, like me, was " of little faith,"-that celestial hand which I am in need of still more than him amid the more terrible tempests of opinions and sentiments.

The grand and mysterious scenes of the Gospel took place almost wholly on the shores of this lake, and on the mountains which surround and overlook it. Here is Emmaus, where he chose his disciples amid the lowest of mankind, to show that the power of his doctrine lay in the doctrine itself, and not in its feeble instruments. Here is Tiberias, where he appeared to St. Peter, and in three words founded the eternal hierarchy Here is Capernaum; here is the mountain on of his church. which he made his beautiful Sermon on the Mount, where he pronounced the new beatitudes in the style of a Deity; here is the place where he cried, " I have compassion upon the multitude," and multiplied the loaves and fishes, just in the same manner as his word generates and multiplies the life of the soul; here is the bay of the Miraculous Draught of Fishes; here indeed is the whole Gospel with its touching parables, and its tender and delightful similes, which now appear to us with the same beauty in which they appeared to the hearers of the Divine Master himself, when he pointed out to them with his finger, the lamb, the fold, the good shepherd, or the lily of the valley; here is the country which Christ preferred out of all the world, that which he chose as the preparatory scene of his mysterious drama; where, during the thirty obscure years of his life, he had his relations and friends according to the flesh; and where that nature, whose keys were in his possession, appeared to him with the highest charms; here were the mountains where he, like ourselves, watched that sun rising and setting which was so rapidly measuring out his mortal days; and here he came to repose, meditate, pray, and exercise love towards men and God.

## SYRIA AND GILILES.

October 15 1832.

The Sea of Galilee, which is about a league broad at the southern extremity, where we had come upon it, widens, at first gradually, as far as the height of Emmaus, which forms the extremity of the promontory that hid from us the town of Tiberias; then, suddenly, the mountains, which had compressed it as far as that point, open into large bays, and form a vast basin, almost circular, in which it extends and developes itself in a bed of about twelve or fifteen leagues in circumference. This basin is not regular in its form, nor do the mountains descend at every part to the waves; sometimes they recede to some distance from the shore, and leave between themselves and the sea a small low plain, green and fertile as the plains of Gennesareth; sometimes they separate from each other, and leave small openings, which permit its blue waters to penetrate into the inlets which are hollowed out at their bases and darkened by their shadows. The most sweetly skilful painter's hand could not delineate outlines more gracefully rounded, more indecisive and diversified than those which the hand of the Creator has conferred on these waters and mountains, and by which it seems to have prepared

the Gospel scenes expressly for the work of grace, peace, reconciliation, and love, the accomplishment of which they were at some future time to witness. To the east, the mountains form, from the peaks of Gilboa, which are dimly seen on the southern side, to the summits of Lebanon, which appear in the north, a close, yet undulating and winding chain, whose dark links seem every now and then ready to divide, and even in some places to break, in order to permit a little of the sky to pass through them. The summits of these mountains are not terminated by those sharp tooth-like peaks, those rocks sharpened by the tempests, which present their worn points to the lightning and the winds, and always con fer on lofty mountain chains an aspect of antiquity, horror, and ruin, that saddens the heart while it elevates the reflections. These, on the contrary, diminish gradually into ridges differing from each other in breadth, steepness, and foliage: some being clothed with scattered oaks, others with verdant thickets; these with naked but fertile soil, which still retains the traces of diversified cultivation; those with the pure morning or evening light which glistens on their surface, and tinges them of a fine yellow or blue and violet hue, richer than the pencil can possibly imitate. Their sides, though they do not afford space enough for any real valley, yet are not joined into a perfectly regular rampart, but are furrowed at different distances by wide, deep ravines, as if the mountains had cracked under their own weight; and the natural combinations of light and shade often cause these ravines to appear like luminous patches, or still oftener like dark blotches, which attract the eye and break the uniformity of the lines and colours. Lower down, they press closer to each other, and project here and there into the lake, in hillocks and small round hills, which form a pleasant and graceful transition between their peaks and the waters in which they are reflected. There is scarcely any spot on the eastern side at which the rocks are able to pierce through the coat of vegetation with which they are thickly covered; and this Arcadia of Judea thus unites, in every part, to the majesty and

solemnity of mountainous countries the aspect of the diversified fertility and abundance of champaign scenery. Oh, if the dews of Hermon yet descended on its bosom!

At the end of the lake towards the north, this chain of mountains gradually grows lower as it recedes farther off, and a plain is distinguishable in the distance, which gradually merges into the waves. At the extremity of this plain is a white mass of foam, which seems to be tumbling from a considerable height into the sea; this is the Jordan, which there falls into the lake, passing through it without mingling with its waters, and issuing out in silent and pure tranquillity at the spot which has already been described. All this northern extremity of the Sea of Galilee is surrounded by a border of fields, which appear to be under cultivation; where there may be distinguished the yellow stubble of the last harvest, and large fields of rushes, which the Arabs cultivate wherever there is a stream to water the roots. I have already described the chains of volcanic hills, which we had followed ever since the dawn of day; and they continue unaltered as far as Tibe-Avalanches of black stones, thrown out of the still halfopen craters of a hundred extinguished volcanic cones, cross, every instant, the steep slopes of this sombre and melancholy coast. Our road was diversified only by the grotesque form and strange colours of the lofty masses of indurated lavawhich were scattered around us, and by the ruined walls. broken gates of towns, and prostrate columns, which, at every step, our horses had to leap over. The coasts of the Sea of Galilee on this Judean side were, so to speak, only one vast town. These ruins are multiplied around us, and the multitude of the towns, together with the magnificence of construction which is shown in their mutilated fragments. recall to my recollection the road which lies along the base of Mount. Vesuvius, from Castellamare to Portici; for in the same manner as is there seen, the banks of the Lake of Gennesareth seem to bear crops of towns, instead of harvests and forests. After journeying two hours, we arrived at the extremity of a promontory that projects into the lake, and

then the town of Tiberias suddenly burst upon us, like a living and shining apparition of a town that existed two thousand years ago. It covers the side of a black, naked hill, which slopes rapidly down to the lake, and is surrounded by a lofty square wall flanked with fifteen or twenty embattled towers. The peaks of two white, solitary minarets rise above these walls and towers, and all the rest of the town scems to be hiding from the Arab under the shelter of these high ramparts, and only presents to the eye the low monotonous canopy of its grey roofs exactly resembling the indented shell of a tortoise.

Stopped here, at the Turkish mineral bath of Emmaus—isolated cupola surrounded by magnificent ruins of Roman or Jewish baths.—Took up our abode in the very bathing room itself—basin filled with running water of the temperature of 100° Fahrenheit.—Took a bath—slept an hour—remounted my horse.—Tempest on the lake, which I had ardently wished to see—water as green as the rushes that surround it—yellow, dazzling foam—crowded waves of a considerable height—tremendous noise of the billows on the volcanic pebbles that they roll and grind; but there are no boats in danger or within sight—not one on all the lake.—Entered Tiberias under a storm, and a noon-day shower of rain—took shelter in the Latin church—had a fire lighted in the middle of the deserted edifice, the first church of Christianity.

Tiberias is not worth a passing glance, even at its interior; it is a confused and dirty collection of a few hundred houses, resembling the Arab huts, made of mud and straw. We were saluted in Italian and in German by several Polish and German Jews, who, at the close of their days, when they are waiting only for the uncertain hour of death, come to pass their last moments at Tiberias, on the border of their own sea, in the very heart of their dear country, that they may expire under their own sun, and be buried in their own land, like Abraham and Jacob.—To sleep on the couch of his fathers—what a testimony of the inextinguishable love of country!—in vain is it denied—there is a sympathy, an affinity between

man and the land from which he was formed, and out of which he came—good is it and pleasant, for him to bring back to its own place that morsel of dust which has been lent him for a few years.—Oh my God, so ordain it that I also may sleep in the land of my fathers and near their dust!

Nine hours' travelling, without rest, brought us back again, on the road to Nazareth, to Cana, the scene of the first of our Saviour's miracles; a pretty Turkish village, elegantly hanging on the two sides of a fertile hollow of land, surrounded by hills covered with nopals, oaks, and olives—around it are pomegranate trees, three palms, and some fig trees—women and flocks around the troughs of the fountain.—House of St. Bartholomew, the Apostle, in the village—beside it, is the house where the miracle took place of turning the water into wine; it is in ruins and roofless: the monks still show the jars which contained the miraculous wine.—Monkish embroideries, which every where disfigure the simple robe of religious traditions.

After having quenched our thirst and rested ourselves for an instant beside the fountain of Cana, we resumed our journey by moonlight. We crossed some plains pretty well cultivated; then a succession of woody hills, which rise higher as they approach nearer to Nazareth. After a journey of three hours and a half, we arrived at the door of the Latin convent, and were again received into Nazareth.

October 16.

On my awaking, I was surprised to hear a voice saluting me in Italian; it was that of an old vice-consul of France at Acre, M. Cattafago, an important personage, very well known throughout all Syria, where his title of European agent, his friendship with Abdalla, pacha of Acre, his trade and wealth, have rendered him celebrated and powerful. He is still the Austrian consul at Acre. His dress agreed with his double nature of Arab and European. He was clothed in a scarlet pelisse, trimmed with ermine, and wore an immense three-

cornered hat, which is the distinguishing mark of French agents in the East. This hat takes its date from the time of the Egyptian war; it is the religiously preserved legacy of some general in Bonaparte's brigade, and is only put on on official occasions, in audiences of the pacha, or when an European passes through the country. It seems like one's dii penates come back to visit us. M. Cattafago was a little old man, having the intelligent, strongly marked, and penetrating countenance of the Arabs; his eyes, full of fire tempered by benevolence and politeness, enlightened his features with a ray of superior intelligence. It might be seen at a cursory glance how great an ascendancy such a man must have acquired over the Turks and Arabs, who are generally deficient in that principle of activity which sparkled in the eyes, and appeared in the motions and gestures, of M. Cattafago. He held in his hand a packet of letters for me, which he had just received from the coast of Syria by one of Ibrahim Pacha's couriers, and a series of French newspapers which had come for himself. He had naturally supposed that it would give both surprise and pleasure to a French traveller thus to find recent news from Europe in the midst of the desert, and at the distance of a thousand leagues from his native land. I read the letters, which still gave me some anxiety about Julia's health. M. Cattafago lest me, entreating me to go and breakfast in a tent which he had constructed at Nazareth, and where he passed the hot summer days alone; and I then opened the newspapers. My own name was the first that attracted my attention; it was in a number of the Journal des Debats, in which were quoted some verses which I had, when about to leave France, addressed to Sir Walter Scott. I lighted upon the following, whose sad and troubled import accorded so well with the scene in which chance had sent them to me-the scene of the greatest revolutions of the human mind—the scene where the Spirit of God had so forcibly agitated mankind, and whence the renovating idea of Christianity had taken its flight over the world; thus being analogous to the agitation occasioned by an idea, which is the daughter of Christianity, on those shores whence my own accents had thus returned to me.

And art thou flown
To Heav'n's bright throne,
Weary spectator of life's stormy tide;
Gone to thy blest abode,
And in this toilsome road
Left us without a prophet, bard, or guide?

This troubled world,
Where down are hurl'd
From shatter'd thrones the mighty and the great;
Where moral carthquakes crush,
Where living tempests rush,
And kings can ne'or secure a day from fate.

For help we cry,
Our strength we try—
No outward help or innate force is found;
For Time's resistless pow'r
Gives strongest men their bour,
Then dashes them with fury to the ground.

A child may chide
The calm ebb-tide;
But in an age of wild and raging strife,
The greatest men are small,
The highest chiefs must fall;
For none may rule the waves of human life.

Mark how the rod
And hand of God
Raise and abase the different grades of men!
The soldier and the slave,
King, courtier, and knave
Gain madd'ning pow'r that sinks them low again.

See how the word
Of nature's Lord
Shakes it again to wild chaotic dust;
The raging billows rise,
Commingling with the skies,
All blown to ruin by a whirlwind's gust.

The sceptre's law
No more can awe;
Safety when sought in all is found in none;
'Mid thunder's rolling crash
And lightning's vivid flash,
Life's fragile bark its dang'rous course must run.

I read these verses again, as if they had belonged to some one else, so completely had they been effaced from my recollection; I was afresh struck with the same feeling which had formerly inspired them into me; that feeling of a general confusion of all things, of the universal giddiness and trepidation of the human mind; which runs forward with a rapidity too great to allow it to notice its way, but which has the instinct of a new but unknown goal, whither God is leading it by the rough and precipitous road of social catastrophes. I also admired that wonderful power of locomotion which belongs to the human intellect, to the press, and to the system of newspapers, by which a thought that happened to cross my brow six months before in a wood at Saint Point, came to find me again, like a daughter seeking her sire; and aroused the old echoes of the rocks of Nazareth with the accents of a language, which, though young, is already universal.

October 20.

Breakfasted at M. Cattafago's tent, with one of his brothers and some Arabs. Traversed once more the neighbourhood of Nazareth; visited the stone in the mountain where, according to tradition, Jesus went to take his meals with his first disciples. M. Cattafago gives me letters for Acre, and also for the mutzelin of Jerusalem.

October 21.

Departed from Nazareth at six o'clock this morning. All the Spanish and Italian fathers crowded around our horses in the court-yard, and offered us, some their good wishes and prayers for our journey, and others fresh provisions, excellent bread baked during the night, olives, and Spanish chocolate. I gave the superior five hundred piastres to recompense him for his hospitality. This, however, did not prevent some of the young fathers from softly whispering their requests into my ear, and receiving secretly a few handfuls of piastres, to buy tobacco and some other little monastic comforts, which amuse their solitude. Travellers have drawn a false and romantic picture of the convents in the Holy Land; nothing is less poetical or less religious when seen close at hand. The idea of them is great and beautiful; -men tear themselves away from the conveniences of Western civilization, to go and expose their lives, or to pass an existence of privations and martyrdom, among the persecutors of their faith, on the very places where the mysteries of their religion have consecrated the soil; there they fast, watch, and pray, amid the blasphemies of the Turks and Arabs, in order that a little Christian incense may still smoke on every spot where Christianity was first born. They are the guardians of the holy cradle and tomb; and the angel of judgment will find them alone at their place, like those holy women who watched and wept near the empty Sepulchre. All this is very fine and grand to think of, but when we come to the fact, there is a subtraction to be made of almost all the magnificent. There is neither persecution nor martyrdom; but all around these monasteries a Christian population is at the monks' service and obedient to their orders. The Turks do not disturb them; on the contrary, they protect them: they are the most tolerant people in the whole world, and can the most readily understand religious worship and prayer, in whatever shape or language it may be presented to their notice; they hate only atheism, which they reasonably take to be a de

gradation of the human understanding, and a greater insult to human nature than even to God himself, the great and palpably evident Being. These convents are, moreover, under the redoubtable and inviolable protection of the Christian powers, as represented by their consuls; on the superior's making any complaint, the consul writes to the pacha, and instant justice is done. The monks whom I have seen in the Holy Land, far from presenting any appearance of that long martyrdom, with the reputation of which they have been honoured, have always seemed to me to be among the happiest, the most respected, and the most formidable of all the inhabitants of these regions. They live in a sort of fortresses, something like our old castles of the middle ages; these dwellings are inviolable, are surrounded with walls. and shut with iron doors, which are never opened except to admit the Catholic population of the vicinity, who come to be present at their services, to receive a little religious instruction, and to pay, in respect and devotion to the monks, their sacerdotal revenue. I never went out, in company with one of the fathers, into the streets of one of the towns of Syria, but what the women and children came to bow down under the priest's hand, and to kiss that hand and the hem of his gown. Even the Turks themselves, far from insulting them, seem to partake in the general impression of respect which is felt on their passage.

Now, who are these monks? Generally Spanish or Italian peasants, who, having entered when young into the convents of their native countries, and being tired of monastic life, wish to divarsify it a little by the view of unknown countries; and therefore ask to be sent into the Holy Land. Their residence in those houses of their order which are established in the East, rarely lasts longer than two or three years; a vessel comes to take them back, and brings others to replace them. Those who learn Arabic and devote themselves to the service of the Catholic population of the towns, remain there for a longer time, and spend almost all their life there. Their life and occupations are exactly like those of our country

curates, but they are surrounded by still greater veneration and attachment. The rest of them remain shut up within the circuit of their convent, or pass, in a course of pilgrimage, from one of their houses to another; sometimes at Nazareth. sometimes at Bethlehem, sometimes at Rome, and sometimes at Jaffa, or at the convent of St. John in the Desert. They have nothing to do but to perform the services of the church, and to walk in their gardens or on the roofs of the convent. They have no books, no studies, no useful occupation; they are eaten up with ennui, and cabals are in continual course of formation within the convent; the Spaniards revile the Italians, and the Italians the Spaniards. We were not greatly edified by the gossip of the monks of Nazareth about each other: nor could we find one of them who was able to sustain the smallest rational conversation, even on the very subjects with which their vocation ought to have made them most They had not the slightest acquaintance with sacred antiquity, with the Fathers, or with the history of the places where they dwelt; and all their knowledge is comprised within a certain number of popular and ridiculous traditions, which they transmit to each other without any examination, and give to travellers in the same state as they have received them from the ignorance and credulity of the Arabian Christians of the country. They all long for the moment of their deliverance, and return back to Spain or Italy without any profit either to themselves or to religion. Moreover, the convent granaries are well filled, and its cellars contain the best wines that the country produces, and which they alone have the art of making. Every two years a ship arrives from Spain, bringing to the Father Superior the revenue sent them by the Catholic powers, Spain, Portugal, and Italy. This sum of money, augmented by the pious alms of the Egyptian, Grecian, Constantinopolitan, and Syrian Christians, is said to furnish them with an income of three or four hundred thousand francs, which is divided among the different convents, according to the number of • £13,000 or £17,000.

monks or the wants of the community. The buildings are kept in good repair, and every thing is indicative of ease and even of comparative wealth in those houses which I have visited. I never saw any thing scandalously immoral in the monks of the Holy Land; ignorance, indolence, and tedium are the three sores which might and must be healed.

These men seemed to me to be simple, and sincerely, but fanatically, credulous. Some of them, even at Nazareth, appeared to be veritable saints, animated with the most ardent faith and the most active charity; humble, mild, patient, and the voluntary servants of their brethren and of foreigners. I have brought away in my memory the images of their open and peaceful features, and I bear the recollection of their hospitality in my heart. I am also in possession of their names; but of what consequence will it be to them that their names run throughout the world, provided that Heaven is acquainted with them, and that their virtues yet remain immured in the cloisters where they have delighted to conceal them.

## The same day.

On coming out of Nazareth, we encompass the side of a mountain clothed with fig trees and nopals; while on the left opens a green and shady valley, on one of whose slopes is situated a single pretty country-house, recalling to the imagination our European houses. It belongs to an Arabian merchant of Acre. Europeans are not in any danger in the neighbourhood of Nazareth; an almost entirely Christian population is wholly at their service. After two hours' travelling, we reached a succession of little valleys, winding gracefully amid small hills covered with fine forests of evergreen oaks, which separate the plain of Kaipha from the country of Nazareth and the desert of Mount Tabor. Mount Carmel, which is a lofty chain of mountains that commences at the river Jordan and ends perpendicularly at the sea, begins to be distinguishable on our left. Its dark green outline is delineated on a deep blue sky undulating with warm vapours like those that issue from the throat of a furnace; and its

steep sides are strewn with strong and vigorous vegetation. It presents to view, everywhere, a rough bed of shrubs, overtopped here and there by the aspiring heads of the ouks: and grey rocks, carved by Nature herself into grotesque and colossal forms, pierce through the verdure from time to time. and reflect the brilliant rays of the sun. Such is the prospect at the extreme point of sight on our left: at our feet, the valleys, whose courses we were following, descended in gentle slopes, and began to open into the pretty plain of Kaipha. We ascended the last hills that separated us from it, and never lost sight of it for a short time, but to recover the view of it in a few moments. These hills, which lie between Palestine and maritime Syria, are, at once, one of the sweetest and most solemn situations that we have ever seen. Here and there, forests of oaks, abandoned to their own wild growth. form extended glades covered with sward as smooth as that of our Western meadows; behind, the summit of Tabor rises. like an altar crowned with verdant garlands, into a flaming sky; and farther off still, the blue peaks of the mountains of Gilbon and the hills of Samaria tremble in the undulating horizon. Carmel spreads its dark veil, in deep folds, over one side of the scene, and the eye, following it, reaches the sea, which forms the ultimate boundary of all, just as the sky terminates the view in extensive inland prospects. many situations have I not here chosen in thought, where I might erect a house, a rural fortress, and found a colony with some European friends, and a few hundreds of those young men who are disinherited of all their future prospects in our own over-populated countries. The beauty of the earth and sky, the prodigious fertility of the soil, the variety of tropical productions which can there be raised from the land, the facility of obtaining labourers at low wages, the near vicinity of two vast, fertile, well watered, yet uncultivated plains, the proximity of the sea for the exportation of commodities, the safety which might be easily secured against the Arabs of the Jordan, by erecting a few slight fortifications at the entrances. of the gorges of the hills;—all these have made me choose

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this part of Syria, for that enterprize of agriculture and civilization which I have since determined upon.

The same evening.

We have been surprised by a storm in the middle of the day, and I have seen but few so terrible. The clouds rose perpendicularly, like towers, above Mount Carmel; presently they covered all the long ridge of that chain of mountains, which, though the moment before so serene and brilliant. was by slow degrees plunged in rolling billows of darkness. cleft here and there by flashes of fire. The horizon sunk down and grew narrower around us. The thunder did not resound in claps; it was one single majestic roll, a continued roar, like the noise of the waves on the beach during a violent tempest. The lightnings literally streamed out, like torrents of fire from heaven, over the dark sides of Carmel; the oaks on the mountain, and those on the hills where we were standing, bent like reeds before the wind, which, issuing out of the defiles and caverns, would have overturned us, if we had not dismounted from our horses and found a little shelter behind the side of a rock in the dry bed of a torrent. The dry leaves, whirled on high by the wind, rolled in clouds over our heads, and the branches of the trees showered down about us. I recalled to mind the Bible and the miracles of Elijah, that exterminating prophet on his own mountain; -his grotto was but at a short distance.

The storm only lasted half an hour: we drank the rain water which, during its continuance, had collected in the felt coverings of our horses. We rested a few moments at about half way between Nazareth and Kaïpha, and then resumed our journey along the base of Mount Carmel, having the mountain on our left, and on our right a wide plain containing a river Carmel, which we thus followed during about four hours' journey, perpetually presented the same severe and solemn aspect; it is an almost perpendicular wall of gigantic dimensions, and clothed everywhere with a covering



<sup>•</sup> See 1 Kings xviii. 40-45; and 2 Kings i. 9-12.

of shrubs and odoriferous herbs. There is not a single spot of naked rock; but some fragments, which have been detached from it, have fallen down into the plain, and seem like citadels built by Nature to serve as a basis and shelter to the villages of the Arabian agriculturists. We only met with one of these villages, about two hours before we perceived the town of Kaïpha. The houses are low, without windows, and are covered with a terraced roof, which protects them from the rain. Higher up above, the Arabs raise a second story, formed by a verdant stage of boughs and foliage upheld by trunks of trees, which they inhabit during the summer. The roofs were covered with men and women, who watched us go by, and shouted abusive language against us: these people have a ferocious aspect; none of them however dared to come down from the hill and insult us closer.

At seven o'clock we approached Kaipha, whose domes, mmarets, and white walls form, like all other towns in the East, a brilliant and cheerful prospect at a certain distance. Kaïpha rises at the foot of Carmel, upon a beach of white sand on the brink of the sea, and forms one extremity of a crescent, of which Acre is the other. A bay, about two leagues broad, lies between them, whose coast is one of the most delicious that the mariner's eye can possibly rest on. Acre, with its fortifications battered by the artillery of Ibrahim Pacha and Napoleon, having the light peeping through the pierced cupola of its beautiful ruined mosque, and with the different sails entering and leaving its port, attracts the eve to a most important point, which has been rendered still more illustrious by the annals of war; at the bottom of the bay is a vast cultivated plain, over which projects the huge shadow of Mount Carmel; and then comes Kaipha, like the sister of Acre, surrounding the other side of the bay, and advancing into the sea with its little jetty, where some Arabian brigs are dancing on the oscillating waves; above Kaipha is a wood of large olive trees; higher up, a road, carved out in the rock, borders along the summit of the promontory of Carmel, where may be seen two large buildings crowning the

mountain; one is a pleasure house of Ahdalla, pacha of Acre, the other, a convent of the monks of Mount Carmel, recently built by the alms of Christendom, and surmounted by a large tricolour flag to announce to us an asylum and protection for Frenchmen: a little lower down than the convent are some immense caverns hollowed out in the granite of the mountain, the celebrated grottoes of the prophets;—such is the prospect which strikes upon our view on entering the narrow, dusty streets of Kaïpha. The astonished inhabitants look with terror on our long caravan, as it defiles through the streets. We did not know a single individual, nor could we claim either lodging or hospitality. By chance we met with a young Piedmontese, who has performed the functions of vice-consul at Kaïpha ever since the taking and overthrow of Acre. M. Bianco, the Sardinian consul in Syria, had written to him without our knowledge, and entreated him to receive us if we should happen to pass through Kaipha. He came up to us, enquired our names, and conducted us to the door of the little ruined house, where he lived with his mother and two young sisters. We left our horses and Arabs to encamp on the sea coast near to the town, and entered M. Malagamba's house, for that was the name of this young and amiable vice-consul, the only European who remains in this desolate battle-field, since the complete ruin of Acre by the Egyptians.

A small court-yard and a wooden staircase led to a little terrace covered with palm leaves, behind which were two unfurnished rooms, surrounded by a divan, which is the only indispensable piece of furniture both of rich and poor in the East; a few flower-pots were on the terrace; there was a dovecote filled with pretty, grey doves, kept by M. Malagamba's sisters; around the walls were shelves, on which were arranged in order cups, pipes, drinking-glasses, silver chafing-dishes for perfumes, and wooden crucifixes incrusted with mother-of-pearl, and made at Bethlehem;—this was all the furniture of this poor house, where a decayed family, for a yearly salary of 1000 piastres, [or about £6 sterling,] repre-

sents one of our European powers. M. Malagamba's mothe received us with the accustomed ceremonies of the country she presented us with perfumes and scented water, and scarcely had we seated ourselves on the divan and wiped th perspiration from our foreheads, when her daughters, like two celestial apparitions, came out of the next room and presente us with orange-flower water, and sweetmeats on china porce lain plates. Such is the empire of beauty over the soul that, though burning with thirst and worn out by twelve hours travelling, we should have remained in silent contemplation of these two young girls, without putting the glass to our lime if the mother had not pressed us by her intreaties to accept whe her daughters were offering us. The East was there in all it beauty, such as I had dreamed it in my happy years, with m imagination filled with the delightful descriptions of its tale tel lers and poets. One of the girls was only in her childhood and was but the elegant counterpart of her sister, like those image which illuminate another by the light they throw upon it After having offered us all the attentions of an hospitality a simple as it was poetic, the young ladies came and took their places beside their mother on the divan opposite us. It was a picture that I wish to render into words, that I may pre serve it in these notes just as I see it in my thoughts; bu while we have within us a faculty of perception for beauty is all its shades, delicacies, and mysteries, we have but on vague and abstract word to say what "beauty" is. This is the peculiar excellence of painting; it communicates at 1 glance, and preserves for centuries, that transportingly en chanting image of a woman's countenance, of which the poe can only say, " She is beautiful;" and it must be believed on his assertion, but his words do not depict it.

The young damsel was, then, sitting on the carpet, her legidoubled up under her, her elbow leaning on her mother; knees, and her face inclined a little backwards; sometimes raising her blue eyes to express to her parent her innocent astonishment at our appearance and language; sometimes glancing them again upon us with graceful curiosity, there

involuntarily drooping them down and hiding them beneath the long black silken eye-lashes, while a fresh blush mantled over her cheeks, or a slight, ill-suppressed smile wreathed around her lips. Our singular dress was entirely new to her, and the strangeness of our customs caused in her a coutinually fresh astonishment; in vain did her mother make signs to her that she must not show her surprise, for fear it should offend us; the simplicity and naïveté of her feelings became manifest in spite of herself on her girlish face, and her soul was depicted in every expression of her countenance with so much beauty and transparency, that her thoughts might have been seen beneath her skin, before she could have been conscious of them herself. The glittering dance of the sun's rays, shooting through the dark shades, and sparkling on the clear, rippled stream, is less brilliant and less changeable than were this maiden's features. We could not detach our looks from them, and we felt already reposed and refreshed by the mere sight of that countenance, which none of us will ever forget.

Mile. Malagamba's beauty is of a kind that is rarely met with, excepting in the East; a perfectly finished form, such as is found in Greek statuary; the soul shining out in the looks as in the Southern races; and simplicity of expression such as no longer exists excepting among primitive nations,—when these three constituents of beauty are united in one female face, and harmoniously combine in a countenance in the primal flower of youth; when the meditative thoughts, wandering over the features, mildly enlighten with their humid radiance eyes, where can be read the very inmost soul (inasmuch as innocence does not suspect any need of concealment); when delicacy of contour, chaste purity of outline, and soft pliability of form disclose to the eye the voluptuous sensibilities of a being born expressly for love, and so mingle and confound the feelings of the soul and the sensations of the body, that it is impossible to decide whether the emotions excited, on contemplating it, are those of sensuality or admiration; -then is beauty complete, and

then do we experience that entire satisfaction to the senses and to the heart, that harmonious joy which is not what we call by the name of love, but which is the love of the understanding, the love of the artist, the love of genius for a perfect piece of workmanship; then we say, " It is good to be here." and we cannot snatch ourselves from a spot, where, only a moment before, we had sat down with perfect indifference; so truly is beauty the light of the spirit and the invincible attraction of the heart. Her personal charms were still further heightened by her oriental costume; her long fair hair, of a light auburn, slightly tinged with gleams of a golden hue, was braided on her head in a thousand tresses which fell on both sides over her naked shoulders; and a confused medley of pearls, strings of gold sequins, and red and white flowers, was strewn over it, as if a hand had been drawn from a casket, and opened over her head, and thus had showered down on it at hazard that collection of jewels and flowers: every thing adorned her well, and indeed nothing could be unbecoming on a head of fair fifteen. Her boson was uncovered, after the fashion of the Arabian females: a muslin gown, embroidered with silver flowers, was fastened by a shawl around her waist; her arms were passed through the waving sleeves, open down to the elbow, of a green cloth vest, the skirts of which waved freely over her hips; wide trousers with numerous folds complete this costume, and her bare legs were surrounded above the ancles by bracelets of embossed silver, one of which was adorned with small silver bells, whose tinkling accompanied every movement of her feet. No poet has ever described so enchanting an apparition. Haidée, in Lord Byron's Don Juan, has some of the qualities of Mlle. Malagamba, but she is still far from that perfection of beauty, innocence, soft confusion, voluptuous languor, and serene brilliancy, which are mingled together in these yet childish features. I shall imprint the recollection of her deep in my memory, to delineate her at some future time, as the model of pure love and beauty, in the poem in which I intend to consecrate my impressions.

How beautiful a picture would this scene of our journey have furnished for a painter, had there been one amongst us. Our rich and picturesque Turkish costumes; our arms, of all sorts, spread around us on the floor; our greyhounds couched at our feet; these three female figures sitting cross-legged opposite us, on an Aleppo carpet; their attitudes so full of simplicity, singularity, and negligence; the expression of their countenances while I was relating to them my travels, or when we compared our European customs with that kind of hospitality which they were presenting us with; the censers of perfumes burning in one corner of the room, and filling the evening breeze with balmy odours; the antique shapes of the vases, in which they were offering us sherbet, and aromatic beverages; and all this within a dilapidated apartment, opening to the sea, into which the branches of a palm tree, that grew in the court, entered through the large openings which served for windows. I feel regret that I cannot bear this scene to my friends, in the same manner as I carry it away in my own imagination.

Mme. Malagamba, the mother, is a Greek lady, a native of the island of Cyprus, where, at the age of fourteen, she was married to M. Malagamba, a wealthy Frank merchant, who was, at the same time, consul at Larnaca. Misfortunes and revolutions ruined M. Malagamba's fortunes; he came and sought for a petty place of consular agent at Acre, and died there, leaving his wife and four children in complete destitution. His son, a young man remarkable for intelligence and integrity, was employed by several consuls, and at last obtained the place of Sardinian consular agent at Kaipha; and with the small salary of this precarious employment he supports his mother and sisters. The eldest sister, who is as beautiful as she whom we so much admired, inspired so violent a passion into one of the young monks of the monastery of Kaipha, who happened to see her from the roof of the convent, that he took flight on board an English vessel, embraced the Protestant religion, that he might ask her in marriage, and tried every possible means to carry her off, under





several different disguises. He was still thought to be hidden, at that very time, in some town on the coast of Syria, in order to execute his enterprise; but the Turkish authorities watched vigilantly over the safety of the family, and if the moaks (who exercise over the members of their own order the most severe and arbitrary justice) should succeed in discovering the fugitive, he would expiate, by perpetual imprisonment, the frantic love that this fatal beauty has lighted up in his heart. We did not see this sister.

Night closed in, and we were obliged at length to force ourselves away from this enchanting reception, and go to seek a lodging at the convent of Mount Carmel. M. Malagamba had gone to advise the fathers of the numerous guests that had arrived for them. We rose up, and were forced, in obedience to the customs of the country, to allow Mme. and Mile. Malagamba to approach their lips to our hands, and we then remounted our horses.

Mount Carmel begins to rise at a few minutes' journey from Kaïpha. We ascended it by a very pretty road, carved out in the rock on the very extremity of the cape; while every step we took disclosed a new view over the sea, the hills of Palestine, and the coasts of Idumea. About half way, we met one of the Carmelite fathers, who has, for forty years, inhabited a little cottage, which serves as a kind of hospital to the poor of the town of Kaipha, and who ascends and descends the mountain twice every day, to go and pray with his breth-We were greatly struck by the mild expression of a serene soul and a cheerful heart, that shone out in all his These expressions of peaceful and untroubled happiness are never united but in men of rude and simple life, and of generous resolutions. The ladder of happiness leads in a downward descent, and the greatest amount of it is much oftener found in humble stations of life than in those that are more exalted. God gives that to the former in internal felicity, which he bestows on the latter in splendour. wealth, and renown. I have made many trials of this. Go into a room, and seek the man whose physiognomy shows VOL. I.

most inward contentment; ask his name: he is an individual unknown and neglected by the world. Providence is thus seen everywhere.

Two fathers were waiting for us at the door of the monastery, which now stands, all newly built and of dazzling whiteness, on the sharpest peak of the cape of Carmel. These were the only inhabitants of this vast and magnificent retreat of the Cenobites. We were received by them as friends and fellow-countrymen, and they placed at our disposal three cells, each provided with a bed (a rare piece of furniture in the East), a chair and a table. Our Arabs and horses took up their abode in the large interior courts of the convent. A supper was served up to us, composed of fresh fish and vegetables cultivated among the rocks on the mountain. We passed a delightful evening, after so many fatigues, seated on the wide balconies, that overlooked the sea and the caverns of the prophets. A serene moon floated on the billows, the murmur and coolness of which reached up as high as we were. We promised ourselves to remain during the morrow in this asylum, to rest our horses and recruit our provisions; for we were about to enter upon a new country, where we should no longer meet with either town or village, and but few springs of fresh water; and we foresaw five days' journey in the desert stretching out before us.

October 22.

Passed a day of rest at the monastery of Mount Carmel, or in traversing the different spots on the mountain, and the grottoes of Elijah and the prophets. The principal of these grottoes, which has evidently been cut by human hands out of the hardest of rocks, is a room of prodigious height; its only prospect is the boundless sea, and its only sound, that of the waves breaking against the ridge of the cape. Tradition says, that this was the school where Elijah taught the mysteries of science and the sublimities of poetry. The place was admirably chosen, and the voice of the old prophet, the master of the whole of such an innumerable generation of

prophets, must have resounded majestically in the hollow bosom of the mountain which he imprinted with so many miracles, and which still bears his name. The history of Elijah is one of the most marvellous in sacred antiquity; he is the Giant of sacred bards. It appears, on reading his life and his terrible acts of vengeance, as though that man had the Lord's thunder for a soul, and that the fire on which he was carried off to heaven was his natural element. would form a fine lyric or epic character to introduce among the mysteries of Jewish civilization. Altogether, the era of the prophets, considered historically, is one of the least intelligible in the life of this wandering nation. Still there may there be seen (and more especially in the time of Elijah), the key to the organization of the prophetic body; it was evidently a sacred and literary class, which was ever found in opposition to the kings: they were the sacred tribunes of the people, exciting or appeasing them by songs, parables, and threats; causing factions in Israel, just as conversation and the press form them among ourselves; fighting one against another, first with the weapon of their tongues, and afterwards with stoning and sword; exterminating each other from the face of the earth, as Elijah is seen to destroy them by hundreds at a time; then again, succumbing in their turn. and giving place to other rulers of the people. Never did poetry, properly so called, ever play so important a part in the political drama, and the destinies of civilization. Reason or passion, according as to whether they were true or false prophets, only spoke through their mouths, in the energetic and harmonious language of imagery. There were no oratora. as there were at Athens and at Rome—the orator is too much the man: there was nothing but hymns and lamentations—the poet is divine.

How ardent, vivid, and delirious an imagination does such a dominion of poetic diction bespeak in a people like this; and how can it be matter of astonishment that these poems, independently of the lofty sense of religion which they contain, should constitute so finished and inimitable a monument.

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of genius and elegance;—the poets' prize was then the possession of society itself. Their poetic inspiration caused the people to submit to them; they led them at their pleasure crime or to heroism; they made bad kings tremble, throwin ashes over their heads; or, awakening the feelings of patrotism in the hearts of their fellow-citizens, they made them triumph over their enemies; or recalled to their mind in exile or slavery, the hills of Zion, and the liberty of the children of God. I am surprised that, among all the greatermas which modern poetry has drawn from the history the Jews, it has not yet thought of this marvellous dramathe prophets. It is a fine episode in the history of the works.

The same day.

I had returned from walking alone over the balmy stopes Carmel, and as I was sitting under an arbutus tree, a litt below the perpendicular path that ascends to the top of tl mountain and abuts on the convent, looking at the sea which separated me from so many things and beings whom I have known and loved, but which could not, however, separate the from my recollection, I went over my past life. I recalle to mind the hours thus spent, on so many different shores ar with so widely different thoughts. I asked myself if it we I indeed, who was now isolated there, on the top of Mou Carmel, at a few leagues from Arabia and the desert; ar also why I was there, where I was going, where I should return to, what hand was conducting me, and what I was seeking, either knowingly or unconsciously, in these endle travels across the world. I could scarcely make an indiv dual being of myself, with the so opposite and unforesed phases of my brief existence; but impressions so vivid, luci and present, of all the beings whom I have loved and los resounded with profound anguish in my inmost heart, as proved to me but too forcibly that that unity which I did n find in my life was to be found, all whole and entire, in n heart; and I felt my eyes moistened with tears as I look back over the past, where I could only already perceive fi

or six tombs, where my happiness had already been five or Then (following my usual instinct, six times engulphed. when my feelings become too strong, and ready to overwhelm my reason), I raised my thoughts in a pious glance to God, that infinite Being who receives all, absorbs all, gives all: I prayed to him: I submitted myself to his ever good will: I said to him, "All is well since Thou hast willed it; here am I still; continue to lead me by Thy ways and not by mine; lead me whither and how Thou wilt; only let me feel myself led by Thee; only enlighten my darkness by one of those. spiritual flashes, which, like lightning, illuminate for an instant our deep midnight obscurity; only let me feel myself sustained by that immortal hope which Thou hast left on the earth as a voice of those who are now no more; only let me find them all again in Thee, and let them again recognize me. and let us love each other mutually in that ineffable unity which we all form, Thou, they, and I. This will be sufficient still to enable me to walk to the end of that way, which now appears to be interminable. But oh! let not the way be too rough for feet already wounded."

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I rose up with a lighter heart, and set myself to gather a few handfuls of the odoriferous herbs with which Carmel is entirely embalmed, and of which the fathers of the convent make a sort of tea, more aromatic than the mint and sage of our gardens. I was diverted from my thoughts and my botanizing by the footsteps of two asses, whose shoes clattered on the polished stones in the road. Two women, wrapped up from head to foot in long white sheets, were sitting on the asses; the bridle of the foremost was held by a young man, while two Arabs walked behind, having on their heads large reed baskets covered with napkins of embroidered muslin. It was M. Malagamba, his mother, and his sister, who were ascending to the monastery to offer me provisions for my journey, which they had prepared during the night. One of the baskets was filled with small loaves as yellow as gold, and of an exquisite taste, which was a valuable acquisition in a

country where bread is unknown; the other was full of fruit of all sorts, some bottles of excellent wine of Cyprus and Lebanon, and some of those innumerable confections which are the great delicacies of the East. I gratefully received the presents of these excellent ladies, and sent the Arabs to carry them to the convent. We then sat down to converse for a little while about Mme. Malagamba's misfortunes. It was a delightful spot, beneath two or three large olive trees. which overshadowed one of the basins which the Brook of the Prophet Elijah has hollowed out, as it falls from rock to rock in a small ravine of Mount Carmel. The Arabs had spread the asses' saddle-cloths on the grass around the spring; and the two ladies, having thrown back their long veils over their shoulders, and sitting on this travelling divan on the brink of the water, in their richest and most splendid dresses, formed a group worthy of a painter's eye. I, myself, was sitting opposite them on a shelf of the rock from which the stream issued.

Many were the tears that trickled from Mme. Malagamba's eyes, as she thus went over again before me, the time of her prosperity, her fall into misfortune, her present distresses, her flight from Acre, and her maternal anxieties concerning the future prospects of her son, and her lovely daughters. Mile. Malagamba listened to this story with the tranquil carelessness of early youth; she amused herself by collecting into posies the flowers on which she was sitting; only when her mother's voice faltered as she spoke, and the tears fell from her eyes, then the daughter would pass her arm round her mother's neck and wipe the tears with the silverbroidered muslin handkerchief that she held in her hand; presently, when the smile returned to her mother's countenance, she would relapse into her infantine absence of mind, and again assort the different colours of her posy. 1 promised these poor women that I would remember them and their so unexpected hospitality on my return to Europe, and would solicit from my friends at Turin, a little promotion for

the young consular agent of Kaïpha. The hope, though very distant and very uncertain, entered deeply into the heart of Mme. Malagamba, and the conversation then took another We spoke of the manners of the country, and the monotonous life of the Arabian women, whose customs those European females who live in Arabia are obliged to follow. But Mile. Malagamba and her mother had never known any other kind of life, and were on the contrary surprised at what I told them about Europe. To live for one man, and with but one subject of thought, in the interior of their apartments; to pass the day on a divan in arranging their hair, and dis posing with taste the numerous jewels that adorn them; to breathe the fresh mountain air or sea breeze, from the top of a roof or through the trellis of a latticed window; to take a few steps under the pomegranate and orange trees of a small garden, and go to muse at the brink of a basin, animated by the murmur of a sparkling fountain; to attend to the domestic economy, and make with their own hands the cake of breag. sherbet, and sweetmeats; to go once in a week and pass the day at the public bath with the young girls of the neighbour hood; and to sing a few stanzas from the Arabian poets in accompaniment to their own guitar: -such is the whole of the life of Eastern females. Society with them has no existence. nor have they any of those factitious passions of selfishness that society produces; when young and handsome, they are entirely devoted to love, and at a latter period to their children and servants. Does this state of civilization need any other affection?

As we were thus conversing on such subjects as chanced to turn up, my interpreter (a young man born in Arabia and very well versed in Arabic literature) was looking for me in the neighbourhood of the monastery, and discovered me near the fountain; he brought me another young Arab, who had heard of my arrival at Kaïpha, and had come from Acre to make acquaintance with a poet from the West. This young man, who was born in Lebanon and brought up at Aleppo,

was already celebrated for his poetic talents: I had often heard of him myself, and had several of his compositions translated for me. He brought me some of them now, the translation of which I shall give farther on. He sat down with us near the fountain, and we conversed for a considerable time with the assistance of my interpreter. Meanwhile the day was drawing to a close, and we were forced to part. "Since we are now here, two poets," said I to him, " and since chance has brought us together from two such distant parts of the world, into so charming a spot, at so delightful a time, and in the presence of so perfect a beauty, we ought each to consecrate our meeting, and the impressions which this moment inspires, by a few verses, each in his own tongue." He smiled, drew from his girdle the inkhorn and reed pen, which never quit the Arabian scribe any more than the sabre the horseman, and we both retired a few steps to think over our verses. He had finished long before me. Here follow his verses and my own. The different characters of the two poetries will be easily recognised in them, but I need not remark how much all languages suffer by translation into another.

" In the gardens of Kaïpha is a flower, sought by the sun beam through the trellised openings of the palm foliage.

"This flower has softer eyes than the gazelle, eyes resembling the pearly drops of sea water in an enamelled shell.

"So inebriating is this flower's perfume, that the scheik, flying before the keen lance of a hostile tribe on his steed swifter than the falling cataract, scents it in his flight, and stops to breathe its balmy sweetness.

"The Simoom's blast drives from the traveller's garments all other perfumes; but never can it snatch from the heart this wondrous flower's odour.

"At the brink of a stream is it found, which smoothly glides without a murmur at its feet.

"Young damsel! tell me thy father's name; then will I tell thee the name of this flower."

Here are those which I brought back myself, and which I also caused to be translated into Arabic by my interpreter :--

Sweet sequester'd mountain stream ! When young Lilla's beauties beam From thy bosom, shining bright, Sparkling like the stars of night: When from off thy grassy shore Thou behold'st her bending o'er, While thy waves rejoice to see, Gaily dancing in their glee; Then in thy blue mirror 's shown Beauty hitherto unknown, Coral lips and pearly teeth, Softly op'ning with the breath, Eyes of fairest azure hue Like the flow'rs that sip thy dew, Braided hair, with garlands bound, Drooping almost to the ground. Lost are all thy sands and weeds, Chang'd to pearl and ruby beads: For the necklaces, that deck With their brilliant folds her neck, Seem to the deluded eye In thy limpid waves to he. Anxiously I stretch my arm. Lest the breeze should break the charm: Eagerly I quaff the tide Where the imag'd beauties glide, Jealous lest the thirsty brink Should the precious liquid drink. But when smiling Lilla 's gone, With her mother passing on: Then 'tis but a common brook In a dark and dirty nook, Tasting nauseous when 'tis sipt From my finger in it dipt, As it black and stagnant lies, Swarming o'er with filthy flics.

Lovely girl! as this poor stream
Borrows from thy beauty's gleam,
So doth Beauty to my heart
Life and strength and joy impart;
While she shines, 'tis warm and bright,
When she leaves, alas!---'tis night,

Now the young lady for whom we had been making these verses in French and in literary Arabic, understood neither the one nor the other, and only a little of Italian.

## Fragments of Arabian Poetry.

A caliph lost his way in the eager chase; all his attendants had disappeared from his side; he arrived near a clear spring, where three Bedouin maidens were drawing the limpid water. He asked for the cooling draught; all three eagerly hastened to offer it to him. Transported by their sweetly kind attention, the caliph would fain reward the generous deed; but having no money with him, he broke his golden arrows, and distributed among them the glittering fragments. Each damsel made her thanks in different verse.

The first said :-

"Your arrows are made of precious gold. Thus do you display your generosity even to hostile foes; thus do you give to the wounded enemy the healing surgeon's well-earned fee, and to the slain the means to defray the expense of the splendid funeral pageant."

The second said:-

"Even in the fierce fight your ever bounteous hand spreads wide its splendid gifts over your very foes. Your arrows are made of a precious metal, to prove that even deadly war hinders not your munificent gifts."

The third said:-

"In the day of the hot battle, he throws among the enemies heavy arrows of massy gold, that the wounded may be secured from dark despairing poverty, and the cold corpses purchase their decent funeral."

An Arab, having made a young maid blush by looking intently at her, said:—" My keen looks have strewn roses over your downy cheeks; how can you forbid me to cull them? Every law allows him who has planted to reap the harvest."

Tanba Eben Homager made a great number of verses for his lovely mistress, Lailla el Akeatial, and among others were the following:—

"If, after my death, Lailla el Akeatial come to the silent place where I rest my weary frame, to speak to me with her sweet accents; then will my voice pierce through the soil and stones that lie heavy on me, or the very echo of my tomb will make itself loudly heard."

Tanba's passion was so violent that he died of it. Lailla, having been married, was passing by, some time after, not far from Tanba's lonely grave, in company with her lordly husband. He, sneering, bade her to go and speak to that mad fool; and see whether he would answer as he had foretold in his paltry verse. She gladly had been excused; but her husband repeated his stern order with fierce anger. Forced to obey, she turned her slow camel's head towards the dreary tomb; arriving there, she loudly cried, "Tanba! are you there?"

At these words a huge bird fled rustling out of the thick neighbouring bush, and startling the camel, made it leap, heavily dashing Lailla on the ground. She was killed in the direful fall, and was buried near to Tanba.

Ehnassondi said to me:-

"Once I knew you shedding tears of crimson blood, great was your devoted constancy!—why, then, are those tears changed to the pale white?"

I replied:--

"It is not on my part either forgetfulness, or faithlessness, but by continued weeping, time has blanched my tears."

At sunrise on the 23d of October, we quitted, fresh and in high spirits, the convent of Mount Carmel and its two excellent monks, and pursued our way along the precipitous paths that descend from the cape to the sea. There we entered upon the desert. It extends between the Sea of Syria (whose coasts are here in general flat, sandy, and indented by little bays) and the mountains that form a continuation of Mount Carmel. These mountains become lower as they approach nearer to Galilee; they are black and bare; and the sharp rocks often pierce through the slight covering of earth and shrubs that is left upon them; their aspect is sombre and melancholy; and they possess no other ornament than the dazzling light in which they are enveloped, and their majestic associations with past ages. The continuity of the chain, which lasts for about ten leagues, is broken in upon at intervals, and shallow valleys develope themselves partially to the sight; and at the bottom, or on the sides of one of these valleys, we can distinctly see the remains of a strong castle, and a large Arabian village that extends under its walls; the smoke rises from the houses, and winds along the sides of Carmel; long files of camels, black goats, and red cows extend from the village into the plain we are crossing; and some Arabs on horseback, armed with lances, and clothed only in their white woellen garment, having the legs and arms bare, are marching at the head or on the flanks of these caravans of pastors, who are going to take the flocks and herds to the only spring that we have seen for the last four The springs were formerly discovered and opened by the inhabitants of towns situated on the borders of the sea: but the present Arabs have abandoned these towns for some centuries past, so that there only remains the fountain; and every day they make this one or two hours' journey to come to seek water for their flocks to drink. We have travelled all day over ruins of walls, and over mosaic pavements that pierce through the sands; and the road is strewed with ruins which attest the splendour and the immense population of these shores, in by-gone ages.

Ever since the morning we have had before us in the horizon, on the brink of the sea, an immense column, from which the sun's rays are brilliantly reflected, and which seems to grow larger and come farther out of the sea in proportion as we advance. As we approach nearer, we discover that this column is a confused mass of magnificent ruins belonging to different eras; we at first distinguish an immense wall, entirely similar in its form, colour, and architecture, to a fragment of the Coliseum at Rome. This wall, which is of a prodigious height, rises, solitary and slanting, on a heap of other ruins of Grecian and Roman buildings; shortly we discover above this fragment of wall, the elegant but shattered remains of a Moresco building, either a church or a mosque, or perhaps alternately both; then a succession of the ruins of several other ancient buildings, still upright and in good preservation; and the road taken by our moukrs leads us pretty near to this curious fragment of the past, whose nature. name, and date are entirely unknown to us.

At about half a mile from this group of ruins, the sea-coast rises higher, and the sand gives place to rock. This rock has been excavated by human hands in every part throughout an area of about a mile in circumference; and it might be supposed to have been a town of those primitive ages, when men had not yet learned the art of drawing stone out of the earth. and building dwellings on its surface. It is indeed one of those subterranean towns that are mentioned in the earliest histories, or, at any rate, one of those vast Necropoleis or Cities of the Dead, which hollow out the rocks on every side around the great cities of the living; but the forms of the rocks, and the innumerable caverns excavated in their sides. rather indicate, in my opinion, the dwellings of living inhabitants. These caverns are all of a large size; their doors are raised high above the ground, and numerous wide staircases lead up to them; windows are also cut through the solid rock to give a little light to these habitations; and these doors and windows open into streets deeply excavated in the very bowels of the hill. We followed several of these deep. wide streets, where the ruts indicate the tracks of carriage-wheels. A multitude of vultures and eagles, and innumerable clouds of starlings, rose at our approach, out of the shade of these hollow rocks; climbing plants, wall-flowers, and clumps of myrtle and fig trees have taken root in the dust of these stony streets, and carpet over the long avenues. In some places the inhabitants had completely cleft through the hill with their chisels, and had dug canals which allow the sea water to enter in, and permit the eye to perceive a part of the bay that lies behind the town. It is a landscape of an entirely novel character, being at once hard and solemn as the rock, and smiling and luminous as these aerial glimpses of the blue sea.

We travelled some time among these wondrous labyrinths, and we at last arrived at the foot of the great wall and Moresco buildings that stood before us; and there we halted a moment to deliberate. These ruins have a very bad name; bands of Arabian robbers often hide there, who plunder and massacre the caravans. We had been forewarned at Kaïpha, either to avoid them or pass by them in battle array, and not to suffer one of our men to stray from the main body of the caravan. Curiosity prevailed, and we found it impossible to resist the desire of visiting monuments that are unknown either to ancient or modern history; but we did not know whether they were inhabited or deserted. Having arrived at the foot of the surrounding wall which still encloses them, we perceived the breach by which we were to penetrate into them. At the same moment a group of Arabs on horseback appeared, lance in hand, on the sand that still separated us from the entrance, and fell upon us. We were surprised, but were quite prepared; we had our double-barrelled muskets ready primed and loaded, and pistols at our girdles; we advanced upon the Arabs; they stopped short; I came away from the caravan, and, ordering it to remain under arms, I advanced forward with my two friends and the interpreter. We held a conference; and the scheik with his principal troopers escorted us themselves to the breach, and gave orders to the

Arabs of the interior to respect us and to permit us to examine the buildings. Nevertheless I deemed it prudent to permit only a part of my people to enter with me; the rest remained encamped at about a musket shot from the hill, ready to come to our assistance if we had fallen into an ambuscade. This precaution was not unnecessary, for we found within the walls a population of two or three hundred Bedouin Arabs, including women and children. There was but one exit out of these ruins, and we might easily have been taken and slaughtered, if these barbarians had not been held in awe by the force that remained without, and which they might perhaps suppose to be greater than it really was; for we had taken care not to show all our people, and some moukrs had purposely remained behind, encamped on a hill where they might be perceived.

As soon as we had crossed the breach, we found ourselves in a labyrinth of paths winding around the crumbling ruins of the great wall, and those of other ancient edifices which we successively discovered. These paths or streets had no regular formation; but the feet of the Arabs, camels, and goats had marked them out at hazard among the rubbish. The families of the tribe had built nothing there themselves, but had only taken advantage of all the cavities, to shelter themselves in, that had been formed at different places by the fall of the gigantic stones: some beneath the bases and capitals of columns, which had been stopped in their fall by other ruins; and others under a piece of cloth woven of black goats' hair, stretched from one pillar to another, and thus forming the roof. The scheik himself, his wives and children, who, doubtless, inhabited the palace of the village, all had their dwelling at the entrance of the town, among the ruins of a Roman temple, on a very high hillock rising above the path by which we had entered; and their house was formed by a huge block of sculptured stone which hung almost perpendicularly over. leaning by one of its corners against other blocks tumbled confusedly together, and, as it were, stopped in their fall. This chaos of stones seemed indeed to be yet tottering to the

fall, and ready to crush the scheik's wives and children, who showed their heads above us out of this artificial cavern. The women were not veiled, and their only clothing was a blue cotton shift, which left the bosom uncovered and the legs naked, and which was girt round the waist by a leathern belt. These women appeared to us to be very handsome, notwithstanding the rings hanging in their nostrils, and the grotesque tatooings that furrow their throat and cheeks. The children were naked, either sitting upon or striding across the blocks of sculptured stones that formed the roof of these frightful dwellings; and some black goats, with long, pendant ears, were clambering, beside the children, up by the doors of these grottoes, and looking at us pass by; or were bounding over our heads, as they leaped from one block to another over the deep path where we were passing. We saw some camels lying here and there in the cool hollows formed among the interstices of the rocks, and raising their calm and pensive heads above the fragments of columns and fallen capitals. At every step the scene presented fresh novelties, and forcibly attracted our attention. A painter would have found a thousand picturesque and untried subjects, in the incessantly new and unexpected forms in which the dwellings of the tribe are mingled and confounded with the remains of theatres, baths, and mosques, which strew this little spot of earth. In proportion as man has laboured less to make himself a dwelling. in these chaotic remains of a ruined town, and in proportion as these habitations are more entirely constructed by the strange accidents of the falling fragments, so much the more striking and poetical is the aspect of the scene. Women were milking their goats on the ascending benches of the amphitheatre; flocks of sheep were leaping, one by one, out of the arched window of an emir's palace or a Gothic church of the era of the crusades; scheiks were smoking their pipes, squatted under the sculptured vault of a Roman arch; and camels were tied by their leathern bridles to the small Moresco columns of the gateway of a harem.

We dismounted from our horses, that we might visit in

detail the principal remains. The Arabs made great difficulties when we showed a wish to enter into the area of the large temple that stands at the end of the town, on a rock on the brink of the sea. We were obliged to renew a fresh contest at every court-yard and wall that we had to cross, in order to penetrate into it; we were even forced to make use of threats to compel them to yield us the passage. The women and children drew back, loading us with imprecations: the scheik retired for an instant, and the other Arabs showed by their gestures every expression of discontent; but the air of indecision and ill-concealed timidity, which we also perceived in their manner, encouraged us to persist, and, partly by persuasion, partly by force, we entered into the interior of this last and most astonishing of the buildings. I cannot say what it is; there is a mixture of every thing in its construction, shape, and ornaments, and I am rather of opinion that it is an ancient temple, which the crusaders converted into a church, about the time that they were in possession of Casarea in Syria and the neighbouring coasts, and which the Arabs have, more recently, turned into a mosque. Time, who sports with the works and thoughts of mankind, is now converting it into dust; and the camel's knee is bent on those pavements, where the knees of three or four generations of religion have, in their turns, bowed before three or four different gods. The lower parts of the edifice are evidently of the Grecian architecture of a declining period; at the springing of the arches it takes the Moresco form; windows, which were originally Corinthian, have been altered, with much taste and ingenuity, to the Moresco style, with their peculiarlyformed elliptic arches, and slender double columns. What remains of the arched roof is broidered with Arabesques of exquisite delicacy and finish. The building has eight sides. and each of the recesses produced by this octagon form, once, doubtless, enclosed an altar, if we may judge by the niches that adorn those parts of the walls, against which these altara must have stood. The centre part of the building was also occupied by a principal altar, as is easily seen by the greater VOL. I.

elevation of the earth at that part of the temple, which must have been produced by the steps that surrounded the altar. The rained walls of this church are half fallen away, and allow the eye to get a glimpse of the sea and the bordering cliffs; climbing plants hang in bunches of foliage and flowers from the heights of the broken arches, and birds with red necks, and clouds of blue swallows, were chattering in these aerial thickets, or fluttering along the cornices. Naturehas here resumed the hymn of praise in the spot where man has laid it down.

On coming out of this unknown temple, we passed on foot through the different lanes of the village, meeting, at every step, with curious ruins and unexpected scenes, formed by this mixture of savage manners with the fine testimonials of departed civilization. We saw a great number of Arab women and girls, busy, in the little courts of their huts, in the different occupations of pastoral life; some were weaving fabrics of goats' hair, others were employed in grinding barley or cooking rice; they are generally very handsome, large, and strong, and have sun-burnt complexions, but possess the appearance of health and vigour. Their jet-black hair was covered with strings of silver piastres, and they wore earrings and necklaces of the same sort of ornament; they shouted aloud with surprise as they saw us go by, and followed us even as far as to other houses. Not one of the Arabs offered us the least present, and we did not deem it proper to offer any thing ourselves. We came cautiously out of the enclosure, and were not followed by a single individual of the tribe; but went and pitched our tents at a quarter of a league from the large wall, at the bottom of a little bay, which was also surrounded by ancient walls, and which was formerly the port of this unknown town. The heat was at 32°: we bathed in the sea, beneath the shadow of an old mole that is not yet entirely swept away by the billows, while our sais were pitching our tents, giving our horses a little barley, and lighting a fire against an arch, which once, • Reaumur, or 104° Fahrenheit.

doubtless, served as a gateway to this unknown scaport town.

The Arabs call this place by a name which signifies "cat rock;" the crusaders term it, in their chronicles, "Castel Peregrino," (Pilgrims' Castle); but I have not been able to discover the name, Greek, Jewish, or Roman, to which belong the vast remains which had attracted us. The next day, we continued to travel along the sea-shores as far as Casarea; where we arrived towards the middle of the day; having, during the morning, crossed a river, which the Arabs call Zirka, and which is the "River of Crocodiles" of Pliny.

Cæsarea, Herod's ancient and splendid capital, has now only one inhabitant; its walls, which were rebuilt by St. Louis during his crusade, are, nevertheless, uninjured, and would still serve at the present time for excellent fortifications to a modern town. We crossed the deep foss that surrounds them on an earthen bridge placed at about the middle of the wall on that side; and we entered into the labyrinth of stones. half-open caverns, ruined buildings, and fragments of marble and porphyry, with which the area of this ancient town is strewn; we roused three jackals from among the rubbish that rattled under our horses' feet. We sought for the fountain that had been pointed out to us, and at last found it. with great difficulty, at the eastern extremity of the ruins: and there we encamped. Towards evening, a young Arab herd-boy arrived there with an innumerable flock of black cows, sheep, and goats; for two hours he incessantly drew water for his cattle, who patiently awaited their turns. and retired in order after they had drank, as if under the direction of shepherds. This child, who was stark naked. was mounted on an ass; he went last of all out of the ruine of Casarea, and told us that he thus came every day, from a distance of about two leagues, to water the flocks of his tribe. which was settled in the mountain. This was the only person we met with in Cæsarea, in that town where Herod had. according to Josephus, accumulated all the wonders of

Grecian and Roman art, and where he had dug an artificial harbour, which served to shelter all the navy of Syria. It was at Cæsarea that St. Paul was a prisoner, and made, for his own defence and that of new-born Christianity, the fine oration that is preserved in the 26th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. Cornelius the centurion, and Philip the Evangelist, were also of Cæsarea; and it was from the port of Cæsarea that the spostles embarked to go and sow the seed of the Gospel in Greece and Italy.

We spent the evening in traversing the ruins of the town, and in collecting fragments of sculpture, which we were afterwards obliged to leave on the spot, for want of means of transportation.—Beautiful night passed under the shade of

the aqueduct of Cosarea.

Continued our road across a sandy desert, covered in some places with shrubs, and even with forests of holm-oaks, which serve as lurking places for the Arabs. M. de Parseval fell asleep on horseback; the caravan got before him; we perceived he was left behind; two musket-shots were heard in the distance; we galloped off to his assistance, discharging our pistols ourselves to frighten the Arabs; happily he had not been attacked, but had fired the two shots at some gazelles that were crossing the plain. We arrived in the evening. without having met with a single drop of water, near the Arab village of El Mukhalid. A huge sycamore, standing, like a natural tent, on the side of a bare and dusty hill, attracted us to its shade, and afforded us shelter. Our Arabs went to the village to inquire the way to the fountain; it was pointed out to us, and we all ran to it. We drank, and bathed our head and arms; we then returned to our encampment, where our cook had lighted the fire at the foot of the tree. Its trunk is already charred by the successive fires of thousands of caravans which have, in their turn, enjoyed its shade. All our tents and horses were contained under the shelter of its wide-extending branches. The scheik of El Mukhalid came and brought me some melons; he sat down under my tent. and asked me for news about Ibrahim Pacha, and for medicines for himself and his wives. I gave him some drops of eau de Cologne, and asked him to sup with me; which he accepted. We had a world of difficulty to get rid of him.

The night was broiling hot; I was unable to remain in the tent, and I got up and went to sit down near the fountain. under an olive tree. The moon illuminated all the range of the mountains of Galilee, which formed a gracefully undulating horizon, at about two leagues' distance from the place of our encampment. It is the finest line of horizon that has ever met my view; the young branches of the Persian lilac, which hang in clusters in the spring, have not a fresher and more delicately-shaded violet tint than these mountains had at the time I was looking at them. As the moon gradually rose higher and approached nearer to them, their hue became darker and more inclined to a purple; and their shapes appeared continually changeable, like that of large billows, when seen by the light of a fine sunset in the open sea. these mountains have, moreover, a name and place in the first history that my infant eyes read, on my mother's knees. I know that Judea is there, with its miracles and its ruins: that Jerusalem is situated behind one of those hills; that I am only distant from it a few hours' journey; and that thus I am approaching near to one of the most wished-for objects of my long journey. I felt glad at this thought, just as a man feels glad whenever he attains one of the objects, even though insignificant, of any passion that is directed towards them. I remained one or two hours, that I might imprint these lines and colours, this transparent and rosy sky, this solitude and silence, in my recollection. The night dew was falling, and wetted my cloak; so I returned into my tent and fell asleen.

I had scarcely slept an hour, when I was awakened by a slight noise; I rose up on my elbow, and looked around me. One of the corners of the tent-cloth was lifted up to let in the night breeze, and the moon shone full into the interior; I saw an enormous jackal cautiously coming in, and looking towards me with his fiery eyes. I snatched up my musket; the motion frightened him, and he galloped off. I again fell

asleep; and being awakened a second time, I saw the jackal at my feet, poking his nose into the folds of my cloak, and just going to lay hold on my pretty greyhound, who was sleeping on the same mat as myself: a charming animal, who has not quitted me a single day foreight years, and whom I would defend, like a part of my own existence, at the peril of my life. I had, fortunately, covered it with a corner of my cloak, and it was so fast asleep that it had neither heard nor felt any thing, and had not the slightest suspicion of the danger it ran. A moment later, and the jackal would have carried it off, and devoured it in his den. I cried out; my companions awoke; I was already out of my tent, and had discharged my musket, but the jackal was at a long distance, and next day no trace of blood bore testimony to my vengeance.

We started with the first rays of light that blanched the hills of Judea; we followed some undulating hills, out of sight of the sea; the heat greatly fatigued us, and the most unbroken silence reigned during the journey. At eleven o'clock we arrived, worn out with thirst and weariness, at the steep banks of a river that slowly rolled its dark waters between two sandy beaches bordered with long reeds; and which is not visible till you are close upon its brink. Herds of wild buffaloes were lying among the reeds and in the river, and showed their heads above the waves; in this manner they immovably pass the burning hours of day. They looked at us without moving in the least; we crossed the river by a ford, and reached a deserted khan. This river is called by the Arabs, at the present time, Nahr el Arsouf; the ancient Apollonia should be placed near this spot, unless its situation be determined by another river, which we crossed an hour asterwards, and whose appellation is Nahr el Petras.

We stretched ourselves on our mats, beneath the cool, dark cellars, which are all that remain of the ancient khan. Scarcely had we seated ourselves around a dish of cold rice, which our cook had brought us for breakfast, when an enormous serpent, eight feet in length, and as thick as one's arm, came out of one of the holes of the old wall that sheltered us.

and glided down amongst our legs. We fied from it, and rushed towards the entrance of the cave; it arrived there before us, and slowly disappeared among the reeds on the bank of the river, quivering its tail like a bowstring: its skin was of a very fine deep blue colour. We felt very reluctant to re-enter our lodging, but the heat was so intense that we were forced to resign ourselves to it; and we fell asleep on our saddles, without heeding any similar visits that might disturb our rest.

At four o'clock in the afternoon, we remounted our steeds. I perceived, on a little hill, an Arab horseman, having a gun in his hand, and accompanied by a young slave on foot. He seemed to be hunting; and every moment he kept stopping his horse, and watched us passing by, with an air of uncertainty and deep thought. Suddenly he put his horse to a gallop, rode up to me, and, addressing me in Italian, asked me if I was not the traveller who was at the present moment traversing Arabia, and whose approaching arrival at Jaffa was announced by the European consuls. I told him my name; he jumped down from his horse, and would have kissed my hand. "I am," said he, "the son of M. Damiani, viceconsul of France at Jaffa. Being forewarned of your arrival by letters brought from Saïda by an English vessel, I have come for several days to hunt gazelles in this quarter, to discover you, and to conduct you to my father's house. Ours is an Italian name; our family is of European extraction. but from time immemorial it has been established in Arabia; we are Arabians, but we have French hearts, and we shall regard it as an injury, and an insult on our feelings, if you accept the hospitality of any other house than ours. Remember that we have touched you first, and that, in the East, he who first touches a stranger, is entitled to be his host. I forewarn you of this," added he, "because several other families in Jaffa have been apprized of your visit, by letters sent by the same vessel, and will come running to meet you as soon as my slave shall have informed the town of your approach." As soon as he had finished his address, he said something in Arabic to his slave, who, mounting his master's steed, disappeared, in the twinkling of an eye, behind the sandy hillocks that bounded the horizon. I let M. Damiani have one of the led horses, that accompanied me without riders: and we slowly pursued the road to Jaffa, which was not as yet within sight. After two hours' travelling, we saw, on the other side of a river that we had to cross, about thirty horsemen, clothed in the richest costumes, wearing glittering weapons, and mounted on Arabian horses of the highest beauty, who were prancing on the bank of the river. They urged their horses even into the water, shouting aloud, and firing off their pistols to salute us; they were the sons, relatives, and friends of the principal inhabitants of Jaffa. and had come out to meet us. Every one of them came up to me and made me his compliments, to whom I replied through the medium of my interpreter, and in Italian to such as understood it. They ranged themselves around us, and, racing up and down on the sand, they presented us with the spectacle of those courses of dgerid, in which the Arabian horsemen bring into play all the strength of their horses and all the dexterity of their limbs. We approached Jaffa, and the town began to rise before us, on a hill that projects into the sea, and which wears quite a magical aspect when it is approached from this side next the desert. The base of the town towards the west is washed by the sea, which is continually rolling its vast foaming billows over the shelves of rock that surround its harbour; on the northern side, by which we approached it, it is surrounded by delicious gardens, which seem to issue out of the desert by enchantment, and to crown its ramparts with their shade. The road lies under the lofty and odoriferous roof of a forest of palms, pomegranate trees loaded with their red stars, marine cedars with laceformed foliage, citron, orange, fig, and lemon trees, as large as the European walnut, and bending under the weight of their fruits and flowers. The air is only one balmy perfume, raised and dispersed by the sea-breeze; the soil is quite white with orange flowers, and the wind sweeps them

along, just as it does with us the dead leaves in autumn. At different distances, Turkish fountains formed of mosaic of different coloured marble, and with copper cups attached to them by chains, offer their limpid water to the passing traveller, and are always surrounded by a group of women, washing their feet and drawing the water in urns of antique shapes. The town raises its white minarets, its embattled roofs, and its arched Moresco balconies, out of the bosom of this ocean of aromatic shrubs, and, on the east, separates itself from the intensely white sand, spread out immediately behind it in the vast desert that separates it from Egypt. Near one of these fountains we suddenly discovered a third cavalcade, at the head of which advanced, on a white courser, M. Damiani senior, the consular agent of several European states, and one of the most important personages of Jaffa. His grotesque dress made us smile: he wore an old sky-blue raftan, trimmed with ermine, and girt by a crimson silk sash; his bare legs stuck out of a wide pair of dirty muslin pantaloons; and his head was surmounted by a huge three-cornered hat, worn bare by years, and re-covered by perspiration and dust, attesting numerous services during the Egyptian war. But the excellent reception and patriarchal cordiality of our old vice-consul stopped the smile upon our lips, and only left place in our hearts for the gratitude which we expressed to him. He was accompanied by several of his sons-in-law, children, and grandchildren, all on horseback like himself. One of his grandchildren, a child of twelve or fourteen years of age, who was wheeling around his grandfather on an Arabian horse unbridled, was indeed the most admirable juvenile figure that ever I saw in my life.

M. Damiani went before us, and conducted us, amidst an immense population pressing around our horses, to the door of his house, where our new friends saluted us and left us to the care of our host. M. Damiani's house is small, but admirably situated at the top of the town, and overlooking the three views of the sea, the coast of Gaza and Askelon towards Egypt, and the shores of Syria towards the north. Its

rooms are surrounded and surmounted by uncovered terraces, over which plays the cool sea breeze, and from whence is discovered, at a distance of ten leagues out to sea, the smallest sail that crosses the bay of Damietta. The rooms have no windows, as the climate renders them superfluous: the atmosphere is always of the temperature of our finest spring days; a bad, ill-joined skylight is all that is interposed between the sun and ourselves. These dwellings, prepared for mankind, are now shared with the birds of the air; and in M. Damiani's parlour, on wooden shelves that are ranged round the apartment, hundreds of little swallows with red necks were sitting beside China vases, silver cups, and fragments of pipes that ornamented the cornices. They fluttered all day over our heads, and came and suspended themselves during the supper, on the copper branches of the lamp that lighted the repast.

The family is composed of M. Damiani, the father, a midway sort of figure between the patriarch and the Italian merchant, but in which the patriarch predominates; Mme. Damiani, a handsome Arab lady, the mother of twelve children, but still preserving, in her complexion, the brilliancy and freshness of Turkish beauty; several young ladies, almost all of remarkable beauty; and three sons, with the eldest of which we had already made an acquaintance. The other two were equally kind towards us, and useful to us. The females did not come up into the apartments; they only appeared on one occasion, in dresses of ceremonial state, and covered with their richest jewels, and sat down at table with us, at one single meal. The rest of the time they were occupied in preparing our meals in a small interior court, where we could see them as we went in and out of the house. young men, brought up in that veneration which is required by oriental customs from sons towards their father, never sat down with us during meals, any more than the women: they stood up behind their father, and took care that nothing was wanted by the guests.

Scarcely had we entered into the house, when we were

visited by a great number of the inhabitants of the country. who came to congratulate us and to offer us their services. Coffee was taken, pipes were brought in, and the evening was passed in conversations that interested us deeply, and were prompted by our curiosity. The governor of Jaffa. to whom I had sent my compliments by my interpreter, made no delay in coming himself to pay us a visit. He was a handsome young Arab, clothed in a very rich costume, and his manners and language attested the nobility of his heart and the exquisite elegance of his habits. seldom seen a finer head; his jet-black, well kept beard flowed down in glossy waves over his breast, and spread out in the shape of a fan; his hand, on the fingers of which glittered large diamonds, incessantly played with this flowing beard. and were continually passed up and down it, to supple and comb it. His looks were dignified, mild, and open, as are those of all the Turks generally. It is evidently felt that these men have nothing to conceal; they are ingenuous because they are strong; they are strong because they never rely upon themselves and on a vain confidence of skill, but always on the thought of an all-directing God, on that providence which they term fatality. Place a Turk amongst ten Europeans; you will always recognize him by his lofty look, by the expression of gravity of thought impressed on his features by habit; and by the noble simplicity of his physiognomy.

The governor had received, from Mehemet Ali and Ibrahim Pacha, letters strongly recommending me to him, and which I now have in my possession. I let him read another from Ibrahim, which I had brought with me, and which was to the following purport:—" I am informed that our friend, Alphonse de Lamartine, has arrived from France, with his family and several travelling companions, in order to traverse the countries subdued by my arms, and to make himself acquainted with our laws and manners. My will is, that thou, and all my town and country governors, the commanders of my fleets, and the generals and officers of my armies, should

afford him every mark of friendship, should render him all the services that my affection for him and for his nation demand, and should furnish him, if he require it, with whatever lodging, horses, and provisions, he and his train may be in want of. You will procure him the means of visiting any part of our dominions that he may wish to see, will give him escorts sufficient for his safety (for which you will answer with your head); and if he should even find difficulty in penetrating into certain provinces under our dominion, on account of the Arabs, you will march your troops thither to ensure the security of his excursions," &c.

When the governor had read this letter, he put it to his forehead, and gave it me back again. He asked me what he could do, to obey his master's injunctions, and inquired what places I wished to go to. I named Jerusalem and Judea. At these words, he, his officers, the Messieurs Damiani, and the fathers of the convent of the Holy Land at Jassa, who were present, all cried out and said, the thing was impossible; that the plague had just broken out with the most alarming virulence at Jerusalem, at Bethlehem, and all along the road, that it was even at Ramlah, the first town that lay in the way to Jerusalem; that the pacha had just laid under quarautine every thing that arrived from Palestine; that, even supposing I were rash enough to penetrate thither, and fortunate enough to escape the plague, I could not return into Syria for several months; that, lastly, the convents, where strangers are entertained in the Holy Land, were all shut up; that we could not be received into any, and that therefore the journey I projected into the interior of Judea, must be put off till another time and a more favourable opportunity.

This intelligence deeply afflicted me, but did not at all shake my resolution. I answered the governor that, although I was born in a different religion from his, I did not adore less than himself the sovereign will of Allah; that his theology called it fatality, and mine, providence; but these two words only expressed one and the same idea, "God is great; God is Almighty; Allah kerim;" that I had come from such a dis-

tance, across so many seas and mountains, to visit the sources whence Christianity had flowed over the world, to see the holy city of the Christians, and to compare the different scenes with their historical associations; that I had now advanced too far to allow me to draw back, and to commit to the uncertainty of time and events a project now so nearly accomplished; that one man's life was but a drop of water in the sea, a grain of sand in the desert, and that it was not worth the trouble of reckoning; that, besides, what is written is written, and that if Allah willed to preserve me from the plague amidst the infected inhabitants of Judea, it would be as easy for him to do so, as to preserve me from the tempest amidst the billows, or from the Arabs' bullets on the banks of the Jordan; that in consequence I persisted in my resolution of penetrating into the interior, and even of entering Jerusalem, whatever danger to myself might attend it; but that I could only determine for myself, I neither could nor would decide for others, and that I left all my friends and servants, and all the Arabs who accompanied me, free either to follow me or to remain at Jaffa, according to the dictates of their own minds. The governor warmly expressed his feelings on my submission to the will of Allah, told me that he should not allow me to expose myself alone to the dangers of the road and of the plague, and that he would choose out from among the troops in garrison at Jaffa, some brave and well-disciplined soldiers, whom he would put entirely under my command, and who would guard my caravan during the journeys, and my tents during the nights, to preserve us from the contact of infected persons. He also immediately dispatched a cavalry soldier to his friend, the governor of Jerusalem, to inform him of my journey, and to recommend me to him; and he then took his leave. I and my friends then entered into deliberation: our servants, even, were admitted to this council, to know how each wished to act. After a little hesitation, all unanimously resolved to try our fortune, and to run the risk of the plague, rather than give up the idea of seeing Jerusalem. The departure was fixed for the day after the morrow. We slept on mats and divans in M. Damiani's room, and we were awakened by the twittering of an innumerable multitude of swallows fluttering over our heads in the apartment.

The day was spent in returning visits we had already received, to the governor, and to the superior of the convent of the Holy Land at Jaffa, a venerable Spanish monk, who has dwelt at Jaffa ever since the time that the French were there, and who assured us of the truth of Bonaparte's poisoning the soldiers sick of the plague.

Jassa, or Yassa, the ancient Joppa of Scripture, is one of the most ancient and celebrated ports in the world. Pliny speaks of it as an antediluvian city. There it was, according to tradition, that Andromeda was chained to the rock, and exposed to the sea-monster; there Noah built the ark; and there the cedars of Lebanon were landed, by Solomon's orders, to be made use of in the construction of the temple. The prophet Jonah embarked there, 872 years before Christ; St. Peter there raised Dorcas to life. The town was fortified by St. Louis in the time of the crusades. In 1799, Bonaparte took it by storm; and there he massacred the Turkish prisoners.—It has a bad port, adapted only for small vessels, and a very dangerous road, as we ourselves experienced in our second sea voyage. There are reckoned to be at Jaffa five or six thousand inhabitants, Turks, Arabs, Armenians, Greeks, Catholics, and Maronites. Each of these communions has a church there. The Latin convent is magnificent. They were embellishing it as we passed through the town, but we did not experience the hospitality of the monks. Their vast apartments were open neither to us nor to any of the strangers we met with at Jaffa: they remain empty, while pilgrims seek with difficulty the shelter of some miserable Turkish khan, or the burdensome hospitality of the house of some poor Jewish or Armenian inhabitant of Jaffa.

Immediately outside the walls of Jaffa, begins the great Egyptian desert. As I had determined to go to Cairo by this route, I dispatched a courier to El Arish, to hire dromedaries there to cross the desert. The journey from Jaffa to Cairo may be accomplished in twelve or fifteen days; but it involves great privations and difficulties. The governor of Jaffa's orders and the kindness of the principal inhabitants of the town, who were connected with those of Gaza and El Arish, greatly alleviated them in regard to myself.

The governor sent us some horsemen, and eight foot soldiers, chosen from among the bravest and best disciplined men in the depôt of Egyptian troops left with him. They encamped at our door that same night. We were on horseback by the dawn of the next day. We found, at the gate of the town that looks towards Ramlah, a crowd of horsemen belonging to every nation inhabiting Jaffa. They rode the dgerid around us, and accompanied us as far as a magnificent fountain overshadowed with sycamores and palm trees, situated at the distance of an hour's journey. There they discharged their pistols in our honour, and then returned towards the town. It is impossible to describe the novelty and magnificence of the vegetation that developes itself on both sides or the road, on leaving Jaffa. Right and left is a varied forest of all sorts of Eastern fruit trees, and flowering shrubs. This forest is divided into compartments by hedges or myrtles, jasmines, and pomegranate trees, and watered by rivulets that escape from the beautiful Turkish fountains which I have already mentioned. Within each of these enclosures is seen an open pavilion or tent, under which the family in possession of it comes to pass a few weeks in spring and autumn. Three stakes and a piece of canvas form a country house for these happy families. The women sleep on mats or cushions within the tents; the men in the open air under the shade of citron and pomegranate trees. Melons, watermelons, and figs of two-and-thirty different sorts, whose foliage overshadows these enchanted scenes, furnish their tables with provision; and very rarely they add to this, from time to time, a lamb, brought up by the children, of which is made, as in Biblical times, a sacrifice on solemn festival days.

Or all places in the East, Jaffa is the one that should be

inhabited by a lover of nature and solitude during winter. The climate forms a most imperceptible transition between the scorching deserts of Egypt and the rainy autumns of the coast of Syria. Were I free to choose my residence, I should live at the base of Lebanon, at Saïda, Bayruth, or Latakia, during the spring and autumn; on the heights of Lebanon during the heats of summer, which are cooled by the sea breezes. by the gusts of wind that issue out of the valley of the Cedars, and by the vicinity of the snows; and during winter, the gardens of Jaffa. There is something more magnificent, solemn, and rich, in the atmosphere and soil of Jaffa, than in any other situation that I have yet seen. The eye there can only repose on an unbounded sea, blue as its azure sky; on vast sandy plains of the Egyptian desert, where the horizon is broken only by the occasional profiled figure of a camel, advancing with the undulatory motion of a billow; or on the green and yellow foliage of the innumerable groves of orange trees that stand thick around the town. The costumes of all the inhabitants and travellers, who animate its roads with their figures, are picturesque and singular. There are to be seen Bedouins of Jericho or Tiberias, clothed in their capacious white woollen cloaks; Armenians in long robes with blue and white stripes; Jews from every part of the world, in every variety of national attire, distinguished only by their long beards, and by the noble dignity of their features, a royal people ill accustomed to their slavery, and in whose looks is seen the recollection and earnest of noble destinies; and Egyptian soldiers wearing red jackets, and exactly resembling our French conscripts in the vivacity of their eye and the quickness of their step: it is easily seen that a great man's genius and activity have been breathed into them, and have animated them for an unknown object. There may also be seen Turkish agas proudly passing along the road, mounted on horses from the desert, and followed by Arabs and black slaves; families of poor Greek pilgrims sitting at the corner of a street, and eating rice and boiled barley, which they economise carefully to make it last till they reach the Holy

City; and poor Jewish women, half clad, bending under the weighty burden of a sack of old clothes, and driving before them asses carrying double panniers full of children of all ages.

But to return to ourselves. We travelled gaily onwards. trying at different times the speed of our horses against that of the Arabians ridden by the Messieurs Damiani, and by the sons of the vice-consul of Sardinia. These two young men. the sons of a rich Arabian merchant of Ramlah, who is now settled at Jaffa, wished to accompany us as far as Ramlah: they had sent their slaves there, in the morning, to prepare their father's house and a supper for us. We were, besides. followed by another individual, who joined our caravan of his own accord, and surprised us by the grotesque magnificence of his European costume. He was a little man, of about twenty or five-and-twenty years of age, with a comic and jovial, yet sharp and intellectual countenance. He wore a huge turban of yellow muslin, a green coat of the exact shape of our court-dress coats, with a straight collar and wide skirts, and embroidered with gold lace up every seam, tight pantaloons of white velvet, and top boots ornamented with a pair of spurs fastened by silver chains. A dirk served him for a hunting knife, and a pair of pistols, incrusted over with inlaid silver, stuck out of his girdle, and rattled against his breast. He had left Italy in his childhood, had been thrown by some wave of fortune on the land of Egypt, and had been for some years at Jaffa, exercising his profession among the mountains of Judea, at the expense of the scheiks and the Bedouins, who, however, did not make his fortune for His conversation greatly amused us, and I should have been glad to have taken him with me to Jerusalem. and into the mountains of the Dead Sea, with which he appeared to be perfectly acquainted; but, having lived several years in the East, he had there contracted the unconquerable dread of the plague entertained by all Franks. and none of my offers were sufficient to entice him. " In time of the plague," said he, "I am no longer a physician.

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Is know only one remedy for it, which is to depart quick enough, to go far enough, and to stay long enough to prevent the disease reaching you." He seemed to regard us with pity, as victims predestinated to go and seek death at Jerusalem; and out of all the great number of men that now composed our company, he expected to see but very few return. "Only a few days ago," said he to me, "I was at Acre; a traveller, returning from Bethlehem, knocked at the door of the Franciscan Fathers' convent; they opened it; they were seven in number. The day after the morrow, the gates of the convent were walled up by the governor's orders; the pilgrim and the seven monks were all dead in four-and-twenty hours."

Meanwhile, we began to perceive the tower and minarets of Ramlah rising before us out of the midst of a grove of olives, the trunks of which are as thick as those of our oldest caks.

Ramlah, formerly Ramah Ephraim, is the ancient Arimathen of the New Testament; it contains about two thousand families. Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, came there and founded a Latin convent, which still remains. Armenians and Greeks also possess convents there for the assistance of those pilgrims of their respective nations, who are travelling into the Holy Land. The ancient churches have been converted into mosques, in one of which is the white marble tomb of the Mameluke Ayoud Bey, who fled from Egypt on the arrival of the French, and died at Ramlah. On entering the town we inquired if the plague had already commenced its ravages there; two monks, who had arrived from Jerusalem, had just died there of it in the course of the day; the convent was in quarantine. Our new Jaffa friends conducted us to their house, which was situated in the middle of the town. An Arab, who was said to have been formerly a brazier, but nevertheless an amiable and excellent man, inhabited half of this house, and fulfilled the functions of consular agent for I know not what European nation; this gives him a right to have an European flag over the roof of his house.

which is the most certain protection against the oppressive extortions of the Turks and Arabs. An excellent supper was waiting for us; we had the pleasure of finding there chairs, tables, beds, and all sorts of European utensils; and we again carried away a supply of new bread, which we owed to the kindness of our hosts.

Next morning we took leave of all our Jaffa and Ramiah friends, who did not accompany us any further: and we set out, escorted only by our cavalry and our Egyptian foot soldiers. I then settled our marching order: two horsemen went at about fifty paces distance before the caravan, to drive away the Arabs and Jewish pilgrims we might meet with, and to keep them at a distance from our men and horses; on our right and left flanks were the foot soldiers; we travelled in a file, one after another, without falling out of order, and with the baggage in the middle. A small squadron of our best cavalry formed the rear-guard, with orders to permit neither man nor beast to come behind us. On the sight of a suspected body of Arabs, the caravan was to halt and put itself in battle array, while the horsemen, the interpreters, and myself, would go to reconnoitre. In this way we had little to fear from the Bedouins and the plague; and I ought to say that this marching order was observed by our Egyptian soldiers, our Turkish cavalry, and my own Arabs, with a scrupulous and attentive obedience that would have done honour to the best disciplined army in Europe. We preserved it during five-and-twenty days' journey, and in the most embarrassing situations. I never had to reprimand a single person; and to these measures we owed our safety.

Some time after sunset, we arrived at the end of the plain of Ramlah, near a fountain hollowed out in the rock, which waters a little field of gourds. We were at the foot of the mountains of Judea: a little valley, about a hundred feet in width, opened on our right; we descended into it; here commences the dominion of the Arabian brigands of these mountains. As night was approaching, we deemed it prudent to establish our camp in this valley, and we pitched our tents at

about two hundred paces from the fountain. We placed an advanced guard on a hill that overlooks the road to Jerusalem : and, while our supper was getting ready, we went to hunt partridges on some hills within sight of our tents; we killed a few, and roused up from the bosom of the rocks a multitude of small eagles who inhabit them. They rose up on high, wheeling and screaming around our heads, and coming back again to us after we had fired at them. Every animal is afraid of the flash and report of fire-arms except the eagle, who appears to despise them, and sports with danger, either through ignorance or scorn. I admired, from the top of one of these hills, the picturesque prospect of our encampment, with our piquets of Arabian horsemen on the hillock, our horses fastened here and there around our tents, our moukrs seated on the ground and occupied in cleaning our arms and horse trappings, and the flame of our fire, shining through the canvas of our tents, and spreading abroad its column of light blue smoke, blown aside by the wind. How should I love this wandering, nomadian life, under such a sky as this, if I could only take with me all whom I love, and regret to leave behind. The whole land belongs to pastoral, wandering tribes, like the Arabs of Mesopotamia. There is more poetry in one of their days than there is in whole years of our city lives. By seeking for too many things from civilization, a man nails himself to the spot where he lives; he cannot leave it without losing those innumerable superfluities, which have been by custom converted into necessaries. Our houses are voluntary prisons. I wish that life was one unending journey, just like this; and were I not bound by the ties of affection to Europe, I would continue it as long as my strength and fortune would permit.

We were now on the confines of the tribes of Ephraim and Benjamin. The well, near which we were encamped, is still called Job's Well.

We started before dawn of the next day, and, for the space of two hours, followed a narrow, barren, rocky valley, famous for the Arabs' depredations. It is more exposed to their incursions than any other place in the neighbourhood; they can reach it by a number of winding valleys, hidden behind uninhabited hills; then hide themselves in ambush behind the rocks and shrubs, and fall unexpectedly upon the caravans. The celebrated Abougosh, the chief of the Arab tribes of the mountains, holds the keys of the defiles that lead to Jerusalem; he opens or closes them at his pleasure, and exacts money from travellers. His head quarters were at a few leagues' distance from us, at the village of Jeremy. We every instant expected to see his horsemen appear; we met with no one, however, excepting a young aga, a relative of the governor of Jerusalem, mounted on a steed of the highest beauty, and accompanied by seven or eight horsemen. He politely saluted us, and placed himself and his suite in such a manner, as to let us pass by without their touching either our clothes or our horses.

At about an hour's distance from Jeremy, the valley becomes still narrower, and the way is overshadowed with the branches of trees. There is an old well there, and the remains of a ruined kiosk. The road ascends, for about an hour's journey, by a steep and rough path cut out of the rock, and the village and church of Jeremy suddenly bursts on the sight on the other side of the hill. The church, which is now a mosque, appears to have been magnificently built in the time of the kingdom of Jerusalem, and in the reigns of the Lusignans. The village is composed of forty or fifty houses, of a considerable size, suspended on the declivities of two hills which enclose the valley. A few scattered fig trees and vineyards bespeak some sort of cultivation; we saw a few flocks spread around the houses; some Arabs, dressed in rich castans, were smoking their pipes on the roof of the principal building, at about a hundred paces from the road by which we were descending. Fifteen or twenty horses, saddled and bridled, were tied up in the court-yard of the house. As soon as the Arabs perceived us, they came down from the roof, mounted the horses, and advanced slowly towards us,

We met each other in a large, uncultivated space opposite the village, shaded by five or six fine fig trees.

They were the famous Abougosh and his family. He and his brother advanced towards me; his attendants remained behind. I also stopped mine, and went towards him with my interpreter. After the usual salutations and endless compliments that precede every conversation with the Arabs, Abougosh asked me if I was not the Frank emir, whom his friend, Lady Stanhope, the Queen of Palmyra, had placed under his protection, and in whose name she had sent him the superb robe of cloth of gold which he then wore, and which he showed to me with pride and gratitude. I was not aware of this gift of Lady Stanhope's, so kindly sent in my name; but I answered, that I was indeed the stranger whom that illustrious woman had confided to the generosity of her friends at Jeremy; that I was about to visit the whole of Palestine, where the dominion of Abougosh was acknowledged; and I entreated him to give such necessary orders, as might prevent Lady Stanhope having any reason to reproach him. At these words he dismounted from his horse, as did also his brother, called some horsemen out of his suite, and ordered them to bring mats, carpets, and cushions, which he caused to be spread beneath the shade of a large fig tree, in the same field we were then in; and he entreated us so earnestly to dismount and sit down on this rustic divan, that we found it impossible to refuse. As the plague prevailed at Jeremy, Abougosh, knowing that Europeans were in quarantine, took care not to touch our clothes, and placed his own and his brother's divan opposite to us, at a measured distance: as for ourselves, we accepted only the straw and rush mats, because they are supposed not to communicate the contagion. Coffee and sherbets were then brought; and we had a pretty long general conversation. Afterwards, Abougosh requested me to send away my attendants, and sent away his own, in order to communicate to me some secret information, which I cannot set down here. After having conversed together for a

as a natural and ordinary matter; every thing descends in family lines; and when once the fact of the ascendancy is recognised and established in their manners and habits, no one then disputes it; obedience becomes in a manner a filial and religious duty. Great events and prodigious misfortunes are then necessary to overturn a family; and this, so to speak, voluntary nobility is preserved during many ages. The feudal system is properly understood only when these countries have been visited; then it is seen how, in the middle ages, all those families and local powers were formed, which now rule over castles, villages, and provinces. This is the first step in civilization. As society grows more perfect, these minor powers are absorbed by the greater; municipalities are originated to protect the rights of cities against the waning power of feudal houses. Large monarchies arise, who, in their turn, uselessly destroy municipal privileges; then come the other phases of the social system, the phenomena of which are innumerable, and are not as yet all known to us.—Here we are, at a pretty distance from Abougosh, and his nation of organised banditti!

His nephew marched before us on the road to Jerusalem. At about a mile from Jeremy, he quitted the road and turned to the right, through rocky paths that furrowed a mountain covered with myrtles and turpentine trees. We followed him. The news from Jerusalem, communicated to us by Abougosh, was of such a nature as to render it absolutely impossible for us to enter it. The plague increased there every hour; sixty or eighty persons fell victims to it every day; all the monasteries and convents were shut up. We had therefore resolved to go first into the Desert of St. John the Baptist, about two leagues distance from Jerusalem, and among the steepest mountains of Judea, to ask an asylum of a convent of Latin monks who live there, and then to act according to circumstances. Abougosh's nephew led us in the way to this solitude. After having travelled about two hours through frightful paths and beneath a burning sun, we found, on the other side of the mountain, a small spring and the shade of Bospherus at Constantinople, and the first view of Damascus from the top of Antilibanus, I have scarcely ever met with a scene or a thing, which at the first view did not seem like the recurrence of something recollected. Have we existed twice, or a thousand times? Is our memory only a tarnished mirror, restored to brilliancy by the breath of God? Or have we indeed, in the imagination, a power of foreknowing and foreseeing before a real view? What unanswerable questions!

At two o'clock in the afternoon, we descended the steep sides of the valley of Elah, passed the dry bed of the brook, and ascended, by steps carved out in the rock, to the Arabian village of St. John the Baptist, which we could see before us. Arabs of a ferocious appearance were looking at us from the roofs of their houses; the women and children crowded around us in the narrow streets of the village; the monks. frightened at the tumult they witnessed from the top of the monastery, at the number of our men and horses, and at the infection we were bringing with us, refused to open their iron doors. We retraced our steps, and went to encamp on a hill near the village, cursing the monks' hard-heartedness. I sent my interpreter to speak to them, and to reproach them in the manner they deserved. Meanwhile, the whole population descended from their roofs; the scheiks surrounded us. and mingled their wild cries with the neighings of our frightened horses; a horrible confusion prevailed throughout the whole of our caravan; we primed our muskets. Abougosh's nephew, having got on the roof of a house near the convent, addressed himself alternately to the monks and to the people. At last we obtained by capitulation an entrance into the convent; a little iron door was opened for us; we passed in one by one, stooping down, having dismounted from our horses, which we led in after us. Abougosh's nephew and his Arabian horsemen remained outside, and encamped at the gate; the monks, pale and trembling, were afraid to touch us; but we re-assured them, by giving them our word that we had not been in contact with any person since leaving

religious principle in a man's soul can effect: the man retains only his outward form; the soul is already transformed into something superhuman, angelic, and divine, which flees from admiration while it commands it. We were all equally struck, masters and servants, Christians and Arabs, with the diffusive sanctity of this excellent monk : his temper seemed to be communicated to all the fathers and brethren of the convent; for in different degrees we found in all something of the superior's excellencies, and this house of charity and peace left an ineffaceable impression on our memories. The monastic life, in our present times, has always been greatly repugnant to my views and feelings; but the sight of the convent of St. John the Baptist would be adapted to destroy these aversions, were it not a singular exception, and if that could be a justifiable institution, which is contrary to the dictates of natural. family, and social feeling. The convents of the Holy Land do not altogether come under this description; they are useful to mankind by the refuge they afford to pilgrims from the West, by the example of Christian virtues they offer to people who would otherwise be ignorant of them, and by the communications, kept up only by them, between certain parts of the East and the Western nations.

The fathers awakened us towards evening, and conducted as to the repast which their servants and our own had prepared for us. This meal, like those of each day that we passed in the convent, consisted of omelets, pieces of mutton strung on an iron spit and roasted before the fire, and rice pilau. Here, for the first time, they gave us some excellent white wine from the neighbouring vineyards; this is the only wine known in Judea. The fathers of the Desert of St. John the Baptist are the only persons who know how to make it; they supply all the convents in Palestine with it. I bought a small barrel of it, and sent it into Europe. During our repast, all the monks walked up and down the refectory, conversing in turns with us; the father superior took care we wanted for nothing, often served us with his own hands, and fetched us, out of the convent cupboards, spirits, chocolate, and all

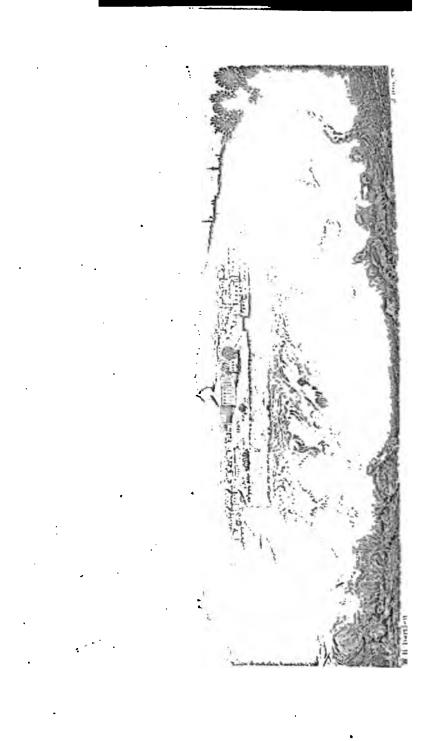
tion with the tyrant of their tyrants. We went in again when night came, and spent the evening in the corridor of the convent, in agreeable conversation with the excellent superior and the good Spanish monks. They were entire strangers to all our affairs; no news from Europe ever crossed these inaccessible mountains. They were utterly unable to understand anything about the last French revolution. "After all," said they, by way of conclusion to all our information, "provided the king of France is a catholic, and France continues to protect the convents of the Holy Land, all will be well." They showed us their church, a delightful little edifice, built on the spot where Christ's forerunner was born, furnished with an organ, and adorned with several indifferently executed pictures of the Spanish school.

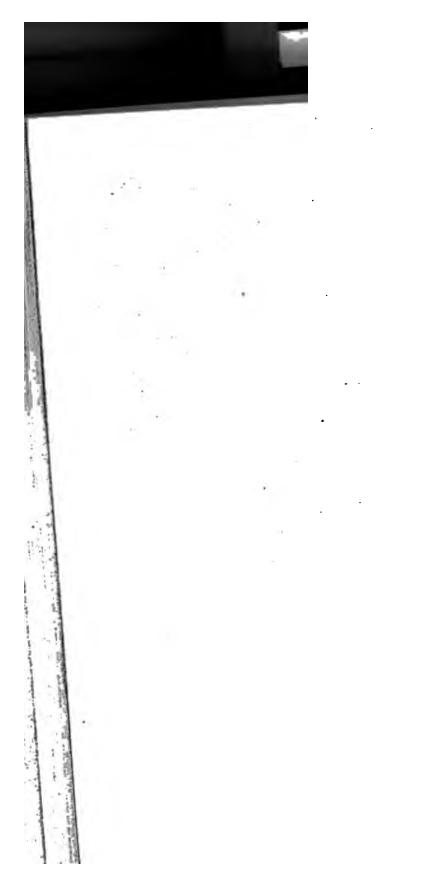
Next day, we found it impossible to resist the desire we felt of casting at least a distant look at Jerusalem.

We made our conditions with the fathers: it was agreed that we should leave at the monastery a part of our people, our horses, and our baggage; that we should take with us only Abougosh's cavalry, the Egyptian soldiers, and the Arabian servants, who were indispensable for the care of our saddle-horses; that we should not enter the city; that we should confine ourselves to making a tour around it, avoiding all contact with the inhabitants; but that in case that should happen, either by accident or otherwise, we would not ask to re-enter the convent, but would withdraw our goods and people, and encamp in the vicinity of Jerusalem. These conditions being accepted, and without any other pledge than our word and our veracity, we set out.

## JERUSALEM.

At five o'clock in the morning of the 28th of October, we left the Desert of St. John the Baptist. We awaited the dawn on horseback in the court-yard of the convent, which was enclosed by high walls, that we might not in the dark come in contact with the Arabs and infected Turks of the village and of Bethlehem. At half-past five we were on the





road; we ascended a mountain strewn with enormous fragments of grey rocks lying in blocks against each other, as though they had been broken by the strokes of a hammer. Creeping vines, with yellow autumnal leaves, spread through small fields cleared out in the intervals of the rocks, and huge towers, resembling those mentioned in the Canticles, stood in each of these vineyards; fig trees, whose tops were already defoliated, were scattered around the vineyard, and hung their black figs over the rocks. On our right, the Desert of St. John, where the voice was heard—" A voice crying in the wilderness,"-lay, like a vast abyss, between five or six lofty, black mountains; and in the intervals left between their rocky summits the horizon of the Sea of Egypt appeared in glimpees to our sight. Close to us, on our left, were the ruins of a tower or ancient castle, on the peak of a very high hill, which, like all around it, is falling into decay; other ruins were distinguishable, resembling the arches of an aqueduct, descending from the castle; on the slope of the mountain and at the bases of the arches grew some vines, stretching over the ruins a roof of pale, yellowish verdure; and among the rubbish. grew one or two isolated turpentine trees. This was Modin. the castle and tomb of those last heroes of sacred history,the Maccabees. We lest these ruins behind us, glittering in the highest rays of the morning sun. These rays were not. as in Europe, melted down into a vague and confused splendour-one universal, shining brilliancy; they darted from the tops of the mountains that concealed Jerusalem from us. like fiery arrows of different hues, united at their centre, and diverging as they shot to a greater distance into the sky. Some were of a blue tint slightly tinged with silver; others of a dead white; some of a delicate rose colour with paler edges; others of a burning fiery hue, hot as the radiance of a conflagration: all being separate and distinct, yet harmoniously connected by successive and gradual change of colour, they resembled a brilliant rainbow broken to pieces in the sky, and scattered through the atmosphere. This was the third time, since we had been in the mountainous regions of Galilee and Judea, that we beheld under a similar aspect the beauteous phenomenon of the rising or setting sun. These evenings and mornings are exactly such as the ancient masters have depicted them, in pictures which appear deceptive to those who have not witnessed the reality. As theday advanced, the distinct splendour and blue or fiery hue of each of these luminous beams diminished and melted into the general brilliancy of the atmosphere; and the moon, which was still suspended on high, of a ruddy, candescent colour, grew fainter, assumed a pearly hue, and receded into the depths of the sky, like a silver disk whose brilliancy fades as it sinks deeper into a limpid stream.

After ascending another mountain, still higher and more barren than the former, the horizon suddenly broke away to the right, and presented to view the whole space that extends between the last summits of Judea, on which we were now standing, and the lofty chain of the Arabian mountains. This space was already flooded with the wavy and misty morning light; beyond the low hills just beneath our feet, rolled and broken into grey, shattered blocks, nothing was distinguishable but this dazzling space, so exactly resembling a wide sea, that the illusion was complete, and we fancied we could discern those blots of deep shade and patches of dead silvery white, which the rising day causes to lower and shine on a calm sea. On the borders of this imaginary ocean, in the horizon, a little to the left, and about a league's distance from us, the sunlight glanced on a square tower, a lofty minaret, and the large yellow walls of some buildings crowning the summit of a low hill, whose foundations were hidden from us by the hill itself; but by the peaks of some minarets, the battlements of some still loftier walls, the black and blue tops of several cupolas rising behind the tower and the large minaret, we recognized a city of which we could only see the highest part, but which actually descended down the sides of the hill, and which could not but be Jerusalem. We believed we had been at a greater distance from it. and each of us, not daring to ask the guide, for fear of find-

ing his illusion destroyed, enjoyed in silence this first look. cast by stealth, at the city, while every association inspired into me the name of Jerusalem! It was it indeed; it stood out in a dead, dusky yellow on the deep blue of the sky and the intense black of the Mount of Olives. We stopped our horses, that we might gaze on it in this its mysterious and dazzling apparition. Every step we had to take in descending into the deep, dark valleys that opened beneath our feet. again concealed it gradually from our sight. Behind the high walls and flat domes of Jerusalem, a lofty and extensive hill rose in the back-ground, of a still darker colour than that which bore the city and hid it from our view; this second hill bounded and terminated our horizon. The sun left its western side in shade, but glancing its vertical beams on the summit, which resembled a vast cupola, it appeared to make its transparent vertex float in light, and the vague boundary between the earth and sky was only marked by some large. black trees, growing on the highest peak, between which the orb of day darted his beams. This was the Mount of Olives: these were the very olive trees themselves, the ancient witnesses of so many days inscribed in the records of earth and heaven; watered by the tears of Divinity, by His agony and bloody sweat, by so many other tears, and by the perspiration forced by agonizing feelings from so many since that night which made them sacred things. Others might be confusedly perceived, forming dark blotches on the mountain's dusky sides; and then Jerusalem's walls broke on the view, hiding the base of the Holy Mount. Nearer to us, and close beneath our eyes, was only the stony desert that leads to the city of stones; the vast, crumbling rocks, of a uniform ashy grey colour, extend uninterruptedly from the spot on which we stood to the very gates of Jerusalem. The hills sink and rise, the narrow valleys turn and wind amid their bases, some small plains, even, are here and there extended over a wider space, as if to cheat the traveller's eye, and to deceive him with the promise of vegetation and life; but all is stone. hills, valleys, and plains; the whole is but one continuous

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bed of broken rocks, about ten or twelve feet in depth, leaving between them intervals only wide enough to let the snakes creep through, or to break the camel's leg that should happen to tread into them. Imagine huge walls of colossal stones, like those of the Coliseum and the large Roman theatres, crumbling down in a single mass, and covering with their immense, shattered fragments the soil that bears them; then you will have an exact idea of the disposition and nature of the rocks that cover every where these outer ramparts of the Desert City. As you approach nearer, the stones stand thick together, and rise like eternal avalanches, ready to overwhelm the passer-by. The last steps taken, before coming in sight of Jerusalem, lie through the hollow of a solid, dismal avenue, formed by rocks that rise ten feet above the traveller's head, and permit but a small portion of the sky to be seen above them. We were in this last, melancholy ravine, we had travelled through it for about a quarter of an hour, when the rocks, suddenly bearing away on both sides, left us exactly opposite the walls of Jerusalem, which we were now unquestionably approaching. An empty space, of a few hundred feet in width, was all that intervened between the Bethlehem gate and us; this space, dry, barren, and undulating like the glacis that surround the fortified towns of Europe, opened to the right, and descended into a narrow valley, which sloped away in a gradual descent, and on the left it bore five old trunks of olive trees, leaning half way to the ground under the weight of protracted age and numerous scorching suns; they were apparently petrified, like the sterile plains from which, with difficulty, they had emerged. The Bethlehem gate, overlooked by two towers crowned with Gothic battlements, but empty and silent like the ancient keeps of deserted castles, was open before us. We remained immovable some time to contemplate it; we ardently longed to enter it; but the plague was then at its most virulent height in Jerusalem, and we had been received into the convent of St. John of the Desert only under a promise that we would not enter the city.

We did not enter it; but, turning to the left, we slowly descended beside some lofty walls, built on the other side of a deep ravine or foss, where at different intervals we perceived the foundation stones of Herod's ancient fortifications. At every step we met with Turkish cemeterics, speckled with white funeral monuments, each surmounted by a turben; these cemeteries, whose solitudes are every night repeopled by the plague, were at different spots filled with groups of Turkish and Arabian females, who had come there to weep for their fathers or husbands. A few tents were pitched among the tombs, and seven or eight women, sitting or kneeling, and suckling some pretty children as they held them in their arms, were uttering, at intervals, measured lamentations, songs, or funeral prayers, whose religious, melancholy sound agreed wondrously well with the desolate scene that lay beneath our eyes. These women were unveiled; some of them were young and handsome; they had beside them baskets filled with artificial flowers painted in bright colours. which they were planting all around the tombs, and watering with their tears. They leaned from time to time towards the fresh-turned mould, and sung to the dead some verses of their wail, appearing to whisper softly to the corpse; then remaining in silence, with their ear placed close to the tomb. they appeared waiting for, and listening to, the answer. These groups of women and children, thus sitting to ween there all day long, were the only signs of life or of human inhabitants, that we perceived in our whole circuit around the walls. In all the other parts, no sound, no smoke arose: and a few pigeons, flying from the fig trees to the battlements, and from the battlements to the banks of the sacred pools, made the only movement and the only noise we met with in this silent and empty area.

Half-way down the descent that led us to the brook Cedron and the Mount of Olives, we saw a deep, open grotto, not far distant from the city fosses, and beneath a small yellowish rocky hill. I would not stop there; I wished to see Jerusalem first, to see nothing but it, and to see it all

entire, taken in at a single glance, with its vales and its hills, its valley of Jehoshaphat and its brook Cedron, its temple and its sepulchre, its ruins and its surrounding prospect.

· We afterwards passed the Damascus gate, a delightful production of Arabian taste, flanked by two towers, opening beneath a wide, lofty, and elegant arch, and surmounted by Arabesque battlements in the shape of stone turbans. We then turned to the right, near an angle of the city walls, which on the northern side form a complete square, and, having on our left the deep, dark valley of Gethsemane (whose bottom is occupied and filled by the dry bed of the brook Cedron). we followed, as far as St. Stephen's gate, a narrow path close under the walls, interrupted by two beautiful pools, at one of which Christ cured the paralytic. This path hangs over a narrow shelf of rock, which overlooks the precipice of Gethsemane and the valley of Jehoshaphat. At St. Stephen's gate, it is broken in its longest direction by perpendicular cliffs, which once supported Solomon's temple, and which now bear the mosque of Omar; and a broad, steep declivity suddenly descends on the left, towards the bridge that crosses Cedron. and leads to Gethsemane and the Garden of Olives. We passed this bridge, and dismounted in front of a fine building, of the Composite order of architecture, but of a stern and antique aspect, which is, as it were, buried in the very bottom of the valley of Gethsemane, and occupies its whole breadth. It is the supposed tomb of the virgin mother of Christ; it belongs to the Armenians, whose convents had suffered more than any other from the plague. On this account we did not enter even into the sanctuary enclosing the tomb; and I contented myself with kneeling on the marble steps of the court that stood before this handsome temple, and invoking Her, the pious, tender worship of whom, every mother early teaches her little child. As I rose, I perceived behind me a field of about an acre in extent, reaching on one side to the high bank of the brook Cedron, and rising gently on the other to the base of the Mount of Olives. A small wall, built of loose stones, surrounded this field, and eight olive trees, distant

receiving from human hands the death they bestowed as a reward for his heavenly message. I sought my share in that salvation, which he came to bring the world, at so high a price; I represented to my mind that ocean of agony which must have overwhelmed the heart of the Son of Man, when he contemplated at a glance all the miseries, all the darkness, all the bitterness, all the vanity, all the iniquities of human existence; when he alone would bear this burden of crimes and woes, beneath which the whole human race passes stooping and groaning through this dreary vale of tears: when he saw that neither truth nor comfort could be brought to them but at the expense of his life; when, recoiling in borror from the shadow of death, which he already felt stealing over him, he said to his Father, " Let this cup pass from me." And I, miserable man, ignorant and feeble, I could then also cry out at the foot of that tree of human weakness. "Oh Lord, let all those bitter cups pass far from me, and be emptied by thee into that cup which he has already drunk for all of us. He had strength to drink it to the dregs; he knew thee-had seen thee; he knew why he was about to drink it,—knew the immortal life that awaited him in the depths of his three days' sepulchral habitation;—but I, O Lord, what do I know, except the sufferings that are breaking my heart, and the hope which he himself has taught me?"

I rose, and wondered at the marvellous propriety of the divine predestination and choice of this place, as the scene of the most mournful part of the passion of the God-man. It was a narrow, secluded, deep valley, shut in on the north by dark sterile heights, bearing the tombs of the kings; shaded on the west by the gigantic, lowering walls of the City of Iniquity; flanked on the east by the summit of the Mount of Olives; and crossed by a brook that rolled its sallow, bitter waters over the shattered rocks of the valley of Jehoshaphat. At a few paces off, a bare, black rock advances like a promontory from the base of the mountain, and, hanging over the Cedron and the valley, bears some old tombs of the kings and patriarchs, sculptured in gigantic and grotesque

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styles of architecture, thus projecting like the bridge of Death over the Valley of Lamentation.

In that age, undoubtedly, the sides, now half denuded of the Mount of Olives were irrigated by water from the pools. and by the still trickling waves of the brook Cedron. Gardens of pomegranate, orange, and olive trees covered with a deeper shade the narrow valley of Gethsemane, which, like the chosen nest of Sorrow, lies deep in the most sequestered and obscure corner of that of Jehoshaphat. The Man of Reproach, the Man of Sorrows, could there hide himself, as if in the secrecy of a hunted criminal, among the roots of the trees, amid the rocks of the brook, or beneath the triple shade of the city, the mountain, and the night; thence, could he listen to the secret steps of his mother and his disciples. as they passed along the path, seeking the Master and the Son; could hear the confused noise, the stupid acclamations rising over his head in joy at having vanquished truth and driven away justice; and the murmurs of the Cedron, which rolled its waves beneath his feet, and which was soon to see its city overthrown and its springs choked up by the ruin of a blind and guilty nation. Could Christ have better chosen the scene of his tears? could he have moistened with his agonizing bloody sweat a soil ploughed by more miseries. watered by more tears, and saturated with a greater number of lamentations?

I remounted my horse, and, turning my head every instant, that I might catch yet another glimpse at the valley and the city, I ascended, in a quarter of an hour, the Mount of Olives; every step made by my steed discovered to me another quarter of the city, another edifice in Jerusalem. I arrived at the summit, which was crowned by a ruined mosque covering the spot whence Christ ascended to heaven after his resurrection; I then bore a little to the right of this mosque, to reach two broken columns, lying prostrate at the bases of some olive trees, on an elevated space, that commanded at one view Jérusalem, Zion, the valleys of St. Saba, leading to the Dead Sea, the Dead Sea itself sparkling between the peaks of the

mountains, and the vast horizon, broken by various summits, and extending to the mountains of Arabia; there I sat down—and this was the scene spread out before me.

The Mount of Olives, on the top of which I was sitting, descends in a steep, precipitous slope down to the deep abyss that separates it from Jerusalem, and which is called the valley of Jehoshaphat. From the bottom of this dark and narrow valley, whose bare sides are dotted and almost paved by black and white stones, the mournful monuments of death, rises a huge, extensive hill, whose steep side resembles that of a lofty, crumbling rampart; no tree can there fix its roots, no moss even can there suspend its threads; the declivity is so abrupt that the detached soil and stones are continually rolling down it, and presents to the eye nought but a surface of scorched and arid dust, appearing like heaps of ashes thrown at hazard out of the city. Towards the middle of this hill, this natural fortification, rise high, strong walls of huge stones, unhewn on their exterior surfaces, concealing their Roman and Jewish foundations beneath the ashes that lie at their feet, and rising here from fifty to a hundred, and farther off from two to three hundred feet, above this earthy base. The walls are pierced by three gates of the city, two of which are walled up, and the only opening that lies before us appears as empty and desolate, as if it only gave admittance to an uninhabited city. The walls rise still higher beyond these gates, and uphold a wide, vast terrace, extending along two thirds of the length of Jerusalem on the side facing the east; this terrace appears, from a cursory glance, to be about a thousand feet in length by five or six hundred in breadth: it is almost perfectly level, except at its centre, where it sinks imperceptibly as if to recall to the eye the shallow valley which formerly parted the hill of Zion from the city of Jeru-This magnificent platform, prepared originally, no doubt, by nature, yet evidently finished by human hands, was the sublime pedestal on which stood Solomon's Temple; at the present time it bears two Turkish mosques, one, called El Sakara, in the centre of the area, the other at the south-west

extremity of the terrace, close adjoining the city walls. The mosque of Omar or El Sakara, an admirable specimen of Arabian architecture, is an octagon block of stone and marble. of vast dimensions; each side is adorned by seven arches terminated by elliptic curves; above this first stage of architecture is a parapet roof, from whence springs another range of narrower arches, which are again surmounted by an elegant dome, covered with copper which was formerly gilt. sides of the mosque are covered with blue enamel; and right and left extend large walls terminated by light Moresco colonnades, which correspond to the eight doors of the Beyond these arches, which stand apart from every other building, the platforms are continued, and end, one at the northern part of the city, and the other at the walls on the southern side. Tall cypress trees scattered as if at hazard, some olive trees, and green and graceful shrubs, growing at different spots amid the mosques, enhance the elegance of their architecture and the brilliancy of the colour of their walls, by the pyramidal form of dark verdure which breaks in upon the façades of the temples and the cupoles of the city. Beyond the two mosques and the site of the temple. Jerusalem extends all entire, and springs up, as it were, before us, without allowing the eye the possibility of overlooking a single roof, a single stone; resembling the plan of a city in relief, displayed by an artist on the top of a table. The city was not, as it had been represented to us, a shapeless and confused mass of ashes and ruins, mingled with a few Arabian cottages or Bedouin tents; not, like Athens, a chaos of dust and crumbling walls, where the traveller seeks in vain the shades of edifices, the vestiges of streets, the apparition of a city; no, but a city resplendent with light and colour. boldly offering to the sight its uninjured, embattled ramparts. its blue mosque with white colonnades, its thousands of glittering domes, on which the light of an autumn sun strikes and rebounds in luminous vapour; the façades of its houses tinged by time, and by the heat of successive summers, of the yellow, golden colour of the edifices at Rome and Prestum:

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its old towers, the guardians of its walls, of which not a single stone, loophole, or battlement is wanting; and, lastly, in the midst of this ocean of houses, and the cloud of small domes that towers above them, a black, depressed dome. larger than the rest, and overlooked by another white cupola. These are the Holy Sepulchre and Calvary; they appear from hence to be confounded, and, as it were, drowned in the vast labyrinth of buildings and streets that surround them. and it is difficult to realize the fact that that is the real site of Calvary and the Holy Sepulchre, which, according to the ideas given us by the Gospel, ought to be situated on a hill outside the walls, and not in the centre of Jerasalem! The city, which has receded from the side towards Zion, has undoubtedly increased on the northern side, to embrace within its circuit the two spots which are at once its glory and its shame—the site of the crucifixion of the Just One, and that of the resurrection of the God-man.

Such is the city as seen from the top of the Mount of Olives. It has no line of horizon behind it, either on the western or on the northern side. The outlines of its walls, its towers, its needle-shaped minarets, and its arched cupolas, stand, bare and abrupt, against the azure of an oriental sky; and the city, thus borne and upheld on its broad and elevated platform, seems still to shine with all its ancient prophetic splendour, or to await but one commanding word, to issue forth resplendent in glory from its seventeen successive destructions, and to become that "New Jerusalem, which emerges from the bosom of the desert, brilliant with light."

This is the most splendid apparition that can be seen of a city that is no more; for it appears to be still in existence, and to shine like a city full of youth and life; and yet, if it is looked at with a closer attention, it is easily seen that it is in reality no more than a beauteous vision of the city of David and Solomon. No sound arose from its squares and streets; no roads now lead from its gates to the east or the west, to the north or to the south; there is nothing more than a few paths winding at hazard among the rocks, where are only to be met

with a few half naked Arabs mounted on their asses, some camel drivers from Damascus, or a few women from Bethlehem or Jericho, bearing on their heads baskets of grapes from Engedi, or a cage of doves to be sold in the morning beneath the turpentine trees outside the city gates. We sat the whole day opposite the principal gates of Jerusalem; we made a tour around the walls, passing by the other portals of the city. Not an individual was going in or out; even the beggar was not seated at the entrance, the sentinel appeared not at the threshold; we saw nothing, we heard nothing: the same desolation, the same silence prevailed at the gates of a city containing a population of thirty thousand souls, during twelve daylight hours, as if we had passed the time before the deathly portals of Pompeii and Herculaneum. saw four funeral processions, issuing in silence from the Damascus gate, and passing along the walls towards the Turkish cemeteries; and as we passed the Gate of Zion, a poor Christian, who had died of the plague that morning, was borue by four grave-diggers to the Greek cemetery. passed at a short distance from us; extended the infected corpse on the ground, dressed in its clothes, and silently began to excavate his last resting-place, close beneath our horses' feet. The soil around the city was newly stirred by several similar graves, which were, every day, multiplied by the plague; and the only audible sound outside the walls cf Jerusalem, was the monotonous wail of the Turkish women weeping for the dead. I know not whether the plague was the sole cause of the deserted state of the roads and of the profound silence that reigned around and within Jerusalem. I should rather think not; for the Turks and Arabs never avoid the divine scourges, convinced that they may be reached by them in every place, and that no road offers a way of escape from them. A sublime mode of reasoning, but which leads them to melancholy consequences.

To the left of this platform, and of the temple and walls of Jerusalem, the hill that bears the town sinks suddenly down widens, and opens to the eye in gentle slope, upheld at dif

ferent spots by terraces of loose stones. This hill bears on its top, at about a hundred paces from Jerusalem, a mosque, and a group of Turkish edifices, very much resembling an Buropean hamlet, surmounted with its church and steeple. That is Zion !—that is the royal palace !—that is the tomb of David !-- that is the scene of his inspirations and his joys, of his life and his repose! a place which to me appears doubly sacred, whose sweet singer has so often affected my heart, and charmed my feelings. He is the first of sentimental poets; the king of lyric bards. Never did human heartstrings sound with such inward, penetrating, and solemn notes; never did poet's mind soar so high, or speak with such propriety; never did human soul unfold itself before its fellow man or before the Deity in sentiments so tender, so expressive, so pathetic, so agonizing. All the most deeply seated groanings of the human heart have found accents and notes on the lips and harp of this wondrous man; and if we go back to the remote era when such songs resounded on the earth, if we reflect that at that time the lyric poetry of the most highly civilized nations only sung of wine and love, of bloody war, or of the triumphs of poetry or of horses in the Olympic games, then we cannot avoid being struck with a profound astonishment at the mystic words of the royal prophet, who speaks to the Deity as one friend to another, who understands and praises his marvellous works, who admires his justice, implores his mercy, and seems to be an anticipative echo of evangelical poetry, repeating the sweet words of Christ before hearing them. Prophet or no prophet, according as he is contemplated by the philosopher or the Christian, neither of them can deny to the royal poet an inspiration vouchsased to no other man. Read Horace or Pindar, if you may, after perusing a psalm. For my own part, I cannot do it.

For me, a humble poet of a silent and declining age, I would, had I lived at Jerusalem, chosen my dwelling and my earthly resting-place on the exact spot where David chose his, on Zion. It commanded the finest view of Judea, Pales-

tine, and Galilee; Jerusalem was on the left with its temple and its edifices, over which the poet and the king might gaze. without being perceived. Before him, fertile gardens, descending in almost imperceptible declivities, might conduct him to the bottom of the bed of that stream, whose spray and murmurs he ardently loved. Below, the valley opened in a wider extent, shaded by fig, pomegranate, and olive trees; and to some of those rocks hanging over the running stream, to some of these echoing grottoes cooled by the breath of the murmuring brook, to the feet of some of these aged turpentine trees which now overshadow me, the sacred poet doubtless came to await the melodious breath of inspiration. Why cannot I there realize that inspiration, to sing the sorrows of my own bosom and of every human breast in this troubled age, in the same way as he sung his hopes in an age of youth and faith? But there is no longer any poetry in the human heart, for despair can never sing. And so long as no new ray shall descend on this dark period of the age of human nature, all lyres will still be mute, and man will pass silently on between two oceans of doubt, without love, prayer, or praise. But I re-ascend to David's palace. It looked down into the then verdant and well-watered valley of Jehoshaphat; a large opening between the hills led from it, over one peak, undulation, and declivity to another, to the basin of the Dead Sea. which, far below, reflects the rays of the evening sun from its turbid, heavy waters, like a thick Venice mirror, and gives a dead, leaden hue to the light that glances from it. It is no at all like what imagination has depicted it-a petrified lake in a dismal, colourless horizon. It is like one of the finest lakes of Switzerland or Italy, with its tranquil waters sleeping in the shade of the lofty mountains of Arabia, which extend, like Alps, as far as the eye can reach, behind ite waves, which quietly repose among the pyramidal, conic. light, indented, and glittering peaks of the farthest mountains of Judea. Such is the prospect seen from Zion; but let us pass on.

There is another scene in the landscape around Jerusalem, which I would gladly imprint in my memory; but I have

neither the pencil nor colours requisite for it. It is the valley of Jehoshaphat; a valley celebrated in the traditions of three religions, where Jews, Christians, and Mahometans all agree in placing the site of the last judgment; a valley which has already witnessed on its sides the greatest scene of the evangelical drama—the tears, groans, and death of Christ; a valley where all the prophets have passed in their turn, uttering a cry of grief and horror, which seems to resound there still; a valley which is one day to hear the tremendous sound of the vast flood of souls, rolling in before the Deity and presenting themselves of their own accord f r the decisive sentence.

On the same day, we re-entered, without having violated any condition of the treaty concluded with the monks, the convent of St. John in the Desert. We were received with a confidence and benevolence which much affected us; for if we had not been men of honour, if only one of our Arabs had escaped from our supervision and come in contact with those who were bearing the infected bodies all amongst us, we might have been the means of bringing death to all in the convent.

Set out, at five o'clock in the morning of the 29th, from the Desert of St. John, with all our horses, escorts, Abougosh's Arabs, and four horse soldiers sent us by the governor of Jerusalem. We fixed our camp at a couple of musket shots' distance from the walls, beside the Turkish cemetery, dotted over with tents, where the women come to weep. These tents were filled with women, children, and slaves, bearing baskets of flowers, which all day long they plant around the tombs. Our Naplousian troopers proceeded alone into the city, and went to apprize the governor of our arrival. Whilst they were gone with our message, we took off our shoes, boots, and cloth slippers, which are apt to take the contagion, and put on morocco buskins; we also rubbed ourselves with oil and garlic, a precaution which I had devised from the fact, well known at Constantinople, that the dealers in and carriers of oil are least liable of any to the contagion. In about half-an-hour, we saw coming out of the gates, the

governor's kiaya, the interpreter belonging to the convent of the Latin monks, five or six horsemen clothed in brilliant apparel, and bearing gold-headed canes, and, lastly, our own Naplousian troopers and some young pages also on horse-We went to meet them; they formed a circle around us, and we entered the city by the Bethlehem gate. Three infected corpses, who had died during the night, were being borne out, and for an instant obstructed our passage beneath the dark vault of the city portal. Immediately after passing this arch we found ourselves at a place where several wave met, composed of little, miserable houses and uncultivated gardens, whose surrounding walls were tottering in decay. We followed for a little while the widest of the roads; it led us to one or two small, dark, narrow, dirty streets, in which we could see nothing but funeral processions passing hastily along, cringing close to the walls at the voices and lifted sticks of the governor's janizaries. Here and there, were some bread and fruit sellers, clothed in rags, sitting on the threshold of small shops, with their baskets on their knees. and crying their commodities after the fashion of the markets of our large cities. From time to time a veiled female appeared at the windows of these houses, which were grated with wooden bars, or a child opened a low, dark door, and went to buy the family provision for the day. These streets were strewn everywhere with rubbish, with accumulated filth, and, above all, with heaps of blue linen or cotton rage. blown along like dead leaves by the wind, and the contact of which we were unable to avoid. It is by this dirt and these ragged shreds of cloth, with which the pavements of Eastern cities are covered, that the plague is most extensively communicated. Hitherto we had not seen in the streets of Jernsalem any token of the habitation of a numerous people: no signs of wealth, motion, or life: we had been deceived by the exterior aspect, as we had already so often been by other towns in Greece and Syria. The most wretched hamlet among the Alps or Pyrcnees, the most neglected lanes of our own suburbs, abandoned to the lowest classes of our working population, have more cleanliness, luxury, and elegance

than these deserted streets of the Queen of Cities. We met only some Bedouin horsemen mounted on Arabian steeds, whose feet slip, or stumble into the holes with which the pavement abounds. These men had not the noble, chivalrous air of the Arabian scheiks of Syria and Lebanon. They had a ferocious look, a vulture's eye, and the costume of brigands.

We wound for some time among these streets, all exactly like each other, and were stopped from time to time by the interpreter of the Latin convent, who, pointing out to us a house in ruins, an old door of worm-eaten wood, and the remains of a Moresco window, said to us, "That is Veronica's house, the Wandering Jew's door, and the window of the prætorium;" words which only occasioned us a painful feeling, falsified as they were by their evidently modern aspect, and the glaring improbability of these arbitrary indications; pious frauds, of which no one is guilty because they take their date from I know not whom, and they have been repeated during a number of years to the pilgrims, whose ignorant credulity itself invented them. They at last showed us the roof of the Latin convent, but we could not enter it. The monks were in quarantine, and the monastery is shut up in plague time. A small house belonging to it alone remains open for strangers, under the direction of the monk who is curate of Jerusalem; it has only one or two rooms, which were occupied, and we did not go there. We were introduced into a small, square court-yard, surrounded on every part by lofty arcades bearing terraces; it was the court of a convent. The monks came upon the terraces, and conversed a few moments with us in Spanish and Italian; none of them spoke French. Those whom we saw were almost all aged men, with mild, venerable, and contented countenances. They received us with cheerfulness and cordiality, and appeared much to regret that the prevalent calamity interdicted them from all communication with guests exposed, like our-

Veronica was a virgin who, it is said, gave her handkerchief to our Saviour, when going to be crucified, to wipe his face, and received it with a striking impression of his countenance on it — Transl.

selves, to take and communicate the plague. We told them some news from Europe; they offered us such assistance as their country affords. A butcher killed some sheep for us in the court-yard; and they let us down some new loaves by cords from the top of the terraces. We received from them, by the same way, a store of crosses, chaplets, and other pious curiosities, of which they always have a great provision by them; we gave them, in return, some alms, and letters which their friends of Cyprus and Syria had given us for them. Every object which went from us to them was first subjected to a rigorous fumigation, then dipped in a vessel of cold water, and at last hoisted to the top of the terrace in a copper vessel suspended by a cord. These poor monks appeared more terrified than ourselves at the danger that surrounded them. Experience has so often proved that a slight inattention to the sanatory regulations has in a few minutes carried off a whole convent, that they observe them with a rigid fidelity. They could not understand how we could throw ourselves voluntarily and cheerfully into an ocean of contagion, a single drop of which makes them tremble. The curate of Jerusalem, on the contrary, forced by his duties to run the risk of communication with his parishioners, wished to persuade us there was no plague at all.

After half-an-hour's conversation with these monks, the bell called them to mass. We returned them our thanks; they gave us their good wishes for our journey; we sent to our camp the provisions and accommodations with which we were provided, and then came out of the court of the convent.

After going down a few other streets exactly like those I have just described, we found ourselves in a small square, open to the northern quarter of the sky, and to the Mount of Olives; to our left, a few paces on a descent led us to an open area, on which looked the front of the church of the Holy Sepulchre. This church has been so well and so often described that I shall not describe it again. Its exterior,

more especially, is a vast and elegant monument of the Byzantine age; the architecture is grave, solemn, magnificent, and rich, considering the time when it was built; it is a worthy pavilion thrown by human piety over the tomb of the Son of man. On comparing this church with other productions of the same era, it is found superior to all. St. Sophia, while of vastly more gigantic dimensions, is more barbarous in its shape—on the exterior it is nothing but a mountain of stones, flanked by smaller stone hills; the Holy Sepulchre church, on the contrary, is an aerial, exquisitely carved cupola, in which the refined and graceful forms of the doors, windows, capitals, and cornices, enhance the vastness of its dimensions by the inappreciable value of so much skilful workmanship; where the solid stone itself has been converted into gossamer lace, to become worthy of forming part of this edifice, raised to the honour of the grandest idea that ever entered human minds; where the conceptions of beauty that designed the building are seen written in the details of the edifice as well as in its whole effect. It is true that the church of the Holy Sepulchre is not, at the present time, such as St. Helena, the mother of Constantine, built it; the kings of Jerusalem re-touched and embellished it with the decorations of that semi-Western, semi-Moresco architecture, the taste for, and the examples of, which they had met with in the East. But, such as it now is on the exterior, with its Byzantine style of building, and its Grecian, Gothic, and Arabesque decorations, with its fissures even, the marks left by time and barbarians, which still remain imprinted on its face, it is not by any means inaccordant with the ideas brought to it, with the ideas which itself expresses; there is not felt, at its appearance, that painful impression of a grand idea inadequately wrought out, of a grand subject of recollection profaned by human hands; on the contrary, the involuntary thought is, "This is what I expected; man could do no better; the building is not worthy of the tomb, but it is worthy of that human race who wished to honour this great

## RECOLLECTIONS OF THE BAST.

sepulchre," and one enters the vaulted, sombre we of the nave, under the influence of this first impression.

On the left, as you enter this porch, which opens or very floor of the nave, in the recess of a wide, deep which once bore some statues, the Turks have esta their divan; they are the guardians of the Holy Ser and they only have the right to open or shut it up. passed, five or six venerable Turkish figures, with lon beards, were squatting on this divan, which was cover rich Aleppo carpets, and all around them stood e coffee and pipes. They saluted us with politene dignity, and ordered one of the superintendents to acc us into every part of the church. I saw nothing, e their countenances, words, or behaviour, that partook irreverence of which they are accused. They do not e church, they remain at the door: they speak to Christia the solemnity and respect which are suitable to the pl object of their visit. Having gained possession, by conquest, of the Christians' sacred edifice, they do not it, they do not disperse its ashes to the winds; they ! it, they maintain order, keep up a police, and observe reverence, which Christian communions, contending among themselves, would be very far from retaining then take care that this relic, the common property of all w the Christian name, should be reserved for all, tha communion may, in its turn, enjoy the worship it wou to pay at the holy tomb. Were it not for the Tur tomb, disputed by the Greeks and Catholics, and innumerable ramifications of Christian profession, already have been a hundred times the object of cor between these rival and spiteful communions, it wou passed alternately and exclusively from one to the otl would, undoubtedly, have been withheld from the ene the triumphant party. I see no cause to blame and re Turks; that pretended brutal intolerance, of which t accused by ignorant persons, is manifested only by to

and respect for that which other men venerate and adore. Wherever the Mussulman sees the notion of a God in his brethren's minds, he bows to it and respects it, and believes that that idea sanctifies every form of religion. They are the only tolerating people. Let Christians ask themselves, and faithfully answer the question, what they would have done if the chances of war had given them Mecca and the Kaaba. Would the Turks then come from all parts of Europe and Asia, and peacefully venerate the well preserved monuments of Islamism?

At the end of this vestibule, we came under the grand cupola of the church. The centre of this cupola, which is supposed by local traditions to be the centre of the earth, is occupied by a small edifice inclosed within a larger, just as one precious stone is enchased within another. This internal structure is an oblong square, decorated by several pilasters, a cornice, and a marble dome, the whole in bad taste, and of a distorted and grotesque design; it was rebuilt in 1817, by an European architect, at the expense of the Greek church, in whose possession it now is. All around this interior pavilion of the sepulchre, is extended the vast void of the great exterior cupola; there is free access all around, and between the pillars are large, deep chapels, each of which is assigned as the spot of some one of the mysterics of Christ's passion: and all contain some real or supposed remains of the scenes of redemption. That part of the church of the Holy Sepulchre which is not underneath the cupola is exclusively reserved for the schismatical Greeks-a partition formed of painted wood, and covered with pictures of the Greek school, divides this portion from the other. Notwithstanding the strange profusion of bad paintings and ornaments of all kinds. with which the walls and altar are loaded, its whole appearance has a solemn and religious effect. It is felt that the spirit of prayer, under every form, has entered this sanctuary. and collected together all which fervent but superstitious generations have thought most precious in the sight of God. A staircase, carved out in the rock, conducts from thence to

the summit of Calvary, where the three crosses were raised; thus Calvary, the Sepulchre, and several other scenes in the drama of redemption, are collected together beneath the roof of a single edifice of moderate extent. This seems but slightly conformable to the accounts given in the Gospels, and one little expects to find the tomb of Joseph of Arimathea, which was hewn in the rock outside the walls of Zion, at fifty paces' distance from Calvary, the place of execution, now inclosed within the circuit of the modern walls; but such are the traditions, and they have prevailed. In such a scene the mind does not quarrel about a few paces' difference between historical probabilities and local traditions; whether it was here or there, it was at any rate not far from the spots pointed out to us. After giving a moment of deep and silent meditation, in each of these sacred places, to the recollection it recalled to our minds, we redescended into the area of the church, and penetrated into the interior structure, which serves as a stone curtain or cover to the tomb itself. It is divided into two small sanctuaries; in the first is the stone on which the angels sat when they replied to the holy women. " He is not here; he is arisen;" the second and last contains the Sepulchre itself, which is yet covered with a sort of sarcophagus of white marble, which envelopes it and conceals entirely from the eye the native substance of the original rock in which the sepulchre was hewn. Gold and silver lamps, perpetually replenished, enlighten this chapel, perfumes are continually burning there night and day, and the air within is warm and balmy. We went in separately, one by one, not permitting any of the church attendants to enter with us; and we were separated from the first sanctuary by a crimson silk curtain. We wished that no look should trouble the solemnity of the scene, or the privacy of the feelings which each might experience, according to the turn of his mind, and the extent and nature of his faith in that great event which is by that tomb recalled to mind. Each of us remained within about a quarter of an hour, and none came out with dry eyes. Whatever form a man's internal reflec-

tions, his knowledge of history, his age, and the vicissitudes passed through by his mind and heart, may have conferred on the religious feelings of his soul; whether he has preserved the literal meaning of Christianity, the instructions of his mother, or whether he have only a philosophical and intellectual species of Christianity; whether Christ is esteemed by him to be a crucified God, or whether he sees in him only the holiest of men deified by his virtue, inspired by supreme truth, and dying to bear testimony to his Father; whether Jesus be in his eyes the Son of God or the Son of man, the Deity made man or humanity deified; still Christianity is the religion of his memory, his heart, and his imagination; still it is not so easily evaporated by the winds of life and time, as that the soul, which has been once imbued with it, shall not retain its original odour, and that the visible scenes and memorials of his earliest religion shall not renovate its impressions within him, and shake him with a solemn shudder. To the Christian, the philosopher, the moralist, or the historian, this tomb is the boundary that separates two worlds. the ancient and the modern; it is the starting-point of an idea that has renovated the universe, a civilization that has transformed every thing, a communication that has resounded over all the globe; this tomb is the sepulchre of the old world and the cradle of the new; no stone below the whole expanse of heaven has been the foundation of so vast an edifice; no grave has ever been so fertile; no doctrine buried for three days, or for three centuries, has ever broken in so triumphant a manner the rock scaled by man over it, or given the lie to death by so brilliant and immortal a resurrection.

After the others, I entered, in my turn, into the Holy Sepulchre, with my mind beset by these vast ideas, my heart affected by deep-seated impressions, which remain a mystery between a man and his own soul, between that rational insect and his Creator. These impressions cannot be described; they are exhaled with the smoke of dim religious lamps, the fumes of incense, and the vague, confused murmur of sighs; they fall with the tears that rush into the eyes at the recol-

lections of the first names lisped by us in our infancy, of the father and mother who taught them to us, and of the brothers, the sisters, and the friends, together with whom we have uttered them. All the holy thoughts which have at every period of our lives stirred up the emotions of our souls, all the prayers which have issued from our hearts and lips at the name of Him who taught us to pray to His Father and to our Father; all the joys, all the sorrows of soul, of which these prayers were the utterance, unfold themselves within the mind, and produce, by their re-echoes and their confusion, that dazzling of the understanding and that softening of the heart, which seek not for words, but which melt into moistened eyes, an overcharged bosom, a bowed-down forehead, and a mouth pressed close to the sepulchral stone. I remained a long time in this manner, praying to the Heavenly Father in that very spot where the best of prayers rose for the first time to heaven; I prayed for my earthly father here below, for my mother now in another world, for all those who are now no more, but with whom there is the invisible tie that will never be broken (the communion of love exists for ever): the names of all the beings whom I have known and loved, and by whom I have been beloved, passed between my lips when upon the stone of the Holy Sepulchre. It was not till afterwards that I prayed for myself; my prayer was strong and ardent; I asked for truth and courage, before the tomb of Him who shed abroad the greatest amount of truth in the world, and who died with the highest devotion to that truth of which God had made him the communicative Word: I shall never forget the words I murmured in that critical hour of my mental life. Perhaps I was heard; a bright light of reason and conviction spread throughout my understanding. and more clearly distinguished light from darkness, errors from truths. There are moments of life when the thoughts of the mind, which have for a long time been vague, doubtful, and fluctuating as unbounded waves of the sea, end by approaching a shore where they break and turn back upon themselves in new forms, and with a course directly contrary to that which they have hitherto pursued. Such was this moment to me. He who searches the thoughts of the heart knows what it was; and perhaps I shall one day myself understand it. It was a mystery in my life which will one day be unfolded.

On coming out of the church of the Holy Sepulchre, we followed the Sorrowful Way,\* of which M. Chateaubriand has given so poetical an itinerary. There is nothing striking. certain, or probable; only ruined houses of a modern construction, pointed out every where by the monks to pilgrims as incontestable remains of Christ's different stopping-places. The eye cannot even hesitate for an instant, and all confidence in these local traditions is previously destroyed by the history of the first years of Christianity, when Jerusalem did not retain one stone upon another, and when the Christians were afterwards banished for a number of years from the city. Jerusalem retains no remains of those magnificent epochs, except its pools and the tombs of its kings; a few spots only may still be recognized; such as the site of the temple, distinguished by its earthen platform, and now bearing the large and beautiful mosque of Omar el Sakara; Mount Zion, occupied by the Armenian convent and the tomb of David; but it is only with the volumes of history in the hand, and with a doubtfully discriminating eye, that the greater part of these sites can be assigned with any thing like precision. Excepting the walls of the raised terraces towards the valley of Jehoshaphat, there is no stone that declares its date by its shape and colour; all is ground to powder, or else wears a modern aspect. The mind wanders dubiously over the prospect of the city, without knowing where to rest; but the whole city, marked out by the hill that bears it, by the different valleys that surround it, and, more especially, by the deep ravine of the Cedron, is an indication by which it is impossible the eye can be deceived. It is certain that Zion must have been situated there; a strange and unfortunate situation for the capital of a great people; it is rather the natural fortress of • The way from Jerusalem to Calvary .- Trensl.

a small people, driven from the face of the earth, and taking refuge with their God and their temple, on a soil which none could have any interest in disputing, on rocks rendered inaccessible by want of roads, in valleys destitute of water, and in a boisterous, unproductive climate, having in the horizon only mountains calcined by the internal fire of volcanoes (the mountains of Arabia and Jericho), and only one pestilential sea without shores and without navigation—the Dead Sea. Such is Judea, such is the dwelling-place of that people whose fate it is to have been proscribed through every epoch of their history, and with whom the nations have disputed even this capital of their persecuted condition, perched, like an eagle's eyry, on the very summit of this group of mountains; and yet, this people bore with them the grand doctrine of the unity of God, and the truth contained in that fundamental dogma was sufficient to separate them from all other nations, to make them proud of their proscriptions, and confident in their doctrines respecting Divine Providence.

After having traversed the different quarters of the city, all as bare, wretched, and desolate as those through which we had entered, we descended beside the famous mosque that occupies the site of Solomon's Temple. The governor of Jerusalem has his seraglio in a building adjoining the gardens and walls of the mosque. We went to pay him a visit of thanks. The court-yard of the seraglio was surrounded by grated dungeons, through which we perceived the countenances of some banditti from Jericho and Samaria. who were awaiting either their release or the pacha's sabre. Troopers lying at their horses' feet, scheiks from the desert. and Arabs from Naplousa, were grouped at different places on the staircases or beneath the sheds, waiting for the divan's hour of sitting. The governor, on being apprized of our arrival, sent his son to request us to walk up. This young man, who was about thirty years of age, is the handsomest Arab, and perhaps the handsomest man, I ever saw in my life. Strength, beauty, intelligence, and good temper are so harmoniously mingled together in his features, and shine out all together from his blue eye in so palpable and attractive a manner, that we were all greatly struck by his appearance; he is a Samaritan. His father, the governor of Jerusalem, is the most powerful of the Arabs of Naplousa. Being persecuted by Abdallah, the pacha of Acre, and being often at war with him during the Turkish domination, he had been forced to take refuge, together with his family, in the mountains beyond the Dead Sea; the victory obtained by Ibrahim Pacha over Abdallah had allowed him to return into his own country. He had there recovered his wealth and influence. had driven his enemies out of the land, and the pacha of Egypt, in order to remedy the deficiency of his Egyptian troops in Judea, had confided to him the government of Sanaria and Jerusalem. His only troops were a few hundred cavalry of his own tribe, by whose aid he maintains order and Ibrahim's dominion among all the people round the neighbourhood. We entered the divan, a large room without any other furniture than a few carpets spread upon mats, and some pipes and cups of coffee on the ground. governor, surrounded by a great number of slaves and armed Arabs, and by some secretaries kneeling and writing upon their hands, was occupied in administering justice and despatching his orders. He rose up at our approach, and came towards us. He had the carpets of the divan taken up, as they are liable to communicate the plague, and had Egyptian mats substituted for them, which do not impart the infection. We sat down, and were presented with pipes and coffee. My interpreter made him, in my name, the customary compliments, and I myself returned him my thanks for the pains he had so cheerfully taken, that strangers like ourselves might visit in safety the scenes consecrated by the events of their religion. He answered, with an obliging smile, that he only did his duty; that Ibrahim's friends were his friends; that he would answer for every hair of their heads; that he was ready not only to do what he had done for me, but, still more, to march himself, if I required him, with his troops. and to accompany me into any place where my curiosity or

my religion might induce me to go within the limits of his government; and that such were the pacha's orders. Then he inquired of us news about the war, and concerning the part taken by European powers in Ibrahim's fortunes. replied to him in such a manner as to please his secret thoughts; that Europe admired in Ibrahim Pacha a civilizing conqueror: that, under this relation, it took great interest in his victories; that it was high time the East participated in the benefits of a better administration of government; that the pacha of Egypt was the armed missionary of European civilization in Arabia; that his bravery, and the tactics he had adopted from us, made it certain he would vanquish the Grand Vizir, who had advanced into Caramania to meet him: that, in all probability, he would gain a great victory, and would march on Constantinople; that he would not however, enter it, for the Europeans would not yet permit him; but that he would make peace under their mediation, and would retain Arabia and Syria in perpetual sovereignty. This deeply touched the heart of the old Naplousian rebel; he seemed to drink in every word I said, and his sons and friends leaned their heads over mine, that they might not lose a single word of this conversation, which augured them a long and peaceful sway in Samaria. As I saw the governor in so good a humour, I manifested my desire, not of entering the mosque of Omar, for I was aware that such a proceeding would be contrary to the customs of the country, but of looking at its outside. "If you require it," he answered, "it shall be all open to you, but I shall be in danger of deeply irritating the Mussulmen of the city. They are still ignorant: they think that a Christian's presence within the circuit of the mosque would involve them in great perils, for a prophecy has said, that whatever a Christian asks of God in the interior of El Sakara, will be granted him; and they do not doubt but that a Christian would ask God for the overthrow of the religion of the Prophet, and for the extermination of the Mussulmen. For my own part," added he, " I do not believe any thing of the sort; all men are brethren. Although

they adore, each in his own language, the common Father, He gives nothing to any at the expense of the rest; He makes his sun rise on the worshippers of every prophet; man knows nothing, God knows all. Allah Kerim, God is great!" and he bowed his head with a smile. "God forbid," said I, "that I should abuse your hospitality, and expose you to danger for the sake of satisfying the vain curiosity of a traveller. Were I in the mosque of El Sakara, I would not pray for the extermination of any people, but for the illumination and happiness of all the children of Allah."

At these words we arose; he conducted us through a corridor to a window of his seraglio, which overlooked the exterior courts of the mosque. We could not here obtain so good a yiew of the place as we could from the top of the Mount of Olives; we could only see the walls of the cupola, some Moresco porches of most elegant architecture, and the tops of the cypresses that grow in the interior gardens. took leave of the governor, and informed him that I intended to pass eight or ten days encamped in the neighbourhood of the city, and to set out on the next day on a journey to the Dead Sea, the Jordan, Jericho, and as far as the bases of the mountains of Arabia Petræa; that I should several times re-enter the interior of Jerusalem in the same manner as I had done to-day; and that all I had to request of him was the sufficient number of cavalry to assure our safety in the different excursions we intended to make in Judea. went out of Jerusalem by the same Bethlehem gate, near which our tents had that day been pitched, and we finished by an evening visit to all the remarkable and sacred spots around the walls of the city.

We spent the evening in traversing the declivities that extend on the southern side of Jerusalem, from the tomb of David to the valley of Jehoshaphat, and which are the only spots around the city that present the least appearance of vegetation. At sunset, I sat down opposite the Mount of Olives, four or five hundred paces above the pool of Siloam,

and very near to the former site of David's gardens. The valley of Jehoshaphat was at my feet; the lofty walls of the terraced foundations of the temple were a little above me on my left; I could see the tops of the beautiful cypresses which raise their pyramidal heads above the porticoes of the mosque of El Aksa, and the dome-shaped foliage of the orange trees that shade the beautiful fountain of the temple, which is called the Orange Tree Fountain. This fountain recalls to my mind one of the most delightful traditions invented, transmitted, or preserved among the Arabs. The following is what they relate concerning Solomon's choice of

the site now occupied by the mosque:—
"Jerusalem was a cultivated field; two brothers possessed

that part of the ground where now the temple stands; one of the brothers was married and had several children, the other was single; they cultivated in common the field they had inherited from their mother; when harvest time was come, the two brothers bound up their sheaves, and made two equal heaps of them, which they left upon the field. During the night, the unmarried brother had a good thought: he said to himself, 'My brother has a wife and children to keep; it is not right that my share should be as large as his; come, I will take some sheaves out of my heap and add them secretly to his; he will not perceive it, and so he will not be able to refuse them.' And he did as he had thought. The same night, the other brother awoke and said to his wife, 'My brother is young; he lives single and without company; he has nobody to assist him in his labour or to console him in his weariness; it is not right that we should take as many sheaves from our common field as he. Let us get up, and go and carry secretly to his heap a certain number of sheaves; he will not perceive it, and so he cannot re fuse them.' And they did as they had thought. The next day, each of the brothers went to the field, and was very much surprised to see that the two heaps were still equal: neither one nor the other could account to himself for this prodigy. They did the same for several successive nights. but as each had carried to his brother's heap the same number of sheaves, the heaps still remained equal; until one night both stood sentinels to search out the reason of this miracle, and they met one another carrying the sheaves they had mutually designed for each other.

"Now the place where so good a thought came at the same time and recurred so continually to two men, must be a spot pleasing to the Deity; and men blessed it, and chose it to build on it a house for God."

What adelightful tradition! How does it breathe the innocent goodness of patriarchal manners! How simple, natural, and primitive is the inspiration that induces mankind to dedicate to God a spot where virtue has germinated on the earth! I have heard hundreds of legends of the same sort among the Arabs. One breathes the air of the Bible in every part of these Eastern regions.

The aspect of the valley of Jehoshaphat is exactly conformable to the destination assigned to it by Christian ideas. It resembles a vast sepulchre, which is, however, still too small to contain the billows of the human race which are Overlooked on every side by there to be accumulated. funeral monuments; enclosed at its southern extremity in the rock of Siloah, which is entirely hollowed out into sepulchral caverns, like a hive of death; having at different spots the tumulary boundaries of the tombs of Jehoshaphat and of Absalom, carved in pyramidal forms out of the solid rock. and overshadowed on the one side by the black hills of the Mount of Transgressions, on the other by the ramparts of the ruined temple; it is thus a place naturally impregnated with a sacred horror, early destined to be the place of execution to a large city, and where the imaginations of the prophets must have found no difficulty in placing the scenes of death, resurrection, and the last judgment. The valley of Jehoshaphat is generally conceived of as a vast hollow among the mountains, where the Cedron, a wide, black stream with doleful waves, passes along with mournful murmurs; where wide gorges, open to the four winds, gradually expand

## RECOLLECTIONS OF THE EAS

to admit the four torrents of dead, coming the west, the north and the south; where t platforms of the hills extend in the form o to afford room for the numerous children of ing to bear his part in the final denouement of of humanity. But it is nothing of the kin Jehoshaphat is only a natural foss, lying a few hundred feet high, one of which be the other the summit of the Mount of Oliof Jerusalem have, in their decay, covered of it with their ruins; no ravine opens in which issues out of the earth at a few pace is only a torrent formed in winter by th drains out of a few olive fields that are tombs of the kings, and is crossed by a brid of the valley opposite one of the gates of only a few paces over, and the valley, at great deal wider than the stream. The ste torrent is marked out only by the white pel of the ravine. In short, the valley of Je resembles one of those wide ditches dug lofty fortifications of a large town, where mon sewer rolls its filth along, where som of the outskirts of the place dispute wi corner of ground on which to cultivate a f where, on the steep slopes, the unheede come to browse upon the grass blackens Strew over such a place tombstone the religions in the world, and then you wi eyes the Valley of Judgment.

Here is the fountain of Siloam, the onl valley, the source of inspiration to kings know not how many travellers have been discover it, and still dispute as to what Here it is, filled with clear, sweet water, spr breath of its waves through the scorches sphere of the valley. It lies twenty steps down in the rock whose summit bears David's palace, with its vaulted roof, formed by blocks of stone polished by lapse of time, and carpeted in all their interstices with humid moss and everlasting ivy. The steps that lead to it, worn away by the women's feet who come from the village of Siloah to fill their water pitchers, are as glossy as marble. I go down to it: I sit a moment on these cool slabs; I listen, to impress it on my memory, to the soft trickling of the spring; I wash my hands and forehead in its water; I repeat Milton's verses, to invoke, in my turn, its inspirations, now so long since mute. This is the only spot in the neighbourhood of Jerusalem where the traveller can wet his finger, quench his thirst, or repose his head under the shade of a cool rock, and of two or three patches of verdure. Some small gardens, planted with pomegranate and other trees by the Arabs of Siloah, extend around the fountain a clump of pale verdure, which is irrigated by the overflowing of the waters. There ends the valley of Jehoshaphat. Lower down, a small plain on a gentle slope, leads the eye into the wide, deep gorges of the volcanic mountains of Jericho and St. Saba, and the Dead Sea closes the horizon.

On the banks of the Jordan, beyond the plain of Jericho, at a few leagues from the discharge of the river into the Dead Sea.

Departed from Jerusalem yesterday, the 30th of October, at seven o'clock in the morning, with all my caravan; consisting of six soldiers of Ibrahim Pacha, Abougosh's nephew and four of his troopers, and eight Arabian horsemen of Naplousa sent us by the governor of Jerusalem. We made a circuit around the town; descended to the bottom of the valley of Jehoshaphat; re-ascended along the Mount of Olives; left the Mount of Transgression on the right; crossed, at its southern extremity, the chain of mountains which form a continuation to the Mount of Olives; arrived at the village of Bethulia, still inhabited by several

impression of sadness and horror inspired by this prospect; it is a burden to the heart, and a sorrow to the eyes. When on the summit of one of the mountains, and the horizon is open to the view on every side, nothing is perceptible, within the range of vision, but dark mountain chains, with conical or truncated peaks, heaped one upon another, and delineated on the bare blue of the firmament. They constitute an unbounded labyrinth of mountainous avenues of every possible form, shattered, broken, and cloven into gigantic masses, united to each other by chains of similar hills, with unfathomed ravines, where one hopes to hear, at least, the rush of a torrent, but where nothing is stirring, and not a tree, a blade of grass, a patch of moss, or a flower can be discovered; they are the ruins of a burnt world, the ebullition of a globe on fire, whose petrified bubbles have formed these billows of earth and stones. At six o'clock, we met with the walls of a ruined caravanserai at the bottom of a ravine, together with a spring protected by a little wall decorated with sentences out of the Koran. The spring merely trickles drop by drop, its slender shower into the stony basin; our Arabs applied their lips to it in vain; and we only rested our horses for an instant under the shade of the caravanserai. We had been descending for so long a time, that we thought we were on a level with the plain of Jericho and the Dead Sea. We again set off, already overcome with heat and with the day's fatigue; our Arabian horsemen flattered us with the hope of reaching Jericho in a few hours; but the day was every minute perceptibly declining, and twilight added its horrors to those of the gorges in which we were. After an hour's journey along the bottom of this valley, we found we were still on the steep slopes of a fresh chain of mountains, which seemed to be, at last, the only one left to descend into the plain of Jericho. Night entirely hid the whole horizon from our view: we had only sufficient light to distinguish the unfathomable precipices, into which we should have been cast by the least false step made by our horses. Our jars were exhausted; we were consumed with thirst; one of the

Samaritans told our interpreter that he knew of a spring it the vicinity; we determined to halt on the spot where w were, if we could in reality find a little water. After halfau-hour's search, the Samaritan returned and told us he could not find the spring. We were obliged to proceed; we had four hours' journey yet to go; we placed the Naplousia Arabs at the head of the caravan; every horseman was ordered to follow in the steps of the one that went before, without departing at all from his track. The most profound silence reigned throughout the whole of the company; the night had become so pitch dark that it was impossible to see one's horse's head; one followed the other, guided by the noise of his footsteps; at every instant the whole caravan stopped, for the foremost horsemen were trying the path, for fear we should fall into some pit; we all dismounted, that we might with more facility feel our way; twenty times were we obliged to halt on hearing cries that passed from the front to the rear of the caravan, "A horse is down," "A man has fallen." We were often on the point of stopping altogether, and of waiting immovably, on the spot where we were for the end of this long, dark night; but the van still went on, and we were obliged to follow. After three hours spent in this anxious manner, we heard loud cries and musket shots at the front of the caravan; we thought the Arabs of Jericho were attacking us; each of us prepared to fire at random, but from one to the other the intelligence was transmitted. that it was the Naplousians shouting for joy, and discharging their pieces because we had passed the worst part of the iourney; we did, in reality, feel the road growing smoother beneath our feet. I remounted my steed, but my young Arabian stallion, smelling water in the neighbourhood, resisted, and in the struggle threw me and himself into a ravine. No person was aware of this, so black was the darkness: I had not let go the bridle, and, jumping into the saddle. I abandoned the creature to his instinct, without knowing whether I was on a shelf of the rock, or at the bottom of a ravine hollowed out in the plain. He neighed, galloped off. and did not stop till he arrived on the banks of a wide, shallow stream, bordered by thorny shrubs, where he quench ed his thirst. I heard on my left the shouts and pistol shots of the Arabs, who had just perceived my disappearance, and were looking for me over the plain. I saw a fire shining between the leaves of the shrubs; I galloped my horse in that direction, and in a few minutes I found myself at the door of my tent, which was pitched on the bank of the same stream. It was midnight:—we ate a morsel of bread dipped into the water, and fell asleep, not knowing where we were, and unable to imagine by what miracle we had suddenly passed from that solitude, destitute of both shade and water, to the banks of a stream, which, by the light of our torches and of our Arabs' fire, seemed like an Alpine brook, with its curtain of willows and its clumps of rushes and cress.

If, as M. de Chateaubriand pretends, Tasso had had the inspiration of places, when writing his "Jerusalem Delivered," (and I must own that, much as I admire Tasso, I should not praise him in that way, for it is impossible he could have worse understood particular sites, or have falsified manners and customs more than he has; but of what consequences are sites and manners? poetry lies not in them, but in the heart); but if he had had that inspiration, he would undoubtedly have brought Erminia to this stream, when flying on her unrestrained and unguided courser, and when she met that Arcadian, and not Arabian, shepherd, of whom he has given us so charming a description.

We were awaked, as she was, by the twittering of a thousand birds flying over the branches of the trees, and by the rattling of the water over its pebbly bed. We came out of the tents and surveyed the spot on which we had been east by the night. The mountains of Judea, which we had crossed the day before, lay in the east at about a league from our camp; their barren and indented chain extended to the north and south as far as the eye could reach; and at different intervals, widely apart from each other, we could perceive the

vast gorges opening into the plain, from whence the waves of the night vapours issued like wide rivers, and spread themselves in sheets of mist over the undulated sands of the Lake Asphaltites. To the west a wide sandy desert separated us from the banks of the Jordan (which as yet we could not see), from the Dead Sea, and the blue mountains of Arabia Petrea. These mountains, seen at that time and from that distance, seemed, by the play of light and shade on their ridges and valleys, to be strewn with cultivation and overshadowed by immens: forests; the whitish ravines by which they vere furrowed, imitated with a perfect illusion the form and colour of the waters of a falling cascade. They were, however, no such thing; on approaching them I found that they only presented on a larger scale the same bare and sterile aspect as the mountains of Judea. All around us. every thing was fresh and smiling, though uncultivated; water gives life to every thing, even to the desert; and the light shrubs that were spread, like artificial parterres, in groups of two or three each, on its banks, recalled to our minds the sweet scenes of our native country. We got on horseback: we ought not to have been above an hour's distance from Jericho, but we could see neither smoke nor buildings in all the plain, and we were at a considerable loss which way to go, when about thirty Bedouins, mounted on superb horses, came out from between two sandy hills, and pranced up to us. They were the scheik and principal inhabitants of Jericho, who, being informed of our approach by an Arab sent from the governor of Jerusalem, were seeking us in the desert that they might fall into our train. We were only acquainted with the Arabs of the desert of Jericho by their renown throughout all Syria for ferocity and robbery; and we hardly knew, at first, whether they came as friends or enemies; but there was nothing in their conduct, during several days that they remained with us, that indicated any evil intention on their part. Being awed by the terror of Ibrahim's name, whose emissaries they supposed we were. they gave us all their country would afford; the freedom of the desert, water from their fountains, and a little doura and barley to feed our horses. I thanked the scheik and his friends for the escort which they came to offer us; they united themselves to our troop, and, running here and there on our flanks, across the sand hills, they appeared and disappeared with the rapidity of the wind. I there noticed a horse admirable for shape and speed, which was ridden by the scheik's brother, and I commissioned my interpreter to buy it at any price. But as such offers cannot be directly made, without a sort of outrage on the delicate feelings of the owner of the horse, several days' negotiations were necessary to render me the possessor of this fine creature, which I designed for my daughter, and which I did afterwards actually present her with.

### JERICHO.

After travelling for an hour, we found ourselves, without any doubt, at the foot of the ramparts of Jericho; these ramparts were indeed real walls, about twenty feet in height by fifteen or twenty in width, composed of faggots of thorns piled one upon another, and arranged with wonderful industry, so as to prevent the passage of men or cattle; fortifications which would not have crumbled at the sound of the trumpet, but which a spark from the shepherd's fire, or from Samson's foxes, would soon have enveloped in flames. This fortress of dry thorns had two or three wide gates always open, at which, no doubt, the Arab sentinels watched every night. As we passed before these gates, we saw, on the wide roofs of some mud huts, all the women and children of this city of the desert, grouped in the most picturesque attitudes, and crowding and clambering over each other to see us go by. These women had their legs and shoulders naked, and their only clothing was a piece of blue cotton cloth, girt round the middle of the body by a leather girdle: their arms and legs were encircled by several gold and silver bracelets, and their curled hair waved over their necks; some had it tressed up and matted with piastres and sequins in vast profusion, which

fell like a cuirass over their bosom and shoulders. Some of them were remarkably handsome; but they have nothing of the mild air, the timid modesty, and the voluptuous languor of the Arabian women of Syria. They are not women, but female barbarians; and they have in their eyes and attitudes all the fire, audacity, and fierceness of the Bedouin Arab. Among them were several negresses, who had not any appearance of being slaves. The Bedouins marry equally white or black women, and colour with them forms no distinction of ranks. These women uttered savage cries, and laughed as they saw us go by; the men, on the contrary, appeared to reprove their indiscreet curiosity, and showed us nothing but a grave respect. Not far from these thorny walls, we passed near to two or three scheiks' houses; they are built of mud dried in the sun, and are but a few feet high; the roof, covered with mats and carpets, forms the principal apartment; and the family remains there almost all day and all night. Before the door is a large bench of dry mud, on which is spread a carpet for the chief, where he sits early in the morning, surrounded by his principal slaves, to receive visits from his friends; and from which the smoke of pipes and coffee is incessantly ascending. A large court-yard, full of horses, camels, goats and cows, surrounds the house; and there are always two or three fine steeds in it ready saddled and bridled for their master's use.

We halted, for a few moments only, near the scheik's mud palace, who offered us water, coffee, and a pipe; and had a calf and several sheep slaughtered for our caravan. We also received a present of roasted doura grain, poultry, and water-melons; and we then again set out, preceded by the scheik, and by fifteen or twenty of the principal Arabs of the town. We found some well cultivated fields of maize and doura in the neighbourhood of Jericho; some fine palms also surround the scattered houses around the town; but afterwards all again becomes a sandy desert. This desert is an immense plain, having several broad platforms which go on gradually declining to the river Jordan in regular depressions

like the steps of a matural stancese. The eye sees only one wainterrupted plain, but after having travelled for about an hour, you find yourself on a sudden on the brink of one of those terraces; you descend it by a steep slope; again you travel for an hour; then another descent, and so on. The soil is a white sand, solid and covered with a saline concretion, produced, and subtedly, by the fogs of the Dead Sea, which, as they evaporate, leave behind this increstation of salt; there is neither stone nor soil, excepting on approaching the borders of the river or of the mountains; on every side there was an open horizon, and from afar an Arab may be seen galloping over the plain. As this desert is the scene of their robberies, and of the pillage and massacre of the caravans which go from Jerusalem to Damascus, and from Mesopotamia into Egypt, the Arabs have taken advantage of the hills formed by the moving sand, and have also raised some artificial ones, to hide themselves from the notice of the caravana, and to espy them out from a greater distance. They dig a pit in the sand on the summit of these hills, and there they sink down into the earth together with their horses. As soon as they perceive their prey, they dart out with the swiftness of an eagle, go to inform their tribe, and return all together to the attack. This is their only industry, their only glory; their civilization consists in murder and pillage, and they attach as much glory to their successes in this sort of exploits, as our conquerors do to the subjugation of a province. Their poets (for they have poets) celebrate these barbarous seemes in their verses, and transmit from one generation to another the honoured recollection of their glory and their crimes. The horses, especially, have their share of the glory in these relations; the following is one which the scheik's son told us as we were on the road :-

"An Arab and his tribe had attacked the Damascus caravan in the desert, had gained a complete victory, and were already busy carrying off their rich booty; when the pacha of Acre's troopers, who had come to meet the caravan, fell unexpectedly on the victorious Arabs, killed a great

number of them, made the rest prisoners, and having bound them with cords, led them away to Acre as a present for the pacha. Abou el Marsch, (for that was the name of the Arab he mentioned) had received a bullet in the arm during the fight: as his wound was not mortal, the Turks tied him on a camel, and having taken possession of his steed, carried off both horse and horseman. In the evening of the day on which they were to enter Acre, they encamped with their prisoners on the mountains of Saphadt; the wounded Arab had his legs tied together by a leather strap, and was extended near the tent where the Turks were asleep. Being kept awake during the night by the pain of his wound, he heard his horse neighing among the others fastened around the tents, according to the usual custom of the Orientals. He recognized his voice, and, incapable of resisting the desire he felt of going to speak once more to the companion of his life, he dragged himself painfully along the ground, by the help of his hands and knees, and came up to his courser. 'My poor friend,' said he, 'what wilt thou do among the Turks? thou wilt be imprisoned beneath the vaulted roof of a khan, with an aga's or a pacha's horses; no more will the women and children bring thee camel's milk, barley, or dours in the hollow of their hands; no more wilt thou run over the desert, free as the Egyptian wind; no more will thy breast cleave the waters of Jordan, which refreshed thy skin, white like thy frothy foam. slave, at least do thou be free; there, go, return to that tent which thou well knowest; go, tell my wife that Abou el Marsch will return no more, and put thy head within the curtains of my tent to lick the hands of my little children. As he spoke these words, Abou el Marsch gnawed through with his teeth the goat's hair cord that serves to fasten the Arabian horses, and the animal was then free; but seeing his master wounded and fettered at his feet, the faithful and intelligent courser understood by his instinct what no tongue could have explained to him; he lowered his head, smelt at his master, and laying hold of him with his teeth by the leather girdle around his body, he galloped off and carried him to his own tents. When he had arrived and thrown his master on the sand at the feet of his wife and children, the horse expired with fatigue. All the tribe wept for him, poets have sung him, and his name is continually in the mouth of the Arabs of Jericho."

We ourselves had no idea of the degree of intelligence and attachment, to which the instinct of the Arabian horse may be raised by the custom of living with the family, being caressed by the children, fed by the women, and reprimanded or encouraged by his master's voice. The animal is, by his very nature, more intelligent and domesticated than the races found in our climates; and it is the same with all the animals in Arabia. Nature or Heaven has endowed them with more instinct, and more fellowship with man, than in our countries; they have a better recollection of the days of Eden, when they were still voluntarily subject to the dominion of the lord of creation. I have myself frequently seen in Syria, birds caught by children in the morning, and perfectly domesticated by the evening, requiring neither a cage nor a string round the foot to retain them with the family who has adopted them, but flying freely over the orange and mulberry trees in the garden, and coming back at a call to perch of their own accord on the children's fingers or on the young girls' heads.

The scheik of Jericho's horse, which I bought and rode myself, knew me for his master in a very few days; he would not allow any one else to mount him, and would leap over all the caravan on hearing my voice, although my language was foreign to him. Being mild and fondling towards myself, and accustomed to the attentions of my Arabs, he marched steady and peaceable in the caravan, as long as we met only Turks, Syrians, or Arabs clothed in the Turkish fashion; but if he happened, even a year afterwards, to espy a Bedouin mounted on a horse of the desert, then he all of a sudden became quite another animal; his eye sparkled, his neck was erected, his tail arose and lashed his sides like a whip,

our clipped poplars, but freely throwing out on all sides their branches strong as those of oaks, and whose smooth, white bark shone in the dancing beams of the morning sun; forests formed of willows of every kind, and of large osiers, so bushy that it was impossible to penetrate into them, so closely were the trees crowded, and so entangled was the network formed by the innumerable lianas which wound around their bases, and wave themselves from one tree to another. These forests extended as far as the eye can reach on both sides of us, and on both banks of the river. We were obliged to dismount from our horses and to pitch our camp in one of the glades of the forest, that we might on foot penetrate to the course of the Jordan, whose sound we heard, but which we could not see. We advanced forward with difficulty, sometimes through the thickest of the wood, sometimes among the long grass, sometimes over the tall stalks of reeds, and at last we found a spot where the river was bordered only by turf, and then we dipped our hands and feet in the stream. It might be a hundred, or a hundred and twenty feet in width; its depth appeared to be considerable; its current is as rapid as that of the Rhone at Geneva; its waters are of a pale blue colour, slightly tinged by the admixture of the grey soils that it crosses and excavates, and vast cliffs of which we heard from time to time tumbling down in the line of its course. Its banks are perpendicular, but it entirely fills them, up to the very roots of the trees and rushes with which they are covered. These trees, which are incessantly undermined by the waters, let their boughs hang and their roots float in it: being often entirely uprooted, and their hold failing on the falling soil, they lean with all their boughs and foliage over the water, dip into it, and extend arches of verdure from one bank to the other. At times one of these trees is carried away, together with the portion of soil that bears it, and floats with all its foliage down the river, having all its torn lianas hanging on its branches, its bird-nests submerged beneath the flood, and its birds still perched upon its boughs. We saw several such pass by, in the few hours during which

roots of two or three large poplar trees. An easy descent led down to the river, and allowed us to conduct thither our thirsty horses, and to go to bathe in it ourselves. We there pitched our two tents, and made the day's halt.

The next day, November 2nd, we continued our journey, drawing nearer to the highest mountains of Arabia Petræa, quitting and returning to the Jordan, according to the windings of the stream, and approaching towards the Dead Sea. There is, not far from the course of the river, in a spot of the desert which I know not how to designate, the yet majestic remains of a crusaders' castle, apparently built by them to guard this road. This ruin is uninhabited, and may now, on the contrary, serve to shelter the Arabs in an ambuscade to rob the caravans. It produces, in the midst of these billows of sand, the effect of the carcase of a ship abandoned on the wide, open sea. On approaching the Dead Sea, the undulations of the ground diminish; a gentle inclination slopes towards the beach; the sand becomes spongy; and the horses, sinking in at every step, with difficulty advance onward. When we at last perceived the reflection from its waves, we could not restrain our impatience; we galloped off to plunge into the nearest waves, which lay sleeping before us, brilliant as molten lead, upon the sand. The scheik of Jericho and his Arabs, who still accompanied us, thinking we wished to run the dgerid with them, started off at the same time in every direction in the plain, and returned upon us, uttering loud cries, and brandishing their long reed lances as though they would run us through; then, stopping their horses and throwing them on their haunches, they let us pass, and again set off, to return again in the same manner. I arrived first, thanks to the speed of my Turcoman horse; but at twenty or thirty paces from the waves, the soil of mingled earth and sand was so moist and marshy that my horse sunk in up to the belly, and I was afraid of being entirely swallowed up. I turned back on my steps; and, dismounting from our horses, we approached the shore on foot. The Dead Sea has been described by several travellers. I did not note its specific gravity, nor the proportion of salt in its water; I came not thither to seek either for science or criticism; I came simply because it was in my way, because it was in the midst of a celebrated desert, and because it was itself famous for the engulphing of the cities which once stood on the spot where I now saw extended its motionless waves.

Its shores are flat on the eastern and western sides; to the north and south it is enclosed by the high mountains of Arabia and Judea, which descend almost down to the very brink of its waters. Those of Arabia are, however, at a rather greater distance, especially on the side of the mouth of the Jordan, where we then were. The shores are entirely desert, and the air is there infectious and unwholesome. We ourselves experienced its influence during the days we passed in this desert. A great heaviness in the head, and a feverish sensation affected us all, and left us only when we quitted this atmosphere. No island could be seen in it: nevertheless at sunset I thought I could distinguish two in the farthest horizon on the Idumean side. The Arabs know nothing of them; the sea is, at that part, at least thirty leagues in length, and they do not venture to follow its shores to so great a distance. No traveller has ever been able to attempt a circumnavigation of the Dead Sea; it has not even been viewed from its other extremity, nor from its two shores of Judea and Arabia. We were, I think, the first who could have explored it freely under all the three aspects, and if we had had a little more time to spare, nothing need have prevented us from having fir planks brought from Lebanon, Jerusalem, or Jaffa, constructing a skiff upon the spot, and peaceably visiting all the coasts of this wonderful inland sea. The Arabs, who generally do not allow travellers to approach it, and whose prejudices are opposed to permitting any person to attempt to navigate it, were so entirely devoted to our slightest wishes, that they would have laid no obstacle in the way of our project. I should certainly have executed it, could I have foreseen the reception the Arabs afforded us. But it was then too late; it would have been necessary to send to Jerusalem, to bring carpenters to build our bark; all which, with the navigation itself, would have occupied at least three weeks; and our days were numbered. I therefore, not without reluctance, renounced it. A traveller, placed in the same circumstances as myself, might easily accomplish it, and throw a light on this natural phenomenon and geographical question, which has for a long time been needed by criticism and science.

The appearance of the Dead Sea is neither sad nor melancholy, except to the imagination. To the eye it appears only as a brilliant lake, whose large, silvery sheet reflects the light and the face of the sky like a Venice mirror; and beautifully shaped mountains cast their shade even over its very brink. It is said that there are neither fish in its waters nor birds on its shores. I know nothing respecting this; I saw neither petrels, nor gulls, nor those beautiful white birds, that swim all day long over the billows of the Sea of Syria, and accompany the galleys on the Bosphorus; but at a few hundred paces from the Dead Sea I shot at and killed some birds resembling wild ducks, which rose up from the marshy banks of the Jordan. If the air of the sea were deadly to them, they would not come so near, and encounter its mephitic vapours. Neither did I perceive those ruins of engulphed cities which, it is said, are to be seen a short depth beneath the waves. The Arabs who accompanied me pretended they had occasionally been discovered. I followed for a considerable time the borders of this sea, sometimes on the Arabian side, on which is the mouth of the Jordan, (which river is here, indeed, what it has been by travellers described to be, a morass of salt water, in a bed of mud), and sometimes on the side of the mountains of Judea, where the shores are elevated and often take the form of the light sand-hills near the ocean. The sheet of water every where presented the same aspect; brilliancy, blueness, and immobility. Mankind have well preserved the faculty given to them by God (as is related in the book of Genesis), of conferring names on things This sea is beautiful; it enlightens and inundates with the glistering of its waters all the vast desert it covers; it attracts the eye, and affects the heart; but it is dead; motion and sound are no longer there; its waters, too heavy to be moved by the wind, do not roll in resounding billows, and never does a white girdle of its foam play among the pebbles upon its shores; it is a petrified sea. How has it been formed? Apparently, as the Bible and probability say, being a vast centre of volcanic chains of mountains, which extend from Jerusalem into Mesopotamia, and from Lebanon to Idumea, a crater must have opened in its bed, at the time when the seven cities peopled its plain. The towns must have been overturned by the earthquake; the Jordan, which, in all probability, then ran across these plains, and went to discharge itself into the Red Sea, being suddenly stopped by the volcanic hills ejected out of the earth, engulphing itself in the craters of Sodom and Gomorrah, must have formed this sea, corrupted by salt, sulphur, and bitumen, the causes or products of volcanoes: such is the fact and its probable explanation. This neither augments nor diminishes the action of that sovereign and eternal Will, which some call miracle and others nature. Are not nature and miracles all one? and is the universe aught else than an eternal and never-ceasing miracle?

We returned by the northern coast of the Dead Sca, on the side of the valley of St. Saba. The desert is much more strongly marked in this quarter; it is ploughed up into enormous billows of earth and sand, which we were every instant obliged to encompass or to cross. The file of our caravan was undulatingly delineated on the ridges of these billows, like a long extended fleet on a tempestuous sea, the different vessels of which are alternately seen and lost in the hollows of the waves. After travelling three hours, sometimes on small flat plains where we went on at a gallop, sometimes on the brink of deep sandy ravines, into which tumbled some of our horses, we perceived before us the smoke from the houses

of Jericho. The Arabs departed and flew towards this smoke; two only remained with us, to show us the road. As we approached Jericho, the principal of the Arabs came back to us again. We encamped in the middle of a field shaded by some palms, and through which runs a small river. Our tents were quickly pitched, and we found a supper prepared, thanks to the presents of every sort which the Arabs had brought to our camp.

The Arab who rode the beautiful horse which I had wished to possess, appeared himself to admire the Turcoman horse that I had ridden the day before. The conversation being adroitly turned on our respective horses, they highly praised several of mine. I proposed to him to change his against the Turcoman horse; we debated all the evening about the surplus which was to be given by me; nothing, however, was yet decided. Every time I came near to his price he testified so much grief at parting with his horse, that we went to rest without coming to any conclusion. Next day, at the moment of our departure, when all the horses were ready bridled and mounted, I again made him some offers. He at last determined to mount my Turcoman horse himself, he galloped him across the plain; induced by the brilliant qualities of the animal, he sent me his own by his son. I sent him back nine hundred piastres,\* mounted the horse, and set off. The whole tribe seemed to view his departure with regret; the children talked to him, the women pointed him out to each other, and the scheik incessantly came back to look at him and make certain cabalistic signs, which the Arabs always take the precaution of making to the horses they either buy The animal himself appeared to understand the separation, and sorrowfully bowed down his head, overshadowed by a superb mane, looking right and lest over the desert with a restless eye. The Arabian horses have a language complete in their beautiful eye, whose fiery ball stands out from the large white cornea marbled by blood vessels; by it every thing is spoken and understood

<sup>•</sup> It will be recollected that a piastre is about 3d.

I had, for some days past, left off riding the horse I liked better than all the others. Owing to an innumerable quantity of Arabian superstitions, there are seventy signs, good or bad, in a horse's horoscope, and this science is in the possession of nearly all the inhabitants of the desert. The horse of which I am speaking, and which I had named Lebanon, because I had purchased him among those mountains, was a superb young stallion, large, strong, spirited, indefatigable, and intelligent; in whom I have never seen the shadow of a vice during the fifteen months I have ridden him; but he had upon his breast, from the accidental disposition of his beautiful ash-grey skin, one of those streaks which the Arabs have placed in the number of unlucky tokens. I had been forewarned of it when I bought him, but I had obtained him by this very simple reasoning, which was level to their comprehension, that a sign unlucky to a Mahometan was favourable to a Christian. To this they had no answer to make, and I rode Lebanon every time I had to make a longer or more difficult day's journey than usual. Whenever we approached a town or a tribe, and they came out to meet the caravan, both Turks and Arabs, struck with Lebanon's beauty and vigour, began to compliment me, and to admire him with an envious eye; but after a few moments' admiration, the fatal sign, though partly covered by the silken collar and the amulet suspended round the neck, which every horse always wears, came to be discovered, and the Arabs coming up to me would change countenance, assume a grave and sorrowful air, and make signs to me never to mount that horse again. This was of little consequence in Syria, but in Judea and among the tribes of the desert, I was afraid that this circumstance might occasion some injury to my reputation, and destroy that spell of obedience and respect which encompassed us. I therefore left off riding him, and they led him by hand in my train. I have no doubt but that we owed a great part of the deference and fear by which we were surrounded, to the beauty of the twelve or fifteen Arabian horses that we cither rode or had following us. A horse is, in Arabia, a

man's fortune; this supposes and supplies every thing; and they had a high idea of a Frank who was in the possession of so many horses, as handsome as those of the scheik or of the pacha himself.

We returned to Jerusalem by the same valley that we had in coming traversed by night. Before entering into the first defile of the mountains, we saw on a wide and beautiful platform that overlooked the plain, evident traces of ancient buildings, and we supposed that this was the true site of the ancient Jericho. Great advances in civilization are necessary to the building of cities in plains; and one is never deceived in seeking for ancient cities upon high places.

In this defile the scene of murder and of charity is laid in the touching parable of the Good Samaritan. It appears that in the time of the Gospel these valleys had a bad reputation.

We had a fatiguing day, owing to the monotony of twelve hours' journey, and the excessive heat of the sun reverberated by the steep sides of the valleys. We met with no one during all these fourteen hours, except an Arab shepherd who was feeding an innumerable flock of black goats on the brow of a hill.

Encamped near Solomon's pool, under the walls of Jerusalem.

November 2nd, 1832.

We wished to devote a day to prayer, in the place towards which all Christians turn when they pray, as the Mahometans turn towards Mecca. We engaged the monk, who alone performed the functions of curate at Jerusalem, to celebrate for our relations living and dead, for our friends of every time and every place, and lastly for ourselves, the commemoration of the great and painful sacrifice which had watered this soil with the blood of the Just One, that it might blossom with hope and charity. We were all present at it, with the various feelings which recollections, sorrows, losses, wishes, and different degrees of faith and piety inspired into the breast of

each. For temple and altar we chose the grotto of Gethsemane, in the bottom of the valley of Jehoshaphat, into which cavern, at the base of the Mount of Olives, Christ is, by tradition, said to have retired, to escape at times from the persecution of his enemies and the importunities of his disciples. There he communed with his own heavenly thoughts. and prayed his Father that that too bitter cup which he himself had filled, just as we fill our own cups ourselves, might pass far from his lips; there, on the night before his death, he told his three friends to remain at a distance and not to slumber, and yet was obliged thrice to awaken them, so soon do human zeal and charity fall asleep; there, after all, did he pass those terrible hours of agony, that unspeakable strife between life and death, rational will and animal instinct, the soul which would be free and matter which, because it is blind, resists; there he sweat blood and water, and, weary of struggling with himself without victorious intellect giving peace to his thoughts, he spoke those final words—those words which sum up all the man and all the God—those words which are become the wisdom of all the wise, and which ought to be the motto of every life, the only inscription on all created things;-" Father, not my will but thine be done."

The situation of this grotto, which is excavated in the rock of the Cedron, is one of the most probable sites, and best accredited by the appearance of places, of all those which pious and popular credulity has assigned to the different scenes of the evangelical drama. It was, indeed, there, to the valley lying in the shadow of death, to the abyss hidden beneath the walls of the city, to the deepest ravine, and apparently the most deserted by mankind, that Christ, who must have had all men for his enemies, because he came to attack all their lies, most probably came sometimes to seek a shelter, and to retire within himself to meditate, pray, and suffer. The dirty stream of Cedron runs at a few paces' distance; then it was only one of the common drains of Jerusalem; the Mount of Olives winds round it to join the hills that

bear the tombs of the kings, and forms a deep bend, where masses of olive, turpentine, and fig trees, and those fruit trees which the poorest of the people always cultivate, even among the dust of the rocks, in the environs of a large city, must have hidden the entrance of the grotto; moreover, this spot was not then disturbed and rendered irrecognisable by the ruins in which Jerusalem was afterwards buried. The disciples who had watched and prayed might have returned and said, as they pointed out the rock and the trees, "There it was!" A valley is not effaced like a street, and the smallest rock endures longer than the most magnificent temple.

The grotto of Gethsemane and the rock that covers it are now surrounded by the walls of a little chapel that is kept locked up, the key of which is in the possession of the Latin monks of Jerusalem. This grotto and the seven olive trees in the neighbouring field belong to them. The door, which is cut out in the rock, opens into the court-yard of another religious sanctuary, called the Virgin's Tomb. This last belongs to the Greeks; the grotto is deep and high, and is divided into two cavities which communicate with each other by a sort of subterranean portico. There are also several altars carved out of the solid rock; and this sanctuary, formed by nature itself, is not disfigured by so many artificial ornaments as all the rest belonging to the Holy Sepulchre; the roof, floor, and walls are composed of the rock itself, still dropping, as with tears, with the subterraneous humidity of the surrounding soil. Only they have stuck up, over every altar, a badly executed copper-plate engraving, painted flesh colour, and of the size of life, of Christ's Agony, with the angels presenting to him the deadly cup. If these bad pictures, which destroy those that a pious imagination loves to form in the shade of this empty grotto, were taken away; if the eyes, moistened with tears, were allowed to look freely, and without sensible images, back to the ideas with which that night was occupied; then this grotto would be the purest and most religious relic on the hills of Zion; but men are always sure to spoil all that they touch. Oh that they

had only altered and spoiled the stones and ruins of these But what have they not done with the visible scenes! dogmas, the doctrines, and the examples of that religion of reason, simplicity, love, and humility which the Son of Man taught them at the expense of his blood? When God permits a truth to descend upon the earth, men begin by reviling and stoning the person who brings it; then they possess themselves of that truth which they have not been able to destroy together with him, because it is immortal: this is his legacy and their inheritance; but, like the precious stone stolen by the thieves from the heavenly pilgrim, they encase it within so many errors that it cannot be recognized, until the light of day once more shines upon it, and, after the lapse of ages, separating the diamond from its envelope, Wisdom says, "This is truth—that is error: this is correct—that is erroneous." This is the reason why all religions have two natures. at whose union philosophers are astonished:—a popular nature. miracles, legends, and vile superstitions, an impure mixture by which ages of ignorance and darkness adulterate and tarnish the doctrine of heaven; and a rational and philosophic nature, which is discovered brilliant and unchangeable when the rust of humanity is scoured off, and which, when presented to the eternal and incorruptible daylight of reason. reflects it pure and entire, and enlightens every thing and every mind with that light of truth and love, in whose splendour is seen and loved the Manifest Being-God.

Not far from the grotto of Gethsemane, there yet remains a little corner of land, still shaded by seven olive trees which, by popular traditions, are said to be the identical trees, under which Jesus lay and wept. These trees do, indeed, really bear upon their trunks and on their immense roots the date of the eighteen centuries which have elapsed since that memorable night. Their trunks are enormous, and are formed, like those of all old olive trees, of a great number of stems, which seem to be incorporated into the tree under the same bark, and constitute, as it were, a bundle of columns

fastened together. Their boughs are almost withered, but still bear a few olives. We picked up those that strewed the ground underneath the trees; we, with a pious discretion, shook some down, and filled our pockets with them, to take them as relics from this country to our friends. I think it must be sweet to a Christian mind, to pray while rolling between the fingers an olive stone from those trees, whose roots were perhaps watered and fertilized by the tears of Jesus, when he prayed for the last time upon the earth. If they are not the same trunks, they are probably shoots from the sacred trees. But there is nothing to prove that they are not the identically same stems. I have traversed every part of the world where the olive grows; this tree lives for centuries, and nowhere have I seen any thicker, though they are planted in a dry and stony soil. I have even seen, on the summit of Lebanon, cedars which by Arabian traditions are carried back as far as the time of Solomon. There is no impossibility in this; nature has given to certain vegetables a longer duration than that of empires: some oaks have seen many dynasties pass by; and the acorn we tread under foot, the olive stone I roll between my fingers, the cedar apple swept along by the wind, will reproduce their kind, will flourish, and will again cover the earth with their shade. when hundreds of the generations who shall follow us shall have returned to the earth that handful of dust which they have in their turns borrowed from it. This is not a mark of the Creator's despising us. The relative importance of creatures is not according to the duration, but according to the intensity of their existence. There is more life in one hour of thought, meditation, prayer, or love, than there is in the whole existence of a merely animal man. There is more life in a thought that traverses the world and ascends to heaven in an imperceptible point of time, in the millionth part of a second, than there is in the eighteen centuries of the vegetable life of those olive trees I have now been mentioning, or in the two thousand five hundred years of Solomon's cedars.

Cedron, and to the north of Jerusalem, we crossed some field of a reddish and more fertile soil, covered with a wood of olive trees. At about five hundred paces from the city w came to the brink of a deep quarry, into which we descended To the left a richly sculptured block of stone extended the whole length of the quarry, and beneath it was seen a smal opening half closed by earth and fallen stones. It was hardly large enough for a man to creep into; however, we penetrat ed into it, but having neither tinder box nor torches we came out again immediately, and did not visit the interior chambers They were the Tombs of the Kings. The magnificently sculptured frieze, of most exquisite Grecian workmanship indicates the epoch of this decoration of the monuments to have been that of the most flourishing state of the arts is Greece; nevertheless, it may date from the reign of Solomon for who can say what that great monarch may have borrower from the genius of India or Egypt?

## November 3rd.

The plague, which rages more and more in Jerusalem, die not allow us to enter Bethlehem, whose sanctuary and con vent were shut up. We, however, mounted on horseback is the evening, and after having crossed a plain about two leagues wide, which extends to the east of Jerusalem, we arrived at a height at a little distance from Bethlehem, from whence all this small town may be plainly seen. We had scarcely sat down, when a numerous cavalcade of Arabs from Bethlehem arrived and requested to be introduced to me. After the usual compliments, they told me they had been deputed by the people of Bethlehem to come to me and pray me to cause the tribute to be diminished, which Ibrahim Pacha had im posed upon their town; that they knew both by report and from the Arabs of Abougosh their chief, that Ibrahim was my friend and would certainly not refuse me if I solicited his indulgence towards them. As these Bethlehem Arabs an the most detestable race in these regions, always at war witl their neighbours, and continually extorting money from the

Latin convent at Bethlehem. I gravely answered them, while reproaching them severely for their robberies, that I should attend to their request and present it to the pacha, but upon condition that they should respect the Europeans, the pilgrims, and especially the convents of Bethlehem and the Desert of St. John; and that if they indulged themselves in the least violation of hospitality towards those poor monks, Ibrahim had resolved to exterminate them to a man, or to drive them into the deserts of Arabia Petrzea. I added, and this seemed to make a deep impression on them, that if Ibrahim's forces were not sufficient, the pachas of Europe were determined to come themselves, and reduce them to reason. Meanwhile I commanded them to pay the tribute. From that day till my departure, I had continually in my train, in spite of all my endeavours to get rid of them, a number of Bedouin scheiks from Bethlehem, Hebron, and the Desert of St. John, who were incessantly imploring me for the reduction of their tribute.

Having returned to my camp in the valley of Solomon's pool, under the walls of Zion, I received a visit from Abougosh, who came to inquire after us, with his uncle and brother. I gave him coffee and a pipe, and we chatted for about an hour at the door of my tent, each sitting under an olive tree.

A courier from Jaffa brought me letters from Europe and from Bayruth, and gave them to me under the ramparts of Jerusalem. These letters re-assured me in regard to my daughter's health, but as she had added at the bottom of her mother's letter that she particularly wished I would not go into Egypt just at present, I changed my route, countermanded my caravan of camels at El Arish, and determined to return to the coast of Syria. We struck our tents; I sent a present of five hundred piastres to the convent, over and above the fifteen hundred piastres that I had paid for chaplets, relics, crucifixes, &c. and we once more took the road to the Desert of St. John.

The general aspect of the country around Jerusalem may be described in a few words:-mountains without shade. valleys without water, a soil without verdure, rocks without sublimity or magnificence; a few blocks of grey stone piercing through the cracked and crumbling soil; sometimes near to a solitary fig tree, a jackal or a gazelle slily creeping among the crevices of the rock; a few vines trailing over the ash grey or reddish soil; at distant intervals a clump of pale green olive trees throwing a patch of shade over the steep sides of a hill; in the furthest horizon, a turpentine or black carob tree standing sad and solitary against the blue sky; and the walls and grey towers of the city fortifications appearing from afar on the brow of the hill of Zion; such is the landscape. The sky lofty, pure, unspotted, stretches far back into immensity; in which not the slightest cloud is ever seen floating, or bathing in the purple of eve and morn. On the Arabian side is a wide gorge, descending among the dark mountains, and leading the eye down to the glittering waves of the Dead Sea, and the violet-coloured horizon of the mountains of Moab. Not a single breath of wind murmuring over the battlements or among the dry branches of the olive trees: not a bird singing or a grasshopper chirping on the ground ontirely bare of vegetation; a profound and perpetual silence in the town, on the roads, and over all the country. Such was Jerusalem during all the days that we passed under its I heard nought there but the neighing of my own horses impatient of the scorching sun, as they stood around my camp, digging up the dusty soil with their feet; and at regular periods the melancholy chaunt of the muetalin crying the hour from the tops of the minarets; or the measured lamentations of the Turkish mourners, accompanying the infected corpses to the different cemet ries that su round the walls. Jerusalem, whither you come to visit a sepulchre, is indeed itself the tomb of a great people, but a tomb without cypresses, inscriptions, or monuments; whos stone is broken and whose ashes seem to cover the surrounding soil with sorrow, silence, and sterility. We looked at it several times as we left it, from the top of every hill from which it could be perceived, and finally, we saw for the last time the wreath of olive trees (which crowns the mount named from them, and which hovered a long time in the horizon after we had entirely lost sight of the city) sink down itself in the horizon, and disappear like those garlands of pale flowers that are cast into a sepulchre.

We were, however, destined to return thither again; but, alas! no more with the same feelings; no more to weep over the woes of others; but to groan over our own wretchedness, and drink our own tears on that soil which has absorbed and dried so many.

[The day before] yesterday I had pitched my tent in a stony field, where grew some gnarled, stunted olive trunks, under the walls of Jerusalem, a few hundred paces from the tower of David, a little above the fountain of Siloam (which still runs over the worn slabs of its grotto), and not far from the tomb of the poet-king who so often sung its praises. The high, black terraces, which once bore Solomon's Temple. stood on my left, crowned by the three blue cupolas, and by the light, aerial colonnades of the mosque of Omar, which now rises over the ruins of that House of the Lord. The city of Jerusalem, ravaged by the plague, was drowned in the beams of a dazzling sun glancing from its thousand domes, its white marbles, its golden yellow stone towers, and its walls polished by time and by the salt winds of the Lake Asphaltites. No sound arose from its area, mute and dead as the couch of one in his last agony; its wide gates were open, and at times were seen the white turban and red mantle of the Arabian soldier, the useless guardian of these deserted portals. Nothing was going either in or out; the morning air alone raised the undulating dust from the roads, and for a moment caused the illusive appearance of a caravan; but when the gust of wind had passed by, when it had died away, whistling over the battlements of the tower of the Pisani, or

ambient vapours of an atmosphere tinged with purple and dead, solid white.

It was noon; the time when the meutzlin from the highest gallery of the minaret observes the sun, and chaunts the hour and all the hourly prayers;—a living, animated voice, which understands what it chaunts and says, and much superior, in my opinion, to the unconscious sound of the bells of our cathedrals. My Arabs had given barley in a goat's skin bag to my horses as they were tied here and there around my tent, with their feet fastened by iron rings. These mild and beautiful creatures were motionless, with their heads bowed down and overshadowed by their long flowing manes, and their grey skins glossy and smoking under the rays of a leaden-coloured sun. The men were assembled in the shade of the largest of the olive trees; they had spread their Damascus mats upon the ground, and smoked while they told tales of the desert or sung verses out of Antar.

Antar, that model of the wandering Arab, is at once a shepherd, a warrior, and a poet, and has described the desert all entire in his national poems; he is as epic as Homer, plaintive as Job, amorous as Theocritus, and philosophic as Solomon; his verses, which lull or arouse the imagination of the Arab as much as the smoke of the tobacco in his hookah, resounded in guttural sounds from the animated group of my saïs; and when the poet had more justly or forcibly touched the sensitive heart of these savage but easily impressible men, a slight murmur was heard from their lips; they joined their hands, raised them over their ears, and bowing their heads, they cried, "Allah! Allah! Allah!"

Since then, the remembrance of those hours thus passed in listening to those verses, which I could not understand, made me carefully collect a few fragments of the popular Arabian poems, and more especially of the epic poem of Antar. I procured a number of them, and had them translated by my interpreter during the winter evenings I passed in Lebanon. I began to understand a little Arabic myself,

most detestable translation, then even in the original itself; for the most beautiful original always haves something to be desired in the expression, and the had translation gives only the thought, the pastic idea; and imagination, itself adorning that idea with work which it supposes to be as clear as the thought itself, enjoys a partiest pleasure which it has itself created. The idea heing unbounded, it believes the expression to be so also; and thus the pleasure received is unbounded too. In order to have this pleasure, it is necessary to be, to a certain extent, a musician or a poet; but who is not?

Antar, who is at sace the hero and the poet of the wandering Arab, is but little known amongst us: we are ill acquainted with his history; we are even ignorant as to the precise date of his existence. Some scholars pretend he lived in the sixth century of our era. Local traditions place his life much farther back. Antar, according to these traditions (which are in part borrowed from his poem), was a negro slave, who acquired his liberty by his exploits and virtues, and obtained his mistress, Ibla, in marriage, by dint of love and heroism. The poem of Antar is not, like those of Homer, written entirely in verse; it is in poetic prose of the purest and most classical Arabic, intermingled with verses. What is very singular in this poem is, that the recitative part, written in prince, a mfinitely superior to the lyric fragments which me mingled with it. The poetical part is far-fetched, affected, and affect he style of a literature in decay; on the sontrary, nothing and the more simple, natural, and truly impressioned has he incitative pert.

All the ancient or modern Archive pratry has a constructed particles more or one of the information of actions of which characterizes the pratry of inter harm's for a property of antique has a play of deep a play of actions again are necessary before he most an expension of actions and although and although and although and although and although are still only in against way of particular and although or their sentiments.

volume, scarcely recognize the admirable beauties of the original.

At a few paces from me, a young Turkish woman was weeping for her husband, on one of those small white stone monuments, with which the hills are strewn all around Jerusalem. She appeared about eighteen or twenty years of age, and I never saw so striking an image of sorrow. Her profile, disclosed by her veil being thrown back, had the pure outline of the most elegant heads at the Parthenon; yet wore the soft, sweet, and graceful languor of the Asiatic women. which forms a more feminine, lovely, and fascinating elagance, than the severe and manly beauty of the Grecian statues; her hair was of a fair bronze golden colour, like the copper of ancient statues, a colour very much esteemed in this sunny country, of whose light it is a permanent reflection; her tresses, dishevelled over her head, fell all around her, and literally swept the ground; her bosom was entirely uncovered, after the manner of the women of this part of Arabia, and when she bowed down to embrace the stone turban, or to press her ear against the tomb, her two naked breasts touched the ground, and impressed their shape in the dust, like that form of the beauteous breast of the buried Atala, which was still marked out by the sand of the grave, in the admirable epic poem of M. de Chateaubriand. She had strewn the tomb and the surrounding soil with all sorts of flowers; a handsome Damascus carpet was spread under her knees; on the carpet there were some vases of flowers, and a basket filled with figs and barley cakes; for she was going to pass the whole day in weeping thus. A hole made in the ground, and which was supposed to correspond with the ear of the corpse, served her as a speaking trumpet to that other world, where slept he whom she had come to visit. She bent down at intervals towards this opening, sung into it some words broken by sobs, then pressed her ear to it as if she was waiting for the answer, and afterwards began to sing and weep again. endeavoured to understand the words which she was thus

murmuring, and which reached as far as where I was; but my. Arabian interpreter could neither catch nor translate them. How much do I regret their loss! What secrets of love or of grief, what sighs, animated with the life of two souls torn from each other, must those confused words, drowned in tears, have contained! Oh! if any thing could ever awaken the dead, it must be such words uttered by such lips!

At a couple of paces from this female, under a piece of linen suspended by two reeds fixed in the ground to serve as a shelter from the sun, her two little children were playing with three black Abyssinian slaves, who, like their mistress, were crouching on the ground covered by a carpet. These three women, who were also all young and beautiful, with well turned shapes, and having the aquiline profile of the Abyssinian negroes, were grouped in various attitudes, like three statues carved out of a single block. One of them had one knee on the ground, while on the other she held one of the children, who, crying, stretched out its arms towards its weeping mother; another had her legs doubled under her, and her hands joined, like the Magdalen of Canova, on her blue linen apron; the third was standing, leaning a little over her two companions, and rocking from side to side, cradled against her scarcely formed breasts, the smallest child, which she was vainly endeavouring to lull to sleep. When the children heard the sobs of the young widow, they began to cry; and the three slaves, after having answered their mistress's sob by a similar one, began to sing hushing airs and nursery words of their country, to quiet the two children.

It was Sunday. At two hundred paces from me, behind the thick and lofty walls of Jerusalem, I heard issuing out by gusts, from the dark cupola of the Greek convent, the low and distant echoes of the office of vespers. The psalms and hymns of David, brought back by strange voices, and in a foreign language, rose, after the lapse of three thousand years, over the same hills as had first inspired their composition; and on the roof of the convent I saw the figures of some old Monks of the Holy Land, walking backward and forward

with breviaries in their hands, and whispering the prayers already murmured by so many ages in different tongues and versions.

And I—I, too, was there, to sing of all those things; to study those ages in their cradle; to retrace, even to its source, the unexplored stream of civilization and religion; to inspire my mind with the scenes, and with the hidden path of history and recollections, upon the very shores which formed the moral point of departure of the modern world; and to nourish the solemn and serious poetry of the age in which we now live, with a more real wisdom and a more correct philosophy.

This scene, thus thrown in my way by chance, and gathered up as one of the thousand recollections of my travels, presented to my view almost all the aspects and destinies of every kind of poetry. The three black slaves, nursing the children with the simple and artless songs of their country, showed the pastoral and instructive poetry of nations in their infancy: the young Turkish widow mourning her husband, and with sobs singing to the earth elegiac and impassioned stanzas. the poetry of the heart; the soldiers and Arab moukrs, reciting martial, amorous, and marvellous fragments of Antar, the epic and warlike poetry of nomadian and conquering tribes: the Greek monks, chaunting psalms on their solitary terraces. the sacred and lyric poetry of ages of enthusiasm and religious revival; and myself, musing in my tent, and collecting historical truths or intellectual ideas from all around, the poetry of philosophy and meditation, the product of an age in which human nature studies itself, and thinks over itself. even in the songs that amuse its leisure.

Such has been the whole of poetry in the past; but in the future what will it be?

#### DESIGNATIONS OF THE PASS.

### MALE HE THE PRESCH LINES.

We meet a this pince (before the author leaves Jers and the grathes of Gerissenane, which he has just describing some verses that he wrote fourteen months the loss of his only child, and the scene and images of a relate to the pinces that he had now been visiting. I lines, which he has very willingly allowed as to insert in whome, have never before been published, nor even sea him to any of his most include friends. They will be a stood on a person.

# GETHSEMANE; OR THE DEATH OF JULIA

A man of grief from infancy I've been; My life-blood 's changed to tears within my heart; Or rather should I say, God has bereft Me of that last sad comfort, for he has Those tears to stone converted in my breast. Gall is my boney; sorrow is my joy; A fellow-feeling makes me love a grave; And in no path I stop, unless I see Some desolation or some ruin dire. When I behold meads smiling to the sky, Soft valleys open to the dashing main, Onward I pass, and with a bitter smile Say, "That's for happiness, and not for me," My spirit's voice is echo'd only where The land resounds with greans, for in the place Where weeping 's always heard, there does my sou Find her congenial native country sad; And a drear soil of ashes mix'd with tears, Harden'd to stone, is my loved resting-place. Dost thou ask why? alas! I cannot speak The dreadful answer; did I, I should raise The rough, huge waves of that profound abyes,

And words would all be choked by stifling sobs.

But tear this heart, and thou wilt read it there; Death has in ev'ry fibre plunged his knife, Its throbs are slow-consuming agonies, And my soul, fill'd with corpses like a place Of execution, forms a living tomb.

When on the shores I stood where Christ was born I sought not for the sacred places where The poor threw boughs of palm beneath his feet, Where in his voice was heard the Word Divine. Or where Hosannas follow'd on his steps Triumphant; while his hand, bath'd by the tears Of holy women, wiping from his brow The perspiration and the blazing light, Caress'd the little children standing round:-" No, lead me, holy father, to the place Where weeping is; that mournful garden, where The Saviour, left by men, by God, by all, Perspired the bloody sweat betokening death. Leave me—begone! for here will I alone Experience sorrow in this scene of woe; A man disconsolate, my worship is Deep agony, my fitting altar here."

At the dry, dusty base of Olives' Mount, Under the shade of Zion's ruin'd walls, Lies a dark valley, whence the sun's clear light Is quite shut out; there Cedron slowly rolls His scanty waves between his arid banks; There in the hill-side lies Jehoshapha Entomb'd: instead of grass, the barren soil Bears only ruins; and the ancient trees Cleave with their straggling roots the stony tombs. There, between two huge rocks, is dimly seen The lonely grot to which the Man of Grief Went to experience death before it came. There, thrice awakening his drowsy friends, He bade them, "Watch! the dreadful hour is nigh." Resting my troubled head upon my hands, I sate me down upon its rocky fluor, Thought over what had thought that brow divme.

And traced from first to last within my mind The texts whose streams have follow'd all my p Took up my bundens, tried their weight, result My surrows, loss by loss, and death by death; Then in a vision was my mind encapt-Great God! sh! what a hozzid dream I d

Not far from thence, 'neath the maternal user, My daughter I had left, my treasure dear: Her levely face had not attain'd its prime. But her fair soul was richly ripe for hear's. The eye could ne'er forget her when it ener Had seen her in her radinat beauty shine; And, without turning back to eavy me, No father ever pass'd her infant form. She was the only fragment I had saved From the long tempest of my gloomy life; The only fruit that had matured from all The blossoms which had promised once so fair And the sole relic I had left to love. Her tear at my departures, and her kins At my returns, had made domestic joy Abound perpetually around my hearth. She was a sun-beam on my window bright, She was a twittering bird upon my lip, A breath of melody beside my couch, A soft caress at reawakening. Yes, she was more; she was the image dear Of my good mother, and that parent seem'd To look upon me through her sparkling eyes: In her the past seem'd to return again, And my lost happiness once more revived. Her voice was to my ear the echo'd sound Of ten sweet years of joy; her sprightly step Fill'd all my house with pleasure; and although Her look brought tears unbidden to my eyes, Yet her sweet smile illumined all my soul. Her brow responded to my ev'ry thought. And in her soft blue eyes were mirror'd mine: My smiles were all repeated by her lips, 3 с

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As the calm stream reflects the bending trees. But all that issued from her mind was sweet, And never was her countenance severe, Except when on her knees, with uplift hands Between her mother's, to her God she pray'd.

I dreamt that I had brought her to this place, And that I held her smiling on my knee Beauteous as ever: one hand held her feet. My other arm was pass'd around her neck. My head against her forehead gently lean'd, While hers, thrown back upon her father's arm, Shook from its brows the silken auburn hair; Her white teeth shone between her coral lips Laughing in all their wonted cheerfulness. To speak her thoughts to me, and learn my mind. Continually to me her looks she turn'd; And in my contemplation of her then God only knows how much of love there burnt. My lips in fondness knew not where to rest Upon her face, while she in childish play. Led them from mouth to cheek, and laughing snatch'd Herself away from my paternal kiss. Then in my heart, enraptured with her love, To God I pray'd; " My God! while these bright eyes Sparkle upon me, so long shall I have Nothing but praise and gratitude for Thee. Tis quite enough to live life o'er again In this young flower; yes, give her my part Of thy most precious blessings; let her days Open in hope and bliss before my eyes; Prepare her bridal couch, and let her find A dwelling in a worthy husband's arms."

And while thus in my joy and pray'r entranced, My heart and eyes had not perceived a change, Nor felt that the head hung more heavily Upon my arm—that the feet chill'd my hand.
"Oh Julia! Julia! wherefore art thou pale? Why that damp forehead? why that changing hue? Speak, smile, my angel; play not with me thus!

Come, open on me thine expressive eyes." But the blue tinge of death crept o'er her lip, The smile expired ere it had scarce begun, The short, thick breath grew shorter still, and seem'd Like the faint flutt'rings of a dying bird. I listen'd to her panting heart's quick throbe, And when her soul had fled with the last breath My heart died in me like a corpse unborn. Bearing upon my arms my more than life, Like a man walking after being pierced By his death-wound, I rose and went towards The altar, where I laid my burden down. To her closed eyes I pressed my lips, and still The marble brow was warm, though lifeless clay. Like to a nest from whence the bird's just flowa. And thus I felt in one unending hour Oceans of agony, and centuries Of dreadful horror; and a load of grief Intolerable filled the vacuum left By my poor wither'd heart, while to my God I said, " My God! she was my only good; All my past loves were merged in this, and she Supplied the place of many lost by death; She was the only fruit lest on the bough After the tempests of a stormy day; She was the only yet remaining link Of my poor shatter'd, broken chain of life; The only bright, blue spot in all my sky; (That it might more melodiously resound Within my house, we had baptized her with A soft, mellifluous, sweetly-sounding name); She was the world to me, my life, my all, The voice that cheer'd my weary wanderings; Light of my eyes, and care of all my hours, At morning, and at ev'ning, and by night; The mirror where my heart its image traced. The purest joys of all my days, impress'd On that young face, then form'd a lasting ray-Of my too transitory happiness;

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And all thy blessings, Lord, were thus in one Concentrated—one lovely burden, which Was by her mother hung upon my neck. My eye, my voice, my life, my mind, my soul, Reflected in her infant pow'rs were seen; My guardian angel watching o'er me here. Inexorable justice! take thy fill Of agony and death; take, take her all; I myself lay her on thine altar dread. I have lost all; broken my cup of joy; My child, my daughter, all my comfort's gone! There, there she is; only these two small locks Of her soft hair I 've kept, which yesterday Hung round me in her fond and close embrace——

A stifling sob awoke me; and the rock
Whereon I lay was bathed as 'twere in blood;
My cold hand chill'd my fever'd forchead, when
It pass'd across it, and two briny tears,
Frozen by Horror's breath, lay on my face.
Swifter than eagle to her nest, I fled
Back to my dwelling, whence the heavy sighs
Soon issuing, told the tale of mournful woe;
Love had alone retarded her last hour,
And she but waited my return—to die.

Now, in my house, in desolation sad,
All, all is death; a pair of weeping eyes
For ever stand before me; oft I go
Not knowing whither, wait not knowing why;
My open'd arms embrace the empty air,
And my drear days are darker than the night;
Hope in my breast is dead, and pray'r is mute;
But 'tis the hand of God that crushes me—
Then, O my soul! be calm, and kiss the rod.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF THE BAST.

November 4th,

SPEST the evening and night in the Desert of S in taking leave of our excellent monks, the recoile whom will always remain with us: (the remember humble and perfect virtues remains in the mind like th left by incense on the garments after crossing a t We left with these good fathers a donation hardly so to pay for the expense we had occasioned them; the no account of the danger we had brought them into. entreated me to recommend them to the redoubtal tection of Abougosh, whom I was again to see at I We departed before daylight, to avoid the important suit of the Bedouins of Bethlehem and the Desert John, who were never weary of following, and even b threaten me. By eight o'clock in the morning, we had the lofty mountains that are crowned by the sepulche Maccabees, and were sitting under the fig trees of smoking pipes and taking coffee with Abougosh, his and his brothers. Abougosh loaded me with new m regard and kindness; he offered me a horse, which I not wishing to make him any present myself, as it wos seemed to be an acknowledgment of the tribute w usually exacts from pilgrims, and from which they ha freed by Ibrahim Pacha. I placed under his protec monks of St. John of Bethlehem, and of Jerusalem have since learned that he did actually go and deliv from the oppression of the Bedouins of the desert. ] thought, I dare say, at the time I was asking his pr for poor Frank monks exiled among his mountains, would, eight months after, send to implore mine for the ance of his own brother, who was carried prisoner to cus, and that I should have the pleasure of being u him in my turn. After having taken coffee, our hors refreshed, we again set out, escorted by the vast poof Jeremy, and went to encamp on the other side of ] in a superb wood of olives which surrounds the town.

come with fatigue and destitute of provisions, we requested the hospitality of the monks of the convent of the Holy Land; which they refused, as to infected persons, which we might, indeed, really have been: we therefore went without our supper, and fell asleep, lulled by the sound of the sea-breeze playing over the tops of the olive trees. There, the Virgin, St. Joseph, and the Holy Child passed the night in the fields, when fleeing into Egypt. These thoughts softened our couch.

Departed from Ramlah at six o'clock in the morning, and came to breakfast at M. Damiani's at Jaffa.—Passed a day in repose and in preparing provisions for returning by the coast into Syria.

# November 5th.

Nothing can be more delightful than these caravan journeys, when the country is pleasant; when the horses, well rested, travel lightly at sunrise over a flat, sandy soil; when the landscapes succeed each other without monotony; when, especially, the sea, which throws upon the face the cool vibrations of the air produced by its regular and pliant waves, is spread out, green or blue, at your horse's feet, and incessantly throws over you the powdery drops of its spray. Such was the pleasure we experienced in coasting along the beautiful bay that separates Kaipha from Acre. The desert, formed by the plain of Zabulon, is hidden on the right by the high clumps of reeds, and by the foliage of palms which separate the beach from the inland country. The road lies over a bed of fine white sand, which is continually wetted by the billows breaking over it, and covering it with their white and rippled sheets of water. The bay, shut in on the east by the lofty ridge of Cape Carmel, surmounted by its monastery, and on the west by the white but ruined walls of Acre, seems like a vast lake where the smallest barks might be cradled without injury from the waves. It is, however, no such thing; the coast of Syria, which is every where dangerous, is more particularly so in the bay of Kaïpha; vessels which, to take refuge from a tempest, anchor there on an unstable bottom of sand, are frequently dashed upon the shore. Melancho but picturesque fragments attested to us but too certain this fact; the whole shore was bordered with the be shattered wrecks of vessels, buried in the sand. Some st showed their lofty, broken prows, in which the sea-birds is built their nests, many had only their masts remaining or of the sand, motionless and leafless trees, resembling the funereal crosses which we plant over the ashes of those w are no more; some there were, which had their yards a rigging corrupted by the salt sea spray, and still hangi around the masts. The Arabs do not meddle with the remains of wrecked ships; time and the storms of winter left to accomplish their destruction alone, or the sand bar them more and more every day. We here saw, as likew on almost all the other shores of Syria, how the Arabs cal fish. A man, holding a small folded net over his head re to be thrown, walks a few steps into the sea, and mal choice of a time and place where the sun is behind him, illuminates the waves without dazzling the eye. He aw the billows that come rolling and tumbling in, and break the rocky or sandy beach at his feet. He darts a pien and experienced glance into each ridge of foam, and if he that it abounds with fish, he throws his net at the very ment that it breaks, and when it would, with its reflux, I carried back all it had brought; the net falls, the wi retire, and the fish remain. It must be only for a si season that this fishery can be carried on upon the coast Syria; when the sea is calm, the fisherman can see nothi for the billows become transparent, only when they rise against the sunlight on the surface of the sea.

The pestilential smell of battle fields announced vicinity of Acre; we were but at a quarter of an hour's tance from the walls. It is a heap of ruins. The shatt domes of its mosques admit the light, its walls are inde by vast breaches, and its towers thrown down into its bour; it had just sustained a year's siege, and had taken by storm by Ibrahim's 40,000 heroes.

Oriental politics are but ill understood in Europe; designs are ascribed to it, when it has only caprices; plans, while it has only passions; a regard to the future, when it looks no farther than the morrow. The aggression of Mehemet Ali was looked upon as the premeditated design of a long and increasing ambition; it was merely the ondrawing of fortune, which led him from one step to another, almost involuntarily to shake his master's throne and to conquer half the empire. A fresh course of events may lead him farther still.

The following was the manner in which the quarrel originated: -Abdallah, an inconsiderable young man, being raised by the freaks of favour and fortune to the government of Acre, revolted from the Grand Signior. Being conquered, he had implored the protection of the pacha of Egypt, who bought his pardon from the divan. Abdallah, soon forgetting the gratitude he owed to Mehemet, refused to observe certain conditions which he had sworn to in his adversity. Ibrahim marched to compel him to their observance; at Acre he experienced an unforescen resistance; his anger arose; he requested more troops from his master; they came, and were repulsed anew. Mehemet Ali grew tired, and absolved his son from all his vows; Ibrahim's self-love opposed this; he would either die under the walls of Acre or subdue it to his father. At last, by a vast sacrifice of human life, he burst the gates of that city. Abdallah, taken prisoner, awaited his death: Ibrahim had him brought into his tent, addressed him with bitter sarcasms, and sent him off to Alexandria. Instead of a sabre or bowstring to meet him, Mehemet Ali sent him his horse, made him enter in triumph, placed him beside him on the divan, addressed him with eulogiums on his bravery and his fidelity to the sultan, and conferred on him a palace, slaves, and immense revenues.

Abdallah by his bravery merited this treatment. Shut up in Acre with 3000 Osmanlis, he had for a year resisted all the Egyptian forces by land and by sea. Ibrahim's fortune, like Napoleon's, faltered before this rocky fortress; and if the Grand Signior, who was in vain solicited by Abdallah, had

# RECOLLECTIONS OF THE BASE.

sent him a few thousand men at the proper moment, or only dispatched over the Syrian seas two or three of those frigates which uselessly lie at anchor before the galleys on Bosphorus, it would have been all over with Ibrahim, and must have returned into Egypt, convinced of the impote of his anger. But the Porte was faithful to its system fatality: she allowed her pacha to be ruined; the bulwar Syria was overthrown, and the divan only awoke when it too late. Nevertheless, Mehemet Ali wrote to his general order him to return, but this last being a man of a courage and adventurous spirit, resolved to try the weakness of sultan and his own good fortune to the utmost. He advance Two brilliant and ill-disputed victories, that of Homs in Sy and that of Koniah in Asia Minor, made him absolute men of Arabia, Syria, and all those kingdoms of Pontus, Bithyr and Cappadocia, which are at the present day called Ca mania. The Porte might yet have cut off his retreat, and. disembarking troops upon his rear, have retaken whole cit and provinces in which he had not been able to leave s ficient garrisons. A detachment of 6000 men, thrown in the defiles of the Taurus and of Syria, would have ma Ibrahim and his army their prey, and would have imprison him in the midst of his victories. The Turkish fleet w infinitely more numerous than Ibrahim's, or rather, the Po had a vast and magnificent fleet, while Ibrahim had only to or three frigates; but at the commencement of the campain Ilalil Pacha, a young man of elegant manners, a favourite the Grand Signior, and by him named Capitan Pache, h retired from the seas before the feeble forces of Ibrahim; saw him, with my own eyes, quit the port of Rhodes, a shut himself up in the harbour of Marmoriza on the coast Caramania, at the bottom of the bay of Macri. When had once entered with his ships into this port, the mouth which is exceedingly narrow, Ibrahim might with two vess have prevented his coming out again. Indeed, he never come out again; and all the winter through, while the m

important and decisive military operations were taking place upon the coast of Syria, Ibrahim's vessels alone were seen on these seas, and transported to him, without molestation or hindrance, reinforcements and ammunition. And yet Halil Pacha was neither a traitor nor a coward; but in this way are transacted the affairs of a people who remain motionless while all is advancing around them. The fortune of nations lies in their genius, and the genius of the Mussulmen now totters before that of the last of their pachas. The remainder of this campaign, which recals to the mind that of Alexander. is well known. Ibrahim is, most undoubtedly, a hero, and Mehemet Ali is a great man; but all their fortune depends on their two heads only; and when these two men are gone. there will be no more Egypt, no more Arabian empire, no more Maccabees for Islamism; and the East will come back under the dominion of the West by that invincible law of superiority which carries power where there is knowledge.

The sand that borders the bay of Acre becomes incessantly more and more fetid. We began to perceive the bones of men, camels, and horses, rolled upon the beach, bleaching in the sun, and washed by the foam of the waves. At every step these heaps of fragments were multiplied before our eyes. Soon, the whole interval between the inland country and the sea-side appeared covered with them, and the noise of our horse's feet roused every instant multitudes of wild dogs. hideous jackals, and birds of prey, who, for more than two months, had been busy gnawing the remains of a horrid feast. which had been furnished for them by Abdallah's and Ibrahim's cannon. Some, as they fled away, dragged off the half interred limbs of men, others the legs of horses with the skin still hanging to them; some eagles, sitting on the half picked skulls of camels, rose up at our approach with angry cries, and came back hovering, even in spite of our musket shots, over their horrid prey. The tall grass, the rushes, and the shrubs on the shore, were all alike strewn

with these remains of men and animals; the whole of which was not the product of war. The typhus fever, which had for several months been ravaging Acre, had finished the remains that had been spared by conflict; there scarcely remained twelve or fifteen hundred persons in a city which before contained as many thousand; and, every day, there were thrown outside the walls or into the sea, additional carcases which were cast up again by the sea at the bottom of the bay, or disinterred by the jackals in the fields. We reached the eastern gate of this miserable city; the air was no longer respirable; we did not enter, but, turning to the right, along some crumbling walls on which some slaves were at work, we traversed the field of battle in its whole extent, from the walls of the city to the country-house of the former pachas, built in the middle of the plain at one or two hours' journey from the sea-side. As we approached this house, which had a magnificent appearance, and was flanked by elegant kiosks of Indian architecture, we saw long ridges rather higher than those turned up by the ploughshare in our strongest soils. These ridges extended for about half a league in length by nearly the same in width; their summits rose to a height of one or two feet above the soil. This was the site of Ibrahim's camp, and the grave of 15,000 men, whom he had had buried in these sepulchral trenches. We with difficulty travelled for some time over this soil, which was scarcely sufficient to cover so many victims to the ambition and caprice of what is called a hero.

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We urged on our horses, whose feet stumbled every instant against the dead bodies, and broke to pieces the bones disinterred by the jackals; and we went to encamp at about an hour's distance from this melancholy place, in a charming spot upon the plain, watered by a running stream, entirely overshadowed by palms, orange and sweet lemon trees, and out of the reach of the wind from Acre, whose exhalatious had still pursued us. These gardens, placed like an oasis amid the sterility of the plain of Acre, were planted by the last pacha but one, the successor of the famous Djezar Pacha.

A few poor Arabs, who had taken refuge in huts built of earth and mud, supplied us with oranges, eggs, and fowls; and there we slept.

November 6th.

Next day, M. de la Royëre could scarcely rise from his mat and get on horseback; the whole of his limbs, stiffened by pain, refused to make the slightest movement. He felt the first symptoms of typhus fever, which his medical knowledge enabled him to distinguish better than ourselves. But this place afforded us no shelter, nor any means of leaving an invalid; we therefore hastened our departure ere the malady had become more severe, and we went to sleep at fifteen leagues from thence, in the plain of Tyre, on the banks of a stream shaded by huge reeds, and not far from an isolated ruin, which appeared to belong to the era of the crusades. The motion and warmth had reanimated M. de la Royëre. We made him a bed in the tent, and went to kill wild geese and ducks, which rose in clouds from the reeds on the banks of the river. These birds that day fed all our caravan.

## November 7th.

The following day, in a delightful spot on the brink of the sea, shaded by marine cedars and magnificent planes, we met with a Turkish aga returning from Mecca with a numerous train of men and horses. We took up our abode under a tree near the fountain, not far from another tree where the aga was at breakfast. His slaves were promenading his horses; and I was struck with the perfect form and lightness of a young Arab stallion of the purest blood. I ordered my interpreter to enter into treaty with the aga. We sent him a present of some of our travelling provisions, and a pair of air pistols; he in his turn made us a present of a Persian yatagan. I had my horses passed before him, to lead the conversation in a natural manner to the subject, which we accomplished; but the difficulty was, how to ask him to sell me his. My interpreter told him, that one of our travelling companions was so ill, that he could not find a horse of a

and mount on horseback, we freighted a bark at Saïda to carry him by sea to Bayruth. We set out again with the rest of the caravan; I sent a courier to Lady Stanhope to thank her for the kind advances she had made in my favour to Abougosh, the Arab chief, and to request her to avail herself of any opportunities that might present themselves to announce my approaching arrival to the Arabs of the deserts of Bkaa, of Balbec, and of Palmyra.

November 9th.

Slept at an old ruined, deserted house on the sea-side. During the night wrote some verses on the pages of my bible;-glad at approaching Bayruth after a journey so Met, on the road, a mounted happily accomplished. Arab, who was bringing me a letter from my wife. All is well; Julia is in excellent health; they are waiting for me before they go to pass a few days at the monastery of Antoura in Lebanon. At four o'clock there was a terrific storm. The cap of clouds seemed to fall suddenly down upon the mountains on our right; the noise made by the alternate receding and dashing of these heavy masses of cloud against the peaks of Lebanon, which shattered them into fragments, was confounded with the roar of the sea, which itself resembled a plain of snow blown about by a violent wind. The rain did not fall, as in the West, in drops more or less frequent, but in thick and continuous streams, which struck heavily on man and beast, like the hand of the tempest. The light of day had entirely disappeared; our horses proceeded in the midst of torrents mingled with rolling stones, and were, every instant, in danger of being carried into the sea. When the weather cleared up and the sky reappeared, we found ourselves on the borders of Fakardin's pine grove, at about half a league from the town [of Bayruth]. Home is something to beasts as well as to men; those of my horses who recollected the spot from having often carried us there, though fatigued by a journey of three hundred leagues, neighed, pricked up their ears, and capered for joy upon the sand. I let the cara)

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van slowly defile among the pines, put Lebanon to the gallor and rushed, with my heart palpitating with anxiety and joy into my wife's arms. Julia was amusing herself in a neigh bouring house with the daughters of the Prince of the Moun tain, who, during my absence, had become governor of Bay ruth; she saw me from the roof, riding up, and I heard he running in, saying, "Where is he? Is it he indeed?" She came in, rushed into my arms, and loaded me with caresses: then she ran round the room, with her beautiful eyes sparkling with tears of joy, and repeatedly saying, "Oh! how glad I am! Oh! how glad I am!" and again she came back to sit upon my knees and embrace me anew. There were in the room two young Jesuit fathers from Lebanon, on a visit to my wife: I could not for some time address them with a word of common politeness; mute themselves before this simple and impassioned expression of a child's tender affection for her father, and at the celestial splendour conferred by happiness on the beauty of that radiant countenance, they stood, struck dumb with admiration. Our friends and servants soon arrived, and filled the mulberry fields with our tents and horses.

Passed several days of repose and happiness in receiving the visits of our Bayruth friends. The Emir Beschir's sons having, by Ibrahim's orders, descended from the mountains to occupy the country, which threatened to rise in favour of the Turks, are encamped in the valley of Nahr el Kelb, at about an hour's distance from my house.

### November 10th.

M. Bianco, the Sardinian consul, who for many years has been connected with these princes, invited us to dinner to meet them. They came dressed in magnificent castans, woven entirely out of gold thread; their turbans were also composed of the richest cashmere stuffs. The eldest, who commands his father's army, had a poignard, the handle of which was entirely incrusted over with invaluable diamonds. Their

suite was numerous and singular; among a great number of Mussulmen and black slaves, there was a poet who, in his qualifications, seemed exactly similar to the bards of the middle ages. His duties consist in singing the virtues and exploits of his master, composing tales for him when he sends for him to amuse him, standing behind him during meals to improvise verses, a sort of political toasts in honour of himself, or of the guests whom the prince wishes to distinguish. There was also a chaplain or Maronite Catholic confessor, who never leaves him, even at table, and who alone has permission to enter the harem; he was a monk of a jovial, warlike figure, exactly such an one as we understand by the chaplain of a regiment. He, on account of his ecclesiastical character, sits at the table; while the poet stands up. These princes, and especially the eldest, did not appear at all embarrassed by our customs, nor by the presence of European females. They chatted in their turns with us, with the same elegance of manners, propriety of address, and freedom of mind, as if they had been brought up in the most polished court of Europe. Oriental civilization is always on a level with our own, because it is more ancient, and was originally more pure and perfect. To an unprejudiced eye, there can be no comparison between the nobility, decorousness, and stern beauty of the Arabian, Turkish, Indian, and Persian manners, and that of our own. It is easily seen that we are youthful nations, scarcely free from the harsh, gross, and imperfect states of civilization; that they are the children of a noble house, the heirs of ancient wisdom and virtue. Their nobility, which is only the offspring of primitive excellences, is written on their countenances, and impressed on all their customs; and, moreover, there is no populace among them. Moral civilization, the only kind of which I make any account. is everywhere on a level; the shepherd and the emir are of the same family, speak the same sort of language, have the same customs, and participate in the same wisdom and the same magnificence of tradition, which forms the moral atmosphere of a people.

Cyprian and Libanian wines circulated very freely at the dessert; the Christian Arabs, and the family of the Emir Beschir, who are, or think they are, Christians, drink them without difficulty on every occasion. They drank, "Success to Ibrahim," "Liberty to Lebanon," and, "Friendship between the Franks and Arabs;" afterwards the prince gave, "The Ladies now present," and by his order, his bard began to improvisate, and sung in recitative, and with an inflated throat, Arabian verses, of which the following is nearly the purport:—

Let us drink the juice of Eden, which rejoices and inebriates the heart of the prince and the slave. 'Tis wine from the plants that Noah himself set, when the dove, instead of an olive branch, brought him back a shoot of the vine. By the help of this wine, the poet is for an instant a prince, and

the prince is a poet.

Let us drink it to the honour of these young Frank beauties, who come from the land where every woman is a queen. The eyes of the women of Syria are beauteous, but they are veiled. In the eyes of the daughters of the West, there is more intoxication than in the sparkling cup that I drink.

"To drink wine, and to look on women's faces, is to the Mussulman twice to sin; but to the Arab, twice to rejoice, and to bless God in two different modes."

The chaplain himself appeared enchanted with these verses, and sung the bard's choruses, laughing and emptying his glass. The prince proposed to us a hawking party, the habitual diversion of all the princes and scheiks of Syria. From hence the crusaders brought back this custom into Europe.

# November 11th.

The weather, with the exception of a few gusts of wind over the sea, and some showers of rain about the middle of the day, is as fine as the month of May in France. As soon as the rainy season commences, a fresh spring begins. The vol. 1.

walls of the terraces that uphold the cultivated slopes of Lebanon, and the fertile hills in the neighbourhood of Bayruth, are in a few days so thickly covered with vegetation, that the soil is entirely hidden under moss, grass, lianas, and flowers; green barley carpets all the fields, which at our arrival were nought but dust; the mulberry trees, which then shoot out their second growth of leaves, form, all around the houses, forests impenetrable to the rays of the sun; here and there are seen the roofs of houses scattered in the plain, and which rise out of this ocean of verdure; and Greek and Syrian women, in rich and brilliant dresses, are like queens taking the air on the pavilions in their gardens. Small paths, cut out in the sand, lead from one house and hill to another. across those continuous gardens, that reach from the sea to the base of Lebanon; following these, there are suddenly found on the thresholds of these houses the most delightful scenes of patriarchal life;—the women and girls sitting under a mulberry or fig tree at the door, embroidering rich woollen carpets in confused and brilliant colours; others, tying the ends of silk threads to distant trees, wind them walking slowly and singing from one tree to another; the men, on the contrary, walking backwards from tree to tree, weaving silken fabrics, and throwing the shuttle alternately to each other; the children lying in rush cradles, or upon mats under the shade, and some suspended on the branches of the orange trees; the fat Syrian sheep, with huge dragging tails, too heavy to move themselves about, are lying in the cavities made on purpose for them in the cool soil before the door: and one or two beautiful goats with long pendant ears like those of our sporting dogs, and sometimes a cow, complete the picture. The master's horse is likewise always there, covered with his magnificent trappings, and ready to be mounted; he forms part of the family, and appears to take an interest in all that is said and done around him; his physiognomy is as animated as a human countenance: when a stranger appears and speaks to him, he pricks up his ears, draws back his lips, wrinkles his nostrils, stretches out his

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head to the wind, and scents the unl mild, but expressive and thoughtf burning coals, beneath the long a hungs over his forehead. The Gre families of agriculturists who inhabit of Lebanon, have nothing savage or better educated than the peasants of all read and understand both langu: they are mild, peaceable, sober, an all the week in tilling the ground of recreate themselves on Sundays, by families at the protracted and gorg Greek or Syrian worship; they afl houses to partake of a meal rather be and then the women and girls, attired and with their hair braided, and s blossoms, scarlet gilliflowers, and pi doors, with their neighbours and frie delineate with the pen, the groups turesqueness, splendour, costume, an these women in the country. young women's and young girl's far not a glimpse of, even in the dreams It is indeed more than Ital Greek; there is the purity of form, in a word, all the highest accomplish and Roman art; but all this is ren still by a simple and primitive ingent serene and voluptuous languor, a he the features by the glances from a pa with black lashes, and by a delica of proportion, an animated whitene scribable transparency of complexion hair, an elegance of movement, a pe a trembling, pearly sound of the voice Syrian female to be the houri of para diversified and admirable beauties a

mon: I can never walk for an hour into the country without meeting with several going to the fountains, or returning with their Etruscan urns on their shoulders, and their bare legs encircled by silver anklets. The men and boys go on a Sunday to take their recreation in sitting on mats spread at the foot of some large sycamore, not far from a spring; they remain motionless there all day long, telling marvellous tales, and drinking now and then a cup of coffee or of cold water. Others go up to the tops of the hills, and you may see them peacefully grouped together under their vines or their olive trees, seeming to enjoy the relish of the view over the sea afforded by these coasts, the clearness of the sky, the song of the birds, and all the instinctive pleasures of pure and unsophisticated human nature, which our own population have lost for the noisy and riotous mirth of the alchouse, or the smoky atmosphere of bacchanalian festivities. Nowhere were the finest scenes of creation more thickly filled and animated with purer and more beautiful ideas; nature is here indeed a perpetual hymn to the goodness of the Creator, and no false note, no appearance of vice or misery troubles the stranger's listening to the enchanting harmony of this hymn: -men, women, birds, beasts, trees, mountains, sea, sky, and weather, all is beauteous, pure, splendid, and religious.

## November 12th.

Early this morning, I went to wander with Julia over the hill called by the Greeks, San Dimitri, situated at about a league from Bayruth, nearer to Lebanon, and obliquely following the curved line of the sea coast. Two of our Arabs accompanied us; one as a guide, the other to remain at Julia's horse's head, and to catch her in his arms if the horse should become too spirited. When the roads grew too steep, we left our steeds for an instant, and traversed on foot the natural or artificial terraces which form broad stairs of verdure up all the hill of San Dimitri. In my infancy, I had often imagined to myself that terrestrial paradise, that Eden, which all nations have retained in their recoll: ctions, whether

it be a beautiful dream or a tradition of a time and dwelling more perfect than the present; I have followed Milton in his delightful descriptions of that enchanted residence of our first parents; but here, as in everything else, imagination is infinitely surpassed by nature. God has not conferred on man the ability of dreaming any thing as beautiful as what he has himself made. I had dreamt of Eden before; I can now say that I have seen it.

After travelling about half an hour beneath the arcades of nopals that enclose all the roads through the plain, we began to ascend by small paths narrower and steeper than the former, which all lead to successive plateaux, from which a wider view is continually gained of the country and of Lebanon. These plains, which are of a moderate width, are all surrounded by forest trees unknown in our climates, and of whose names I am, unfortunately, ignorant; the shape of their trunks, the disposition of their branches, the strange and novel forms of their tops, conical, loose, pyramidal, or extending themselves in the shape of wings, give to this border of vegetation a graceful and novel aspect which sufficiently points out the Asiatic character of the landscape. Their foliage also takes every shape and wears every hue, from the black verdure of the cypress to the greyish green of the olive, and the yellow tinge of the orange and citron trees: and from the broad leaves of the Chinese mulberry, each of which is large enough for a child's parasol, to the slight notched shreds of the tea shrub, the pomegranate tree, and numberless other bushes, whose leaves resemble those of parsley, and hang like curtains of vegetable lace between the horizon and the eye. Alongside of these stripes of wood extends a border of verdure which lies, covered with flowers. under their shade. The interior part of the plain is sown with barley, and at some one of the angles, two or three palm heads, or the dark, rounded dome of a colossal carob tree. points out the spot where an Arab husbandman has built his hut, surrounded by a few vines, by a ditch defended by verdant palisades of the Indian fig tree covered with its thorny fruit,

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and by a small garden strewn with pinks and gilliflowers for his daughters' hair. When by chance the path led us to the door of one of these houses, buried like human nests in this ocean of verdure, the countenances of its amiable and happy inhabitants testified neither surprise, ill temper, nor anger. Smiling at Julia's beauty, they addressed us with the pious salutation of the Orientals, "Sala el kaër, blest be the day to you." Some requested us to remain beneath their palm tree; they brought out, according to their wealth, either a mat or a carpet, and offered us fruits, milk, or flowers from their garden. We sometimes accepted these, and promised to come again, and bring them something from Europe in return. But their politeness and hospitality were entirely disinterested; they love Franks, who can cure all diseases, who know the virtues of all kinds of plants, and who adore the same God as they do.

From one of these plains we ascended to another, where the same scenes were repeated, the same enclosures of trees, the same mosaic work of vegetation over the soil they enclose; only in advancing from one plain to another the magnificent horizon increases in expansion, the lower plains lie extended below like a chess board formed by a mixture of every colour, where hedges of shrubs, contracted and grouped together by the optical effects of distance, formed woods and dark patches beneath our feet. We followed these plateaux from one hill to another, re-descending from time to time into the valleys by which they are separated; valleys that are a thousand times more shady and more delightful than even the hills; all veiled by the curtains of foliage that are hung over them from the terraces by which they are enclosed; all buried in those billows of odoriferous vegetation; but all, nevertheless, having at their entrance a narrow extent of view over the lowlands and the sea. As the plain gradually disappeared by reason of the greater elevation of the valleys, they seemed to open immediately on to the shore, their trees were delineated in dark outlines on the blue sea, and we sometimes amused ourselves, as we sat

at the foot of a palm tree, by watching the vesses' sai which were in reality at four or five leagues' distance, slow gliding from one tree to the other, as if they had been paing over a lake, of which these valleys formed the immediathore.

We at last came, by the mere chance wandering of esteps, to the most complete and delightful of all these last scapes. I shall often return to the spot.

It was an elevated valley open to the east and west, a enclosed in the folds of the last chain of hills, which proje over the large vale in which runs the Nahr Bayruth. impossible to describe the abundant vegetation which carp its bottom and sides; and although both its walls are rock, they are so thickly clothed with lichens of every speci so trickling with moisture which distils drop by drop, entirely covered with clusters of heath, ferns, odorifere herbs, lianas, ivy and other plants enrooted in their impercepti chinks, that there can be no doubt but that it is the so rock itself that produces this mass of vegetation. It form bushy carpet of about two feet in thickness; a close cov ing of velvet verdure, shaded with patches of different hi and tints, strewn all over with bunches of unknown flowers a thousand various forms and scents, which sometimes sk in motionless repose, like the flowers depicted on a stretch tapestry in our parlours; sometimes, when the sea breeze glid over them, they rise erect together with the grass and bough from which they emerge like the silken fur of an anin whose coat is stroked against the grain, they become cloud over with undulating tints, and resemble a river of verdu and flowers streaming along with odoriferous waves. it then escape gusts of intoxicating perfumes, multitudes insects with painted wings, and innumerable birds that per on the neighbouring trees; the air is filled with their sou answering each other, with the buzz of numerous swarms wasps and bees, and with that low murmur of the earth spring, which is supposed, and perhaps with reason, to be t perceptible sound of the thousands of vegetating plants up

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its surface. The drops of the night dew fall from every leaf, shine upon every blade of grass, and cool the surface of the little valley, while the sun is rising and begins to dart its rays over the lofty trees and high rocks that shut it in.

We breakfasted there, upon a stone at the brink of a cavern, where two gazelles had taken refuge at the noise of our steps. We took great care not to disturb the asylum of these charming animals, which are to these deserts what the lamb is to our fields, and tame doves to the roofs and yards of our cottages.

The whole valley was tapestried with the same moveable curtains of foliage, moss, and vegetation; we could not refrain from exclaiming aloud at every step; and never do I recollect having seen in nature so much life accumulated together, and developed within so small a space. We traversed it in its entire length, sitting down from time to time in those places where the shade was coolest, and every now and then striking the grass with our hands and dashing out the drops of dew, the puffs of scent, and the clouds of insects that arose out of its bosom like golden dust. How great is God! how infinite and unsearchable must be the Spring from whence flow all this life, beauty, and goodness! if there may be seen such astonishing wonders to confound the mind in one small corner of nature, what will there be when the curtain of all worlds shall be drawn up, and we shall contemplate the whole of the infinite works of the Deity? It is impossible to see this and to meditate upon it, without being overwhelmed with the inward evidence in which is imaged the idea of a God. All nature is strewn with sparkling fragments of that vast mirror in which is depicted the reflection of the Deity.

As you approach the western opening of the valley, the view of the sky expands, the enclosing hills sink down, the ground gently descends beneath the tread, the peaks of Lebanon, glittering with brilliant snow, stand boldly out in the sky undulating with burning vapours; the eye glances from these eternal snows to the black patches of pines, cypresses, or

cedars; then to those deep gorges where, as in a nest, repos the dusky shades: then again to those golden-hued rocky peaks, at whose bases stand the elevated dwellings of the Maronites, and the villages of the Druzes; and the whole i completed by a border of olive forests which die away on the edges of the plain. The plain itself, which extends between the hills on which we were standing and the opposite roots of the lofty Lebanon, may perhaps be about a league in breadth It is of sinuous shape, and we could only take into view about two leagues of its length; the rest was concealed from us by hills covered with black pine forests. The Nahr Bay ruth, or River of Bayruth, which issues, at a few miles' dis tance from thence, out of one of the deepest and most rock gorges in all Lebanon, divides the plain into two parts. 1 runs beautifully between brimming banks, sometimes she up between its rush-bordered shores resembling fields sugar canes, sometimes expanded over the verdant meads. beneath the mastich trees, and throwing out little brillian lakes, as it were, into the plain. All its banks are covere with vegetation, and we could distinguish asses, horses, goat black bulls, and white cows, scattered in herds along the whole length of the stream, and Arab shepherds fording the river on their camels' backs. Farther off were seen, on the nearest cliffs of the mountains, some Maronite monks, clothe in their black gowns and sailor's hoods, who were silent guiding the ploughshare beneath the olive trees of their field From time to time the convent bell was heard calling the to prayers; then they stopped their oxen, laid the gor against the handle of the plough, and, dropping on the knees, let their team breathe for an instant, while they then selves sighed a prayer to heaven. Advancing farther sti and beginning to redescend towards the river, we sudden discovered the sea (which had hitherto been hidden from by the sides of the valley) and the wide mouth of the Na Bayruth, which was there lost in the waves. Not far fro the mouth of the river, a Roman bridge, fallen almost in ruin, with very lofty arches and no parapets, crossed the stream

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A long caravan, proceeding from Damascus to Aleppo, was passing over it at the very instant; and the travellers, some on dromedaries and others on horses, were seen issuing one by one out of the reeds that shade the piers of the bridge; slowly ascending to the summits of the arches, and depicted for a moment on the blue groundwork of the sea, with their beasts of burden and their grotesque and glittering costume; then re-descending from the heap of ruins, and disappearing with their long string of asses and camels amid the clumps of reeds, rose-laurels, and plane trees that overshadow the opposite bank of the river. A little farther off, they were seen re-appearing on the sandy beach, where the huge waves rolled in and dashed their fringe of foam, even over the feet of the beasts on which they were journeying; the vast perpendicular rocks of a projecting cape at last hid them from the view; and, advancing far into the sea, bounded the horizon in that direction.

At the mouth of the river, the sea was of two different colours, blue-green in the open space, and sparkling with dancing diamonds; and dull yellow at the spot where the waters of the river contended with its waves, and tinged them with the golden sand which is incessantly washed down into this herbour. Seventeen vessels, at anchor in the bay, swayed heavily on the unwieldy billows which always disturb its surface, and their masts oscillated up and down, like long reeds under a gust of wind. The masts of some were bare as trees in winter; while others, spreading their sails to dry in the sun, resembled the large white birds of these seas, who hover over the waves without any perceptible movement of their wings. The bay, more brilliant than the expanse of sky above it, reflected part of the snows of Lebanon, and the embattled walls of the monasteries perched on the projecting cliffs. A few fishing boats were gliding by under full sail, and coming to take shelter in the river. The valley beneath our feet; the slopes declining towards the plain; the river flowing beneath the pyramid-shaped arches; the sea with its inlets among the rocks; the vast mass of Lebanon with the

accidental varieties of its shape; those pyramids of snow, piereing like cones of solid silver, into the depths of the firmsment, where the eye seeks for them as if for stars; the insensible murmurs of the insects around us; the song of a thousand birds upon the trees; the bellowing of bulls, or the almost human crics of the camels in the caravans; the dull, regular sound of the large billows breaking on the sand at the mouth of the river; the interminable horizon of the Mediterranean Sea; the verdant, winding prospect of the course of the Nakr Bayruth on our right; the jagged, gigantic wall of Lebanon in front; the serene and radiant vault of heaven, indented only by the peaks of the mounts, or by the conical heads of the tall trees; the warmth and fragrance of the air, in which every thing seems to swim like a reflected image in the transparent water of a Swiss lake:—all these objects, sounds, lights, shades, and impressions made this scene the most sublime and beautiful landscape with which my eyes were ever entranced. What was it then to Julia? She was overcome with emotion, radiant with delight, trembling with transport and internal pleasure; and I, myself, loved to impress such magnificent objects on her infant imagination. God is better seen in them than in the lines of a catechism; he is there delineated in features worthy of himself: the supreme beauty, the unbounded goodness of a perfect nature, reveal him, such as he really is, to the infant mind; and this perception of physical and material, is by it soon converted into a feeling of moral beauty. The artist is shown the Grecian statues to inspire him with an instinct of the beautiful; and the young mind must be shown the vast and beauteous scenes of nature, that an idea of their Author may be formed within it, worthy both of the Creator and of itself.

We remounted the horses at the foot of the hill, in the plain on the bank of the river; we crossed the bridge, and ascended some woody hills of Lebanon, as far as the first monastery, which stands, like a castellated fortress, on a granite pedestal. The monks had become acquainted with me by the reports brought by their Arabs, and received me into the convent. I

went through the cells, the refectory, and the chapels. The monks, returning from labour, were busy in the large courtyard, unharnessing the bulls and oxen. This court had the appearance of a large farm-yard; it was encumbered with ploughs, cattle, dunghills, fowls, and all the implements of rustic occupations. Labour was carried on without noise or outcries, but without any affectation of silence, and as if by men animated by a spirit of natural decency, but not commanded by severe and inflexible regulations. The countenances of these men are mild and serene, breathing of peace and contentment, the aspect of a community of labourers. When the clock struck the hour of repast, they entered the refectory, not all together, but one by one, or two by two, according as they had sooner or later finished the work they were at the time about. This repast consisted, as on every day, of two or three cakes made of meal kneaded, and rather dried than baked, on a hot stone, of water, and five olives preserved in oil; sometimes they add a little cheese or sour milk, and this is all these Cenobites' subsistence. take it either standing up, or sitting on the ground; all the furniture and conveniences common among us are unknown to them. After having been present at their dinner, and ourselves eaten a bit of cake, and drank a glass of excellent Libanian wine, which the superior had brought for us, we visited some of the cells. They are all alike; a small room of five or six feet square, furnished only with a rush mat and a carpet; and adorned merely by some images of the saints nailed against the wall, an Arabic Bible, and some Syriac manuscripts. A long interior gallery with a thatched roof, serves as a corridor to all these rooms. The view from the windows, and from almost all these monasteries, is admirable; the first slopes of Lebanon immediately beneath the eye, the plain and river of Bayruth, and the aerial domes of the pine forests breaking in upon the red horizon of the sandy desert; then the sea surrounded on every side by its capes, bays, inlets, and rocks, and with white sails traversing it in every direction; such is the view continually before these monks'

# RECOLLECTIONS OF THE BAST.

eyes. They made us several presents of dried fruit and shof wines, which were loaded on asses for us, and we the quitted them to return by another way to Bayruth. I show that the same that the same

speak of them again hereafter.

We descended by some steep steps, carved out in detached blocks of soft yellow freestone which cover all lower descents of Lebanon. The path winds around the rocks; in the interstices of which grow a few shrubs a herbs. There are some admirable flowers resembling ( tulips of our own gardens, but incomparably larger. roused several gazelles and some jackals, who were shelter in the hollows formed among the rocks. A great number partridges, quails, and snipes flew away at the noise of horses' tread. Having arrived at the plain, we again for the vine, barley, and palm cultivated; we travelled about half way across it amidst this rich vegetation, and so arrived at the foot of a large hill covered with a forest Italian pines, in whose wide glades we could from afar p ceive the flocks of goats and herds of camels. This hill a cealed from us the Nahr Bayruth, which we wished to ca in the more southern part of its course. We struck off it the lofty vaults formed by these parasol-shaped pines, a after having proceeded for about a quarter of an hour bene their shade, we suddenly heard loud cries, the noise the steps of a multitude of men, women, and children, w were running towards us, the roll of the tambour, and notes of the bagpipe and fife. In an instant we were s rounded by five or six hundred Arabs of a strange appe ance. The chiefs, clothed in magnificent but dirty a ragged dresses, advanced towards us at the head of their be of music; they bowed to us, and saluted us with complime apparently very respectful, but which we could not und stand. Their gestures and clamours, accompanied by the of the whole tribe, helped us to interpret their words. The entreated us, and, as it were, forced us to follow them is the interior of the forest, where their encampment was I out. They were one of the tribes of Kourds, who come fr

the neighbouring provinces of Persia to pass the winter, sometimes in the plains of Mesopotamia in the vicinity of Damascus, and sometimes in those of Syria, taking with them their families and flocks. They take possession of a wood, a plain, or an abandoned hill, and thus abide there for five or six months. Much more barbarous than the Arabs, their inroads and neighbourhood are generally greatly dreaded; they are the armed gipsies of the East.

Surrounded by this crowd of men, women, and children, we travelled on some time to the sounds of this wild music, and amid the cries of the multitude, who regarded us with a partly merry, partly ferocious curiosity. We soon found ourselves in the middle of the camp, before the tent door of one of the scheiks of the tribe. They made us dismount, placed our horses, which they greatly admired, under the care of some young Kourds, and brought us Caramanian carpets, on which we sat down at the foot of a tree. The scheik's slaves presented us with pipes and coffee, and the women of the tent brought camel's milk for Julia. The appearance of these wandering barbarians in the midst of a dark pine forest, deserves to be described.

The forest was thin at this spot, and interspersed with large glades. At the foot of each tree was a family's tent: these tents were, for the most part, only a piece of black goats' hair cloth, tied by a string to the trunk of the tree, and supported on the other side by two stakes driven into the ground. Often the piece of cloth did not entirely surround the space occupied by the family; but a fragment merely fell on the side next the sun or wind, and sheltered the floor of the tent and the fire on the hearth. There was no furniture to ba seen, except some blackish earthen jars lying on their sides, in which the women go to draw water, a few goats' skin leather bottles, some sabres, and long muskets suspended in bundles on the branches of the trees, and mats, carpets, and a few men's and women's garments thrown, here and there, upon the ground. Some of these Arabs had two or three square wooden chests, painted red, with figures formed on

them by gilt-headed nails, to contain their property. I av but two or three horses in the whole tribe. The greater part of the families had only a camel lying near the tent, ruminating, with its high, intelligent-looking head stretched out and directed towards the tent, a few beautiful goats, with long, black, silken hair and pendant ears, and some sheep and bulls; almost all of them had, besides, one or two superb white greyhounds, of a large size. These dogs, contrary to the usual custom of the Mahometans, were fat and well kept; they seemed to recognize particular masters, from whence I suppose that these tribes make use of them in hanting. The scheiks appeared to enjoy absolute authority, and the slightest sign from them re-established the order and silence which had been disturbed by our arrival. children having, through curiosity, committed some slight improprieties towards us, they had them seized in an instant by the men that surrounded us, and driven far away from w to another quarter of the camp. The men were generally large, strong, handsome, and well made; their dress did not indicate poverty, but negligence. Several had vests of silk woven with gold or silver thread, and pelisses of blue silk trimmed with rich furs. Their arms were equally remarkable for the elaborate workmanship, and the incrustations of silver with which they were decorated. The women were neither shut up nor veiled; they were even half naked, especially the young girls of from ten to fifteen years of age. Their only garment was a loose pair of pantaloons, which left the legs and feet bare; they all had silver anklets just above the instep. The upper part of the body was covered by a cotton or silk chemise, fastened by a girdle, and leaving the neck and bosom naked. Their hair, which was generally very black, was plaited in long tresses hanging down even to their heels, and ornamented with strings of coins; they had also their loins and throat encased in a net work of strung piastres, which rattled at every step they made, like the scales of a serpent. These women were neither large, fair, modest, nor graceful, like the Syro-Arabian females; nor

had they the ferocious, timorous air of the Bedouin women; they are in general small, lean, and sunburnt, but cheerful, merry, and good-humoured, dancing and singing to the notes of their music, which had not for a moment ceased its sprightly and animated airs. They showed no embarrassment on our looking at them, nor any shame of their half naked condition before the men of the tribe; the men themselves did not appear to exercise any authority over them; they contented themselves with laughing at their indiscreet curiosity towards us, and repulsed them with pleasantry and mildness. Some of the girls were extremely pretty and attractive; their black eyes were tinged with henna all round their eyelids, which confers a much greater degree of vivacity to their looks. Their legs and hands were also painted of a mahogany colour; their teeth, white as ivory, set off in greater brilliancy by their tatooed blue lips and their brown complexions, gave to their laughing countenances a wild, but not a ferocious expression. They resembled the young women of Provence or Naples, but with a higher forehead, a freer carriage, a more open smile, and more natural gestures. Their countenances make a deep impression on the memory, because you see faces of this description but once.

There was around us a circle of one or two hundred persons belonging to the tribe; when we had taken a complete view of their encampment, their works, and themselves, we made a sign that we wished to remount our horses. They were immediately brought back; as they were frightened by the strange appearance of objects, the cries of the crowd, and the noise of the tambourines, the scheik had Julia taken up by two of his wives, who carried her as far as the end of the forest. The whole tribe accompanied us thither; we got on horseback; they offered us a goat and a young camel as a present: we did not accept them, but gave them a handful of Turkish piastres, which the young girls shared among themselves to add them to those already on their necklaces, and we presented two golden ghazis to the scheiks' wives. At a little distance from the forest we again came upon the

river; we crossed it by a ford; and under the rose laural trees that bordered it, we met with about a hundred girls belonging to the Kourdish tribe, returning from Bayrath, where they had been to buy some earthen jars and pieces of cloth for a newly married woman of the tribe. They were stopping there, and dancing under the shade, each holding with her hand part of her companion's dress or ornaments. They followed us a long while, uttering wild cries, and laying hold of Julia's frock and the manes of our horses to obtain from us some pieces of money: we threw them some; they ran away, and rushed into the river to return to their camp.

After crossing the Nahr Bayruth and the other half of the plain, which was well cultivated and shaded by young palm and pine trees, we entered upon the hills of red sand that extend to the east of Bayruth, between the sea and the valley of the river. They form a portion of the Egyptian desert, thrown off as far as Lebanon, and surrounded by magnificent oases; its sand is as red as ochre, and as fine as an impalpable powder. The Arabs say that the red sand of this desert is not brought thither by the winds northrown up by the waves, but is cast up by a subterranean torrent, which communicates with the deserts of Gaza and El Arish. They pretend that there are springs of sand, just as there are springs of water; and in confirmation of their opinion they point out the form and colour of the sand of the sea, which, indeed, in no respect resembles that of the desert, for it is as white as that of a granite or marble quarry. However this may be, this sand, whether vomited out by subterranean rivers. or strewn there by the violent winds of winter, extends itself in sheets of five or six leagues in circumference, and forms high hills or deep valleys, which alter their shape with every successive tempest. You cannot travel for any length of time among these undulating labyrinths, without its being impossible to know where you are: the sand hills conceal the horizon on every side; no path long remains on the surface of these billows; both horse and camel pass over them leaving no more trace behind than a bark on its water

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path; the whole is effaced by the slightest possible breeze. Some of these dunes were so steep that our horses could scarcely climb them, and we could proceed only with great precaution, for fear of being swallowed up in some of the numerous quicksands found in this dusty sea; no trace of vegetation was to be discovered, except a few large roots of bulbous plants, which rolled from time to time beneath our horses' feet: the impression made by these moving solitudes is sad and melancholy; it is a noiseless tempest, but having all the images of death. When the Simoom, the desert wind, arises, the hills undulate like the billows of the ocean, and, falling silently over their deep valleys, engulph the camel of the caravans. Every year they make advances of some paces on the cultivated lands that surround them; and upon their borders may be seen the tops of palms and fig trees which stand up dry and withered above the surface, like the masts of a ressel swallowed up in the waves. We heard no sound but the dull and distant beating of the billows of the sea. which broke upon the cliffs at about a league's distance from us. The setting sun tinged the crests of the red dusty hills with a colour like that of glowing iron when first taken from the furnace, or, darting his rays into the valleys, flooded them with fire like the avenues of a burning house. From time to time, as we successively reached the tops of the hills. we obtained a view of the white peaks of Lebanon, or of the sen, with its fringe of foam bordering the long winding coasts of the bay of Saïda; then we again plunged into the ravines of sand, and we could see nothing but the sky over our heads. I followed after Julia, who often turned round to me her pretty face reddened with emotion and fatigue; and in her eyes, whose looks seemed to interrogate me, I read her mingled feelings of fear, rapture, and delight. The increasing sound of the sea announced our approach to the shore; we suddenly discovered it, steep and lofty beneath our horses' feet: it rose to a height of at least two hundred feet above the Mediterranean; and the ground, solid and sonorous beneath our steps, though still covered by a thin layer of white sand.

#### RECOLLECTIONS OF THE EAST.

indicated to us the succession of the rocks to the wa sand. It was indeed the cliff which borders all the shores; and we had by chance arrived at one of those on the coast, where the strife between stone and wat sents to the eye a most singular spectacle. The re shocks of the surges or the earthquakes have, in this detached from the continuous mass of the coast, im hills of the solid rock, which, rolling over in the se having there obtained a stable position, have been polished, and washed by the waves for many ages, and assumed most singular shapes. At about a hundred before us stood one of these rocks, issuing out of the sa raising its top above the level of the shore; the inc beating of the billows had at last broken through the of it, and formed a gigantic arch, like the entrance of a phal monument. The internal walls of this arch w polished and glossy as Carrara marble; the waves, a retired, allowed these walls to be seen above the surface, a ping with the spray that fell back along with the waters; at the return of the next billow, they rushed, with a noi thunder, into the arch, which they filled quite up to th and, driven onward by the velocity of the shock, they aloft in a fresh torrent of foam, which dashed in raging to of spray as high as the very summit of the rock, an fell back again in humid threads and dust. Our trembled with fright at each return of the waves, a ourselves could not detach our eyes from this combat two elements. For the length of half-an-hour's journ coast is thickly strewn with these magnificent spe nature; there are embattled towers, entirely covered w nests of sea swallows; natural bridges joining the sl the rocks, and beneath which you can hear the subter waves roar as you pass by; and in some places the rocks pierced through by the beating of the billows, spurt up the sea foam beneath our feet like the jet fountain; the water rises to a distance of some feet fr ground in a large column, then again returns with me

into its abysses, when the wave again retires. The sea was very rough at that time; it rolled in in large, high, blue hills, rose up in transparent crests as it approached the rocks, and broke against them with such a crash, that the shore shook to a considerable distance, and we fancied we could see the marine arch we were looking at, totter and vibrate. After the silent and fearful solitudes we had just been traversing, the unbounded prospect of an immense sea, entirely destitute of vessels, at the hour of evening when the first shadows began to darken its abysses these gigantic fractures of the coast: that tumultuous noise of the waves, which rolled along enormous rocks, as birds' claws roll along the grains of sand; the gusts of the breeze upon our faces, and upon our horses' manes; the astonishing subterraneous echoes which multiplied the dull bellowings of the tempest:-all these things struck our minds with impressions so various, solemn, and forcible that we were unable to speak, and tears of emotion shone in Julia's eyes.

In silence we re-entered the desert of red sand; we crossed it at its narrowest part, drawing nearer to the hills of Bayruth, and by the time the sun was entirely set, we were in the large pine forest of the Emir Fakardin. Here Julia, recovering her voice, turned towards me, and with ecstasy exclaimed, "Have not I been the very finest excursion that possibly can be? Oh! how great is God! and how good he is to me!" she added, "to choose me, and show me, while yet so young, such beautiful objects!"

It was completely night when we got off our horses at the door of the house; we then projected other excursions for the days that yet remained before the journey to Damascus.

arbitrary; it is spreading itself farther over the sides of Lebanon, or into the valleys and plains that surround it, as the increasing swarms of its population issue forth and found new villages. The town of Zarkley, at the entrance of the valley of Bkaa, opposite to Balbec, which twenty years ago could scarcely enumerate twelve or fifteen hundred souls, now reckons ten or twelve thousand, and its population is being continually augmented.

The Maronites are subject to the Emir Beschir, and form, together with the Druzes and Metualis, a sort of despotic confederation under his government. Although the people of these three nations differ in origin, manners, and religion, and although they are scarcely ever mingled together in the same villages, the desence of their common interests and liberty, and the strong and skilful hand of the Emir Beschir, still retain them in one united community. They cover with their numerous habitations the space comprised between Latakia and Acre on the one side, and Damascus and Bayruth on the other. I shall make a few remarks on the Druzes and Metualis separately.

The Maronites occupy the most central valleys and the highest chains of the principal group of the Libanian mountains, from the neighbourhood of Bayruth to Tripoli in Syria. The slopes of these mountains, which are turned towards the sea, are fertile, and watered with numerous rivers and never-failing waterfalls. They there cultivate silk, oil, barley, and wheat; the heights are almost inaccessible, and the naked rock every where pierces through the sides of these mountains; but the indefatigable activity of this people, who had no secure refuge for their religion but behind these peaks and precipices, has rendered the rock itself productive: they have raised, in successive stages, rising one above the other as far as the perpetual snows, walls of terraces formed with fragments of the broken rocks; on to these terraces they have carried the small quantity of vegetable mould that is washed down by the waters into the ravines; they have even pounded the rock itself, to render its dust fertile by 医多口病 经经济事件的证据

mingling it with this small quantity of soil, and they have converted the whole of Lebanon into a garden covered with mulberry, fig, and olive trees, and the different sorts of grain. The traveller can scarcely recover from his astonishment when. after climbing for whole days before over the perpendicular walls of mountains which are but a mass of rock, he suddenly finds in the depths of an elevated gorge, or on the flat top of some pyramidal aggregation of mountains, a handsome village built of white stone, inhabited by a numerous and wealthy population, with a Moresco castle in the middle. a monastery in the distance, a torrent rolling with foam at its foot, and all around, a prospect of vegetation and verdure. where pines, chestnut and mulberry trees overshadow the vines and the fields of maize and of wheat. These villages sometimes hang almost perpendicularly one over another; a stone may be thrown, or the voice may be heard, from one to the other, and yet the declivities of the mountains require so many turnings and windings in following the path of communication, that it requires one or two hours to pass from one hamlet to the other.

In each of these villages you find a scheik, a sort of feudal lord, who is charged with the administration of justice in the But their decisions and sentences, which are inflicted very summarily, and in the inartificial method of the scheiks' police, are neither absolute nor without appeal. The higher department of administration belongs to the emir and his divan. The law issues in part from the emir, and partly from the bishops; and there is a sort of contest between the emir's jurisdiction and the authority of the ecclesiastics. The patriarch of the Maronites retains the sole right of decision in all cases where the civil law comes into conflict with the religious, such as marriages, dispensations, and divorces. The prince is obliged to act with great discretion towards the patriarch and the bishops, for the influence of the clergy over the people's minds is immense and uncontrolled. clergy is composed of the patriarch, elected by the bishops and confirmed by the pope, a papal legate sent from Rome

and residing at the monastery of Antoura or Kanoubin, bishops, superiors of monasteries, and curates. Although the Romish church has strictly maintained the law of celibacy among the priests in Europe, and several of her writers have pretended to find a dogmatical law in this regulation of her discipline, yet she has been obliged to give up this point in the East; and though fervent and devoted Catholics, vet among the Maronites the priests are married. This liberty of marriage is not, however, extended to the monks who live in societies, nor to the bishops; only the secular clergy and the curates are allowed this privilege. The seclusion in which the Arabian women live, the simplicity of this people's patriarchal manners, and long habitual custom prevent any inconvenience arising from this practice of the Maronite clergy; and far from its having been injurious, as they affect to tell us, to the purity of sacerdotal morals, to the respect of the people for the minister of religion, or to the ordinance of confession, it may with truth be said, that in no country in Europe are the clergy so pure, so exclusively occupied in their pious duties, so much respected, and so powerful over the people as they are here. If you would have a visible realization of what imagination conceives to be the state of Christianity in its pure and early ages, if you would see the simplicity and fervour of primitive religion, purity of morals. disinterested motives among the ministers of charity, sacerdotal influence without abuse, authority without domincering, poverty without beggary, dignity without pride, prayerfulness, watchfulness, sobriety, chastity, and diligent manual labour, you must come among the Maronites. The most rigid philosopher will not find any reformation to make in the public and private life of these priests, who are still the examples, counsellors, and servants of the people.

There are in Lebanon about two hundred Maronite monasteries of different orders, inhabited by from twenty to twenty-five thousand monks. But these monks are neither wealthy nor mendicant, neither oppressors nor bloodsuckers of the people. They consist of societies of simple and laborious men, who, wishing to consecrate themselves to a life ( prayer and of mental freedom, renounce the cares of a risin family, and devote themselves to God and to the cultivation of the earth in one of these retreats. Their life, as I hav already said, is that of an industrious peasant; they tak care of cattle or of silk-worms, they cleave the rock, buil with their own hands the terraces supporting their fields, die plough, and reap. The monasteries possess but little land and receive only as many monks as it will support. I hav lived for a long time among this people, I have frequente several of these monasteries, and I have never heard the any scandal had been given rise to by the monks; there not a murmur against them. Each monastery is but a por farm, whose servants are voluntary, and whose whole wage is included in lodging, an anchorite's subsistence, and th prayers of their church. Useful occupation is so much the law of human nature, it is so essential a condition of happ ness and virtue here below, that I have never seen one these hermits who did not wear on his features the expression of peace of mind, contentment, and health. The bishou have an absolute authority over the monasteries within the jurisdictions. Their dioceses are very small; every lan village has a separate bishop.

The Maronite people, whether they are descended from the Arabs or from the Syrians, partake of all the virtues of the clergy, and form a separate people distinct from every oth throughout the whole of the East. It might be supposed the they were an European colony thrown by chance into the mid of the tribes of the desert; but they have, nevertheless, a Arabian physiognomy: the men are large and handsom with a frank, noble look, a mild, intelligent smile, blue eye aquiline nose, dignified carriage, low, guttural voice, poli but not servile manners, splendid costume, and glitteriz arms. When you pass through a village and see the scheisitting at the door of his embattled mansion, his beautif horses fastened up in his courts, and the principal inhabitan of the village clothed in their rich pelisses, with their re

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silken girdles filled with silver-handled kangiars and vatagans. wearing a huge turban composed of different coloured silks, and with a large piece of purple silk falling over the shoulder. then you might fancy you were contemplating a nation of kings. They have a fraternal affection for Europeans; they are united to us by that strongest of all bonds, a community of religion; they believe that by our consuls and ambassadors we protect them from the Turks; they receive into their villages our travellers, missionaries, and young interpreters who go to learn the Arabic language, with the same feelings as long absent relations are received into a family; and the traveller, the missionary, or the young interpreter becomes the cherished guest of the whole country. He is lodged in the monastery or in the scheik's palace; he is abundantly supplied with all that the country can produce; he is taken out hawking; he is introduced with confidence into the society even of the women; he is addressed with respect; and bonds of friendship are formed which are never broken, and the recollection of which is handed down by the heads of the family to their children. I do not doubt but that if this people were better known, and if the magnificent country which they inhabit were oftener visited, many Europeans would go and settle among them: the beauty of the scenery, the admirably fine climate, the moderate prices of all commodities. the similarity of religion, the hospitality of manners, and the individual safety and tranquillity, all combine to make a dwelling among these people desirable; and as for myself, if a man could entirely transplant himself,—if it were not proper for him to live in the place where Providence has pointed out his cradle and his tomb, to serve and love his fellowcountrymen,—if involuntary exile should ever be my lot,—I should find no spot so pleasant as one of these peaceful villages of the Maronites, at the foot or on the sides of Lebanon, in the bosom of a simple, religious, and benevolent people, with a prospect of the sea and of the lofty snows, under the palm or orange tree in the garden of one of these monasteries. The most admirable state of civil society, the

effect rather of morals and religion than of legislation, reigns throughout the whole extent of the country inhabited by the Maronites; you may travel there alone, and without a guide, either by night or by day, without any apprehension of violence or robbery; crime is almost unknown. The stranger is sacred with the Mahometan Arab, and still more so with the Christian; his door is open to him at every hour, he kills his kid to do him honour, and quits his rush mat to afford him room.

There is in each village a church or chapel, in which the ceremonies of Catholic worship are celebrated in the Syrian form and language. At the gospel the priest turns round to those present, and reads to them the gospel for the day in Arabic. Religions, which last longer than the races of mankind, retain their sacred language after the people have lost theirs.

The Maronites are, like all mountaineers, naturally brave and warlike; they arise at the call of the Emir Beschir, to the number of thirty or forty thousand men, either to defend the inaccessible paths of their mountains, or to rush down into the plain and to affright Damascus and the cities of Syria. The Turks never dare to penetrate into Lebanon when its inhabitants are at peace among themselves; the pachas of Acre and of Damascus have never come there except when called in to the assistance of one party or the other in intestine dissensions. I know not whether I am deceived or not, but I think that the Maronite people are yet reserved for noble destinies; a people who bave a primitive and virgin purity of morals, religion, and courage; who inherit the traditional virtues of the patriarchs, propriety of conduct, a little liberty. and a great deal of patriotism; and who, by similitude of religion, and by commercial and ecclesiastical connexions, are becoming daily more impregnated with Western civilization. While all around them is falling into impotency and dotage, they alone seem to flourish in renewed youth, and to acquire fresh strength; in proportion as Syria becomes more and more depopulated, they will descend from their moun-

tains, found commercial cities on the sea shores, cultivate the fertile plains which at present belong only to the jackals and gazelles, and establish a new dominion in these regions where all the old powers are now expiring. If, at the present time, there were to arise among them a man of genius, either from the ranks of the all-powerful clergy, or from the bosom of one of the revered families of the emirs and scheiks; if he could understand the prospects of the future, and should form an alliance with one of the European powers, he would easily renew the wonderful deeds of Mehemet Ali, the pacha of Egypt, and would leave behind him the real germ of an Arabian empire. Europe is interested in the realization of this supposition; she may have a colony, all ready made, on these fine shores; and Syria, by being repeopled with a Christian and industrious nation, would enrich the Mediterranean with a commerce which at the present time is in decay. would open the route to the Indies, drive back the nomadian and barbarous tribes of the desert, and revivify the whole extent of the East. There is more hope for the future there, than there is in Egypt; Egypt has but a man, Lebanon possesses a people.

#### THE DRUZES.

The Druzes, who, with the Metualis and Maronites, form the principal population of Lebanon, have for a long time been supposed to be an European colony left in the East hy the crusaders. Nothing can be more absurd. Religion and language are the things which continue longest among a people: the Druzes are idolaters, and speak Arabic; they are not therefore descended from a Frank nation of Christians. It is more probable that they are, like the Maronites, an Arabian tribe of the desert, who having refused to adopt the religion of the prophet, and being persecuted by the new believers, took refuge in the inaccessible solitudes of the heights of Lebanon, there to defend their gods and their liberty. They have prospered; they have often obtained a prodominance over the tribes who inhabit Syria with them,

and the history of their principal chief, Fakar el Din, whose name we have corrupted into Fakardin, has rendered them celebrated even in Europe. This prince makes his appearance in history about the commencement of the seventeenth century: being named governor of the Druzes, he gained the confidence of the Porte; he repulsed the ferocious tribes of Balbec, delivered Tyre and Acre from the incursions of the Bedouin Arabs, drove out the aga of Bayruth, and established his capital in that town. In vain did the pachas of Aleppo and Damascus threaten him and denounce him to the divan; he bribed his judges, and triumphed by cunning or by force over all his enemies. However, the Porte, being so often warned of the progress of the Druzes, took the resolution to fight them, and prepared a formidable expedition. Fakar el Din wanted to temporise; he had formed alliances and concluded commercial treaties with some princes of Italy; he went in person to solicit the succours they had promised him. He left the government to his son Ali, embarked at Bayruth, and took refuge in the court of the Mediciat Florence. The arrival of a Mahometan prince in Europe excited attention; a report was spread that Fakar el Din was descended from the princes of the house of Lorraine, that the Druzes. derived their origin from the companions of a Count de Dreux, who remained in Lebanon after the crusades: in vain had Benjamin of Tudela mentioned the Druzes before the epoch of the crusades, the dexterous adventurer himself propagated the opinion, in order to interest the sovereigns of Europe in his fate. After remaining nine years at Florence, the Emir Fakar el Din returned into Syria: his son Ali had repulsed the Turks and preserved his father's conquests inviolable; and resigned up the command to him again. The emir, corrupted by the arts and luxury of Florence, forgot that he reigned only by inspiring his enemies with terror. He built magnificent palaces at Bayruth, adorned, like those of Italy, with statues and paintings, which offended the prejudices of the Orientals. His subjects were exasperated; the sultan, Amurath IV., was irritated; and again sent the pacha

of Damascus with a powerful army against Fakar el Din While the pacha was descending from Lebanon, a Turkish fleet blockaded the port of Bayruth. Ali, the emir's son and governor of Saphadt, was killed fighting against the pacha of Damascus' army. Fakar el Din sent his second son on board the admiral's vessel to implore for peace; the admiral kept the child prisoner, and refused all negotiation. The emir fled in consternation, and shut himself up with a few devoted friends in the inaccessible rocky fortress of Nilka. The Turks, after having in vain besieged him for a whole year, retired; Fakar el Din was again free, and retraced the way to his mountain; but being betrayed by some of the companions of his fortune, he was delivered up to the Turks and taken to Constantinople. Having fallen prostrate at the feet of Amurath, that prince at first showed him marks of generosity and kindness; he conferred on him a palace and some slaves; but a short time after, on some suspicions of Amurath, the brave and unfortunate Fakar el Din was strangled. The Turks, who are in their policy content with kicking away the enemy that molests them, but who otherwise respect the customs of the people and the traditional legitimacy of families, allowed the posterity of Fakar el Din to continue in the possession of his dominion; and it is only about a century since the death of the last descendant of the famous emir transferred the sceptre of Lebanon into another family, that of Chab, originally from Mecca, and whose present chief, the old Emir Beschir, governs these countries at this very day.

The religion of the Druzes is a mystery into which no traveller has ever been able to penetrate. I have been acquainted with several Europeans who had lived for many years amongst them, and who have confessed to me their ignorance respecting it. Lady Stanhope herself, who forms an exception to the general rule by her constant residence amidst the Arabs of this tribe, and by the devotedness with which she had inspired these men, whose language she speaks and whose customs she follows, told me that to her also the

Druzes' religion was a mystery. Most t written respecting them, pretend that th schismatical sort of Mahometanism; but I are deceived. One thing certain is, that t Druzes allow them to affect the worship c whom they come in communication; from the opinion that they are schismatical N however, is not the case; the only prope is, that they worship the calf; and the resembling those of the nations of an divided into two castes, the akkals, or " the djahels, or " the ignorant;" and acco of either of these castes, he practises suc worship. Moses, Mahomet, and Jesus, veneration among them. They assemble the week, each one in the place set apar initiation to which he has attained; and pe rites. Guards keep watch, during the profane person may approach the initiate stant punishment of the rash intruder. mitted to these mysteries. The priests or They have a sacerdotal hierarchy; the reign pontiff of the Druzes resides at Mutna. At the death of a Druze the peo the tomb, and testimonies are received as are favourable, the akkal cries, " May tl ciful to thee;" if they are unfavourable, t tors remain silent. The people in gen transmigration of souls; that if a Druze's he will revive again in a man favoured by beloved by his fellow-countrymen; if h wicked, he will return under the shape of

The schools for children are numerous direction of the akkals. They learn to Sometimes, when there are but few Drus schools are not to be found, they will alle be brought up together with those of Children are numerous directions.

later period, they initiate them into their mysterious rites, they efface from their minds all traces of Christianity. Women as well as men are admitted to the priesthood; divorces are frequent; adultery is redeemed by a fine; hospitality is sacred, and no threat or promise will ever compel a Druze to yield up, even to the prince, the guest who has trusted himself to the protection of his threshold. At the time of the battle of Navarino, the Europeans who inhabited the towns of Syria, and who dreaded the vengeance of the Turks, retired for several months among the Druzes, and lived there in perfect safety. "All men are brethren," is their moral proverb, as well as that of the Gospel; but they observe it better than we do. Our words are evangelical, but our laws are

In my opinion, the Druzes are one of those nations whose origins are lost in the obscurity of ages, but which reach back to the most remote antiquity. Their race has, in its physical aspect, a great deal of connection with that of the Jews, and their worshipping the calf makes me think they are descended from those people of Arabia Petræa who incited the Jews to that species of idolatry, or otherwise that they are of Samaritan origin. Being now accustomed to a sort of fraternity with the Maronite Christians, and detesting the Mahometan yoke, they will easily form one united body with them and advance with an equal rapidity in civilization, provided their religious rites are respected.

# THE METUALIS.

The Metualis, who form the third class of the population of lower Lebanou, are Mahometans of the sect of Ali, the prevailing sect in Persia; the Turks, on the contrary, are of the sect of Omar; (this schism in Islamism took place in the 36th year of the Hegira; Ali's partizans curse Omar as the usurper of the caliphate; Hossein and Ali are their great saints). Like the Persians, the Metualis neither eat nor drink with the followers of a different religion from their own, and break the glass or plate that has been made use of

by a foreigner; they consider themselves polluted if the garments touch ours; nevertheless, as they are generally weak sect, and despised throughout Syria, they accommodat themselves to the times, and I have had several in my service who did not rigorously observe these intolerant precepts a their religion. Their origin is well known: they were master of Balbec about the sixteenth century; as their tribe aug mented, they spread themselves at first over the sides Antilibanus around the desert of Bkaa; afterwards the crossed it, and mingled with the Druzes in the mountain that lie between Tyre and Saïda. The Emir Joussef, disquiete at their neighbourhood, armed the Druzes against them, an drove them back towards Saphadt and the mountains of Galilee: Daher, pacha of Acre, received them and made a alliance with them in 1760; they were then already nume ous enough to furnish him with 10,000 troopers; at the period they took possession of the ruins of Tyre, which for a village on the brink of the sea, now called Sour; they con bated valiantly against the Druzes, and entirely defeated th Emir Joussef's army, which was 25,000 strong; they we themselves but five hundred in number, but rage and vengance made every man a hero, and the intestine quarrels which divided the Druzes between the Emir Mansour and the Em Joussef, contributed to the success of the Metualis. The abandoned Daher, the pacha of Acre, and thus occasione his loss and death; for which Djezar Pacha, his successo took a cruel revenge on them. Ever since the year 177' Diezar, being master both of Acre and Saïda, unremitting laboured for the destruction of this people. These persecution compelled them to be reconciled with the Druzes. They too the part of the Emir Joussef, and though reduced to seven eight hundred fighting men, they did more in this campaig for the common cause than the twenty thousand Druzes at Maronites who had rendezvoused at Deir el Kammar. by themselves took possession of the fortress of Mar Diebb and put eight hundred Arnauts to the sword; being drive the next year from Balbec, after a desperate resistance, the VOL. I.

took refuge, to the number of five or six hundred families, among the Druzes and Maronites; they afterwards again descended into that valley, and to the present day occupy the magnificent ruins of Heliopolis; but the greater part of the nation has remained upon the slopes and in the valleys of Lebanon, on the side towards Sour. The dominion of Balbec has lately been the subject of a bloody strife between two brothers of the Harfousch family, Djadjha and Sultan; they alternately drove each other from this heap of ruins, and lost in this war more than eighty persons of their own family. Ever since 1810, the Emir Djadjha has definitively reigned over Balbec.

#### THE ANSARIAS.

The most judicious information has been given us by Volney, respecting the nation of the Ansarias, who occupy the western part of the chain of Lebanon and the plains of Latakia; and to what he has said I can add nothing. Idolaters like the Druzes, like them they also cover their religious rites with the obscurity of initiation; but they are still more barbarous. I shall merely notice that part of their history, which has occurred since the year 1810.

About that time, a tribe of Ansarias having feigned a quarrel with their chief, quitted its territory in the mountains, and came to request an asylum and protection of the emir of Maszyad. The emir, eagerly taking advantage of so favourable an opportunity of enfeebling his enemies by dividing them, received the Ansarias, together with their scheik Mahmoud, within the walls of Maszyad, and carried his hospitality so far as to dislodge a part of the inhabitants to make room for the fugitives. For several months all was quiet; but one day, when the Ismaelians of Maszyad were gone out of their city to labour in the fields, at a given signal the Ansarias fell upon the emir and his son, poignarded them, took possession of the castle, massacred all the Ismaelians that were in the town, and then set it on fire. The next day.

• The ancient name of Balbee.

#### RECOLLECTIONS OF THE EAST.

a great number of Ansarias came to Maszyad to rejoi authors of this abominable plot, which had been kept a by a whole people, during four or five months. About hundred Ismaelians had perished: the rest took refu

Hama, Homs, and Tripoli.

The religious practices and the manners of the An induced Burckhardt to believe that they were an exiled from Hindoostan. It is certain that they were establin Syria a long while before its conquest by the Otton some among them are still idolaters. The worship of dog (which appears to have been held in honour amon ancient Syrians, and to have given its name to the Rithe Dog, "Nahr el Kelb," near the ancient Berytus), is to be still preserved among some families of the Ans These people are declining, and would be easily repuls subjugated by the Druzes and Maronites.

November 18th.

I HAVE just returned from an excursion to the monastery of Antoura, one of the handsomest and most celebrated in all Lebanon. On quitting Bayruth, the road lies for about an hour along the sea-side, under a vaulted grove of trees of all sorts of foliage and every shape. The greater part are fruit trees, fig, pomegranate, orange, aloe, and sycamore fig; the last is a gigantic tree, whose innumerable fruits, resembling small figs, do not grow at the ends of the branches, but are attached to the trunk and branches like patches of moss. After crossing the river by the Roman bridge which I have before described, you follow a sandy beach as far as Cape Batroun, formed by an arm of Lebanon projecting into the sea. This offshoot is only a rock, in which has been cut, from remote antiquity, an overhanging road, from whence there is a magnificent prospect. The sides of the rocks are covered in several places with Greek, Latin, and Syriac inscriptions, and with figures sculptured on the solid stone, the meaning and interpretation of which are now lost. It is probable that they relate to the worship of Adonis, which was formerly practised in these parts; and who had, according to tradition, temples and funeral ceremonies near the spot where he perished; which is supposed to have been on the banks of the river we had just crossed. As we re-descended from this lofty and picturesque cliff, the country suddenly changes its appearance. The eye plunges into a deep, narrow gorge, entirely filled by another river, the Nahr el Kelb, or River of the Dog. It runs silently between two perpendicular rocky walls, two or three hundred feet in height. In some places it fills the whole valley, in others it leaves merely a narrow margin between its waves and the rock. This border is covered with trees, sugar canes, reeds, and lianas, which form a thick and verdant roof extending over the banks, and sometimes over the entire bed of the river. A ruined khan lies on the rocks on the brink of the water, opposite a bridge with a lofty arch, which one trembles to pass over. In the

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sides of the rocks which enclose this valley the Arabs h excavated some paths with stone steps, which hang alm perpendicularly over the river, and which must, however, ascended and descended on horseback. We trusted o selves entirely to the instinct and to the deer-like feet of horses, but it was impossible not to shut the eyes at cert places in order to avoid seeing the height of the steps, slippery polish of the stones, the steepness of the path, a the depth of the precipices. Only a few years ago, the l papal legate to the Maronites was thrown over there b false step of his horse, and perished. At the end of I path, you come upon some elevated table lands, covered w cultivated fields, vines, and small Maronite villages. O hill in front is seen a new and pretty house, of Italian are tecture, with portico, terraces, and parapets; it is the r dence built by Monsignor Lozanna, bishop of Abydos, present Legate of the Holy See in Syria, for him to pass winters in. In summer he inhabits the monastery of Kanou the residence of the patriarch and the ecclesiastical capita the Maronites. This convent, which is much higher up the mountain, is almost inaccessible, and in winter burie Monsignor Lozanna, a man of elegant mann Roman politeness, cultivated mind, profound erudition, a firm and rapid judgment, has been happily chosen by court of Rome to represent Catholic authority and w Catholic influence among the higher Maronite clergy. would be well adapted for the same office at Vienna or Pa he is the model of those Roman prelates who inherit great and noble diplomatic traditional maxims of that gov ment, in which force is nothing, but dexterity and person dignity are all. Monsignor Lozanna is a Piedmontese will not probably long remain in these solitudes; Rome employ him more usefully and on a more stormy theatre. is one of those men who justify the favours of Fortune, whose good fortune is written beforehand on an active intelligent brow. He very properly affects, among these ple, an Oriental luxury and a solemnity of dress and man without which the Asiatics would acknowledge neither his sanctity nor his power. He has assumed the Arabian costume, his immense beard, carefully combed, descends in golden waves over his purple robe, and his Arab steed of the purest blood, splendid yet docile under his hand, defies the finest horse of the desert scheiks. We soon perceived him coming to meet us, followed by a numerous escort, and prancing over rocky precipices where we could only proceed with the greatest precaution. After the first exchange of compliments, he conducted us to his delightful villa, where a collation was awaiting us, and he soon after accompanied us to the monastery of Antoura, where he was temporarily residing. Two young Lazarist priests, who had arrived from France after the revolution of July, are now the only inhabitants of this fine large convent, which was formerly built by the Jesuits.

The Jesuits have several times endeavoured to establish their missions and influence among the Arabs; they have never succeeded, and do not appear much more likely to accomplish it at the present day. The reason is plain: there are no politics mingled with the religion of the inhabitants of the East; being completely separated from the civil power, it confers no influence nor authority in the state; the government is Mahometan, Catholicism is free, but it has no human means of acquiring an ascendancy; now, it is by human means more especially that the system of the Jesuits has endeavoured to act, and to introduce religion; this country is not suited to them. Religion is there divided into orthodox or schismatic communions, whose creeds make part of the hereditary blood and mind of families; there is a mutual repulsion and irreconcilable hatred between the Christian communions, much more than there is between the Turks and the Christians. Conversions are impossible where the change of religion would be a disgrace to the tribe, family, or village, and which would by them often be punished with death. As to the Mahometans, it was never known that any of them have ever been converted; their religion is a practical deism, whose doctrines are, in the main, the same as those of Christianity, excepting

the ingree of the fiveney of the Savone. The principles of Windstein we fut the belief of dione inspiration manifemen by a man winer and more favourest by extential Harmingion than the rest of its fellows; since which there have been mager with them some minimums deeds connected with Watermet's mission: 'not these miracles of the Islamic legends me not the formittion of the religion, and are not admitted by mingrames Turks. All religious have their legends, their absurt raditions, ther number side; the philosophic aspect of Management s pure from these gross admixtures; it comusts miy if resegnation to the will if God and charity towards mankend. I have seen several Tarks and Arabs ineniv religious, who admitted mly so much of their religion. as a natural and national. Their mason had no efforts to make a nimuting revolung fogmas; it is nerely a practical mi nutemplative thesas. Such net are seldou converted ; a issessar a uten made from nurveilous to simple doctrones, hat here a mery mascent from the simple to the narvellous.

The intervention of the Jesuits recussoned mother meanvenerics unong the Maconites; by the very nature of their menunon, they easily mente parties and pions factions in the derry and remie : they inspire, by the very ardour of their mi, ether enthususm or hutred; nothing can remain indifferent mound them. The digmited Maronite dergy, though simple and good, maid not regard with a farourable eye the establishment of a religious body among them, which would have within any part of the Catholic population from their spartitual formitism. So that the Jesuits as longer exist in Some of these inte years only, two young fathers arrived, one a Frenchman, the other a German, who had been sent for by a Marante instant in teach in the Marante school which he mi bundet. I knew both these excellent young men, both full of fath, and burning with disinterested real. They nericened to means if promagating among the Drazes, their negribours, some dens if Christianity; but all the effect of their endeavours has been confined to hapting little children it secret, inknown by the parents, in families into which



they had introduced themselves under pretence of giving medical advice. They appeared to me to be little disposed to submit to the rather ignorant habits of the Maronite bishops in matters of education, and I think they will return to Europe without having succeeded in implanting a taste for a higher order of instruction. The French father was worthy of a professorship at Rome or at Paris.

The monastery of Antoura has passed into the hands of the Lazarists, after the extinction of the order of Jesuits. The two young fathers who inhabit it, often came to visit us at Bayruth, and we had found their society as delightful as it was unexpected. Good, simple, modest, and exclusively occupied with severe and abstract studies, passing on with the current of European affairs, and partaking in the progress of intellect which is carrying us onward, their universal and learned conversation had the more delighted us in proportion as such opportunities are more rarely met with in these deserts. When we were passing an evening with them, talking of the political events of our native country, of the philosophic parties that were rising or falling in France, of the writers who were disputing the possession of the press, of the orators who were successively attaining the rostrum, of the doctrines of coming ages, or of those of the St. Simonians, we might have fancied we were but at two leagues from the rue du Bac, chatting with men who had come out of Paris in the morning and were in the evening to return thither again. These two Lazarists were, at the same time, models of sanctity and of simple and fervent picty. One was suffering a good deal from the keen air of Lebanon, which irritated his lungs and was shortening his days. He need have written but a word to his superiors to have obtained his recall into France; but his conscience would not allow him to do so. He came to consult M. de la Royëre, who was along with me, and asked him whether, as a physician, he could give a formal opinion that the atmosphere of Syria was mortal to his constitution. M. de la Royëre, whose conscience is as strictly scrupulous as the young priest's, did not dare so explicitly to

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tell him his opinion, and the good monk was silent : remained.

These ecclesiastics, lost in the vast monastery, where t have but a single Arab to wait upon them, received us v that cordiality which is inspired by the name of our nat country on meeting in a foreign clime. We passed two d with them; we had each a pretty large cell with a bed : some chairs, articles of furniture but rarely met with in th mountains. The convent is situated in a hollow valley, the foot of a pine wood; but this valley is itself half way the top of Lebanon, and has, through a gorge, an unbound prospect over the coasts and sea of Syria; the rest of horizon is composed of the peaks and summits of grey roc crowned with villages or large Maronite monasteries. A firs and some orange and fig trees grow here and there ami the ruins of the rocks, and in the neighbourhood of the rents and springs. It is a spot worthy of the bays of Nay or Genoa

The convent of Antoura is near another convent of Maron women, the nuns in which belong to the principal families Lebanon. From our cells we could see the windows these Syrian girls, who seemed to be eagerly interested the arrival of a company of strangers in their neighbourho These female convents are here of no use to society at Volney, in his Travels in Syria, speaks of this convent n Antoura, where a woman named Hindia is said to have I petrated horrible atrocities on her novices, and whose na and history are still well known in these mountains. A many years' imprisonment, by order of the Maronite patriar her repentance and good conduct obtained her her libe She died a little while ago, with a great reputation for sanc among a few Christians of her own sect. She was a won rendered fanatical either by her will or by her imaginati and had succeeded in fanaticising a number of simple : credulous minds. This land of Arabia is the very land prodigies; every thing flourishes here, and every funatical credulous person may in his turn become a prophet.

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Stanhope will furnish another proof of this. This precusposition to the marvellous depends upon two causes—a highly excited state of religious feeling, and a want of equilibrium between the intellect and the imagination. Phantoms appear only in the night; a land of ignorance is a land of miracles

The roof of the convent of Antoura, where we walked a great part of the day, is shaded by superb orange trees, which have already been mentioned by Volney as the finest and oldest in Syria. They have not withered yet; like the chesnut trees of half a century's growth in our own countries, they overshadow the garden and roof of the convent with their thick and balmy shade, and bear on their trunks the name of Volney, and those of some English travellers who had, like ourselves, passed a few moments at their feet.

The mountain group in which Antoura is contained, is known by the name of Kesrouan, or the Chain of Castravan; this region extends from the Nahr el Kebir to the Nahr el Kelb. This is the country of the Maronites, properly so called; this land belongs to them; and here only do their rights take effect, though they are, from day to day, extending themselves into the country of the Druzes and carrying thither their laws and manners. Silk is the principal product of these mountains; the miri or land tax is regulated according to the number of mulberry trees possessed by each person. The Turks require from the Emir Beschir one or two miris a-year by way of tribute, and the emir often exacts several others on his own account; notwithstanding this, however, and in spite of the complaints made by the Maronites of the weight of taxation, the imposts bear no comparison with what we pay in France and England. It is not the amount of exaction that constitutes the oppression of a nation: it is its arbitrary and irregular nature. If the taxes in Turkey were fixed and legal, they would not be felt; but where they are not determined by law, there is no property, or rather it is uncertain and precarious; a nation's riches consist in the security of private property. Every scheik of a village sends

of the amount collected, returning a portion for bimself. filter al., tiese mome use home; ther rules stand in one of teen, are not we explain themselves a ther provinces : that veligion is free and respected; their convents and murcus coun tie summis of the hills; ther hells, whose many, here are us the ware at interest and independence. me is named by night and by day is the valleys; they are process is their superiors, closes by custom or bereducing assessing a fine number limites; a street hat rest system a mine montains over me security a the villages; pronext a recognized, purposent, and musicoscolic from father to see, commerce is to activity; and manners and morals are nestedy unsupposted and non. I have nover anywhere sen a reputation bearing on their leatures greater indications a meets, agency, and revitantes, that these mindeants of Assess. Longitum trangs radine u rading writing, excusest, and the automore, a unwessely diffused manner in recent, me gres he Marmors a sectionic ascendince over the other minutations of Seria. I that compare them only to the measurity in Suttiny and Scientific.

We returned to Invente by the sen-one. The mountains which home the costs are covered with monasteres built in the same stree as the Parentine vilus of the moidle ages. a send a wi because Alif vere as assume a regular A mercen-charges nones, and crosses by a tumbling cutaract solver a a military researce assert the bottom of a review Small usuage harmours he along the whole extent of this inarmere share, and are filled with small backs fastened to the remanderes at artis ness. Insutifu patries al land, cultiwater to vines, busing, and mathery roos, descend from the villages given at the sea. The heliters of the monasteres and courses the above the sentine vertices it the fig and copress trees and a heart of white-sand-structures the bases of the mounmore from the wayers, never and hint to those of a river. These you mayon a country will be sum to discove the traveller's eve to more master inner houself on the shore of the Lake a lience, recover Laussine and Verus, it in the enchanted basis a the Soone, between Macon and Lyons; only the



frame of the picture is more majestic at Antoura, and on raising the eyes, are seen the snowy summits of the Sannin, piercing the sky like flames of fire.

## NOTE BY THE PRENCH EDITOR.

The Author's journal was here broken off. In the beginning of December he lost his only daughter; she was carried off in two days, at the very time when her health, which had been impaired in France, appeared completely re-established by the air of Asia. She died in her father's and mother's arms, at the country house in the neighbourhood of Bayruth where M. de Lamartine had settled his family for the winter. The vessel, which had been sent back into Europe by M. de Lamartine, was not to return till the month of May, 1833, when it was to touch at the coast of Syria and convey back the travellers. They remained in Lebanon six months after this dreadful event, overwhelmed by the stroke with which Providence had smitten them, and with no diversion to their grief except the tears of their friends and companions in travel. In the month of May the brig Alceste returned to Bayruth, according to appointment; the travellers, to spare the unhappy mother another sorrow, did not re-enter the same vessel that had conveyed them thither, happy and full of hope, with the charming child they had lost. M. de Lamartine had had his daughter's corpse embalmed, to carry it back to Saint Point, where she had, in her last moments, testified a wish to be buried. He confided this sacred deposit to the Alceste, which was to sail in company with himself, and freighted another vessel, the brig Sophie, Captain Coulonne, on which he himself embarked with his wife and friends.

The observations in his journal were not resumed till four months after his bereavement.

Before quitting Syria, he visited Damascus, Balbec, and several other distant and remarkable spots, which form the subject of the observations which commence in the second volume.

# FRAGMENTS OF THE POEM OF ANTAR.

When Rebia and Malik, son of Carad, saw Antar return safe with Shas, and that his glory was greatly exalted, and that every family befriended him, their galls burst, and their senses were blinded, particularly Malik, a proficient in arts and frauds; for he dared not to contradict King Zoheir; and though in his presence he expressed his satisfaction, in the violence of his iniquity and accursed malignity he said to his daughter Ibla, Take these robes that your cousin has brought you, abandon your grief and sorrow, gird yoursell with these strings of pearls and jewels, and decorate yoursell with every sumptuous article of dress, and be not shy of your cousin in any respect; for now you will be married to him, and all your property will be delivered over to him: the business is now finally arranged, and his high honours render it necessary to conclude it. Now Antar, on his return from entertainments, always devoted himself to a conversation with Ibla; enjoying the sweetness of her smiles; and on his return from Prince Shas's feast, he accompanied his father and his uncles to the tent of Ibla's father. Ibla received him in the kindest manner, and her father had instructed her, when Shedad and Zakmet ool Jewad should depart for the night, to detain Antar and push about the glasses. Being, therefore, seated, and the conversation turning on his marriage, said Malik to Antar, O Aboolfawaris, the words of Prince Shas grieve my heart; I do not approve of our providing the marriage feast out of our own property. Well, said Antar, I will perform in your presence deeds such as the bravest heroes will fail in executing-such as no prince or warrior will be able to accomplish. But what do you intend to do, O Aboolfawaris? asked Ibla. Tell me all, that I may comprehend it. Whatever you please, cousin, said Antar. I demand of you, then, added Ibla, that you will place me among the most exalted, as Khalid, son of Moharib, did on his marriage with his cousin Jaida, daughter of Zahir. You

little devil, exclaimed her father designedly, where did you learn any stories of knights and warriors? Oh, said Ibla, I heard this from the women who came to congratulate me on the return of my cousin. Antar smiled: And pray what did you hear on that occasion? said he. Know, answered Ibla, that, whilst they were talking of marriages and feasts, one of them said, No one has ever made a really magnificent wedding but a knight of the tribe of Zebeed-and he was Khalid, son of Moharib, when Jaida, daughter of Zahir, was united to him: for he slaughtered at his feast a thousand camels, male and female, and twenty lions and lionesses; and he invited to his entertainment the horsemen of the tribes of Zebeed, of Khitaan, and of Morad. He stayed with these three tribes, and supplied them with provisions: and the camels were the property of Gheshin, son of Malik, surnamed the Brandisher of Spears, a knight of the tribe of Aamir; and, when he married Jaida, the bridle of her camel was held by the daughter of Moawiyah, son of Nizal. Antar, irritated at her words, quickly replied, And dost thou think, then, O Ibla, that this was such a great exploit? At thy marriage I will permit no one to lead thy camel but this Jaida herself. with all her perfections—and round her neck shall be slung the head of Khalid; so that no one shall vie with thee or be exalted above thee. No, cried her father, I will not allow of this: give up such a proposal, my daughter. She is talking nonsense, Antar; do not listen to her; stir not from home till all your projects are completed; for I cannot possibly refuse King Zoheir and his sons. Antar made no reply, but hastened back to his mother's dwelling, and awakened Shiboob, and ordered him to prepare his horse. Shiboob instantly complied; and Antar sprung upon his back, Shiboob running by his side. And when they were beyond the tents, and the fumes of wine had fled from Antar's brain, Well, thou black-born, said he to Shiboob, away to the mountains of Toweilaa and the land of the tribe of Zebeed by the shortest road. Well, brother, replied Shiboob; but what is there so urgent in this affair, that you have set out at this unseasonable hour? Antar related what had passed. There can be

no doubt, added Shiboob, that it is your uncle who has ex posed you to this perilous enterprise; for how should Ibla know any thing about warriors, or hear such things from women

Now all this was Rebia's contrivance; he it was who suggested this wicked and malicious plan to Malik, in order to sacrifice Antar. Malik desired his daughter to mention it to Antar, and make the demand of her cousin, but not to explain at whose instigation. Thus Antar set out by night, traversing wilds and wastes, disregarding Shiboob's hints; on the contrary, he was full of joy at an adventure his beloved had required of him. And as the journey lengthened, he thought of Ibla, and thus exclaimed:—

"I traverse the wastes, and the night is gloomy: I stray over the wilds, and the sands are parching: I desire no other companion but the sword, whether, on the day of horrors, the foe be few or numerous. Ye beasts of the desert, beware of the warrior; for when he brandishes his scimitar, caution avails not. Accompany me; ye will behold prostrate carcases, and the birds darting at them as they hover and look on. Now that I am going in quest of him, there is no eternity for Khalid. No, no; let Jaida no longer boast. Short will be the happiness of their country: soon will the tiger come. O Ibla, may the riches, that come for thee, rejoice thee, when fortune casts me among thine enemies! O thou, who with one glance of thine eye hast exposed my life to deadly arrows, whose wounds are frightful! it is well; for thy embrace is an unadulterated paradise, and the flames of separation from thee cannot be endured. O Mount Saadi, may showers from the rain-cloud ever moisten thee, and may the dew ever refresh thy lands! How many nights have I travelled in thy society, and lived in happiness, unalloyed by pain, with the damsel who circles the goblets, and whose form shines among them like the flame of wine: the maiden who passes them round is of the daughters of Arabia, elegantly formed, and paradise is in her eye. If I live, it is she whom · Khalid significe " eternal."

I will ever remember; if I die, a night in death with her will be existence."

Now Khalid, whom Antar went to seek, was a horseman of the tribe of Zebeed; and the Arabs of those deserts, and the kings of those countries and cities, stood in awe of him. He was a hero of the dust and confusion; and Maadi Kereb, the father of Amroo, the Zebeedian, was allied to him in feats of arms, and in rank, among the Arabs of the desert: and he used to confess among the horsemen, that he had learned all his courage and intrepidity from this undaunted lion, and this all-conquering warrior, Khalid, son of Moharib; and he was also the cause of his marriage with Jaida, the daughter of Zahir: and their history was marvellous to relate.

Moharib and Zahir were two brothers by the same father and mother; and the Arabs called them uterine brothers. Both were eminent for their bravery and courage; but Moliarib was the chief of the clan, and Zahir was his minister under him; he was his counsellor and adviser. At last it happened, that a violent dispute and quarrel arose between them. Zahir retired to his tents, greatly afflicted, and he knew not what to do. What is the matter with you? said his wife. Why do I see you so bewildered? Tell me what has occurred, and what you are thinking of. Who can have displeased or insulted you, you the greatest of the Arab chiefs? What can I do? he replied; he who has injured me is one against whom I cannot raise my hand—one I cannot harm; my companion in the womb—my brother in the world; and had it not been he himself, I would have shown him the power of a formidable antagonist, and made an example of him among the tribes and chiefs. Abandon him, leave him in his own land, exclaimed his wife; at the same time reciting these verses, from some poet of the time:-

<sup>64</sup> As to thy soul, away with it, if it cry out in pain, and abandon thine home, to mourn over him that built it. Bear not insult from thy relations: quit thy relations, and seek that will stand thee in lieu of them. As to thy person, thou mayest wander from country to country; but as to thyself, thou

canst find no other self but it. The warrior's might is proved till with his life he remove all that pains him. So not thy messenger on an important affair; for, with regard thyself, there is no adviser but thine own self. He wh death must be in a certain spot, cannot die elsewhere. T is the opinion of a wise and sensible man; so listen to it a doubt not."

Zahir assented to his wife's counsel; and he prepared his departure, struck his tents, loaded his camels and depared, seeking the tribe of Saad, who were also his cousi Still he was greatly afflicted at the separation from his b ther, and thus spoke:—

"I will wander from thy home a thousand years, and journey of every year shall be a thousand miles. Were favours from thee a thousand Egypts, and in each Egypt w there a thousand Niles, still thy favours would be but triffic and I shall be content, far from thee, with a little. I v recite in thy absence this distich, which a string of pes cannot equal in value:—'When a man is vexed in the land his tribe, there is nothing left for him but to depart.' O the who hast maliciously offended me, soon wilt thou feel with the beneficent Deity will effect; for he is the judge betwee thee and me—he, the unchangeable and unperishable."

Zahir continued his journey till he reached the tribe of Sa where he alighted. They received him kindly, and welcon him, and begged him to settle among them. It happer that his wife was with child; and he said to her, If a son born, most welcome will he be; but if it is a girl, conceal and let it appear to the world at large that we have a m child, that my brother may not exult over us. When time was completed, she brought forth a daughter; so private they called her Jaida, but in public Jooder, mak it appear that she was a boy: and accordingly they mad great entertainment and rejoicings, evening and morni His brother, Moharib, about the same time had also a s whom he called Khalid: giving him this name because had continued to prosper in his affairs after his brother

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absence. Now, as the two children grew up, and their fame was spread among the Arabs, Zahir taught his daughter to ride on horseback; he instructed her in all the martial exercises of a warrior, and in all that constitutes bravery and courage: he hardened her, also, to toils and dangers; and whenever he went forth to battle, he took her with him, mingled among the other Arabs' clans in her company; and when the horsemen joined her, she ever commanded in the front of the boldest. Thus she continued to overthrow her contemporaries, and attacked lions in their dens, till she be came a common proverb; and when she vanquished a hero, she cried out I am Jooder, son of Zahir, the horseman of the clans and the tribes. In the like manner flourished her cousin Khalid, son of Moharib, who was the chief of his people; and he had established dwellings where guests were entertained, and where horsemen took up their abode. Khalid was educated among them, and acquired fortitude of heart: he perfected himself in horsemanship among them, until he came forth an intrepid warrior, and a valiant hero; every horseman and every knight acknowledged his courage and undaunted soul. At last he heard of his cousin Jooder: and his anxiety to mark him, and to engage him, and be an eyewitness of his skill in arms, became very great: but he was unable to gratify his wish, on account of his father's indignation: and thus he continued, till, his father dying, he obtained possession of his seat, and inherited his property and lands. He acted as his father had done, in keeping up the establishments for guests, in protecting the timid and helpless, and in clothing the widowed and the naked. He used also to ride out in the plains with his warriors, and exercised himself with the horsemen; so that his bodily powers and vigour were strengthened. And after a short time, he collected some rich presents, and taking his mother with him he went to visit his uncle: neither did he halt till he came unto Zahir, who was delighted to see him, and set apart for him a magnificent dwelling; for he had heard accounts of his accomplishments from various travellers. Khalid also visited

his cousin: he saluted her, and pressed her to his bosom, and kissed her between the eyes, thinking she was a young man. He was much pleased with her, and stayed ten days with his uncle, every day engaging with his horsemen and lancing with his warriors. But his cousin, when she beheld how beautiful and valiant he was, was deeply enamoured of him. She renounced sleep; she ate nothing, and her love and passion increased: and now when the flame of love had gained complete possession of her heart, she complained of her situation to her mother, saying, O my mother, if my cousin departs, and I do not accompany him, I shall die of grief in his absence. Her mother pitied her, and could not reproach her, being fully convinced how unavailing would be all reproof. Jaida, said she, conceal your feelings and be not so distressed: you have not acted improperly; you have, on the contrary, done nothing but what is correct; for he is your cousin, of your flesh, and of your blood. You resemble him in beauty and loveliness, in form and figure, and also in bravery and horsemanship. To-morrow, when his mother comes to us, I will explain the matter to her: we will marry you to him without delay; and we will, moreover, return to our native land. She waited patiently till the following day, when Khalid's mother came: her mother then conducted her into the apartment, and uncovering her head, her hair fell over her shoulders. Khalid's mother perceiving her beauty and excessive charms, was quite bewildered, and exclaimed, Cousin, is not this your son Jooder? No, she replied, this is Jaida; the moon is risen. And she related the circumstances. and all that had passed with her husband, and how she had concealed her sex, fearful of the consequences. Cousin, continued Khalid's mother in astonishment, amongst all the daughters of Arabia, most celebrated for their beauty, I have never seen one more lovely than this girl. What is her name? Jaida, she replied; and my only object in disclosing this circumstance, is to offer you all these charms: and it is my wish to marry her to your son, and to return to our native land. To this Khalid's mother immediately assented: And

most fortunate, said she, will my son be with such a possession. She instantly started up, and repaired to her son, to whom she imparted all she had seen, expatiating on the charms of Jaida's form. By the faith of an Arab, said she, I have never, my son, beheld in any desert or city, amongst the most perfect of the daughters of Arabia, any one that resembles your cousin: nothing can be more beautiful than her form-more exquisite than her loveliness and shape. Haste, then, my son, to your uncle Zahir, and demand her of him. Lucky, indeed, if he grants her to your wishes: let her not. my son, escape you. As Khalid listened to these words, he hung his head towards the ground, and remaining thoughtful a while, Mother, said he, I can stay here no longer; I must return home to my horsemen and my troops. I do not wish to have any thing more to say to my cousin, now that it is ascertained that she is a person of a waving bosom, awkward in speech, and of a trivial, light disposition; for I have always been accustomed to the society of warriors, where I throw away my money, and acquire martial renown. As to her love for me, it is only a maiden, feminine weakness. mounted his horse, and accoutred himself in his armour and warlike weapons; he bade adieu to his uncle, and resolved on instant departure. What means this haste? exclaimed his uncle. I cannot possibly remain here any longer, answered Khalid; and he rode off, traversing the wilds and the wastes. His mother took leave of Jaida, and having communicated to her all that had passed with her son, she mounted her shecamel, and set out on her way home. Jaida's soul felt the indignity. She was deprived of all repose, and scarcely ate any thing; and when her father, a few days after, was going forth with a party of brave horsemen in quest of gain, and to plunder warriors, he looked at her, and observing she was much altered, out of spirits, and dejected, he made no remark, hoping she would soon recover.

Her father had no sooner quitted the tents, than Jaida, who perceived that her life was in danger, and that her situation was critical, said to her mother, Mother, I am dying, and that

wretch Khalid still lives. I must make him drink of the distractions of death, and make him taste of the bitterness of punishment and torture, if God but grant me the power. She rushed forth like a lioness, and, clothed in armour, she mounted her horse, telling her mother she was going to the She traversed rocks and mountains, her anxiety ever increasing, and her distress augmenting, till she approached the dwellings of her cousin. Having disguised herself, she. entered the tents of public entertainment, close-vizored, like a horseman of Hijaz. The slaves and attendants met her, and gave her a most hospitable reception, behaving towards her as they always did to their guests, or any noble person-That night she reposed; but the next day she came forth into the course, where she engaged the horsemen, and proved her superiority over the bravest, to the great astonishment of all the spectators. It was not yet mid-day when all her cousin's horsemen acknowledged her superiority. Khalid marked her prowess, and was surprised at such uncommon skill, and went forth to meet her. Jaida encountered him, and they both commenced the attack, exhibiting every stratagem in the assault and defence, until the darkness of the night came on; when they separated, unhurt, and neither of them knew which was the conqueror. Thus was Jaida exalted in the eyes of every spectator, and the distress of their hearts was assuaged when they saw her wonderful intrepidity and skill. Khalid ordered all his slaves to attend upon her, saying, Treat this great knight most hospitably: and he retired to his own tents, his heart entirely engrossed with the combat. She remained three days with him, and every day she appeared on the course and engaged her cousin till the close of the day; and though she was exceedingly rejoiced, yet she never discovered herself: and it never occurred to him to make any inquiries of her, or to ask her to what tribe she belonged. On the fourth morning, Khalid mounted as usual, and sought the plain; and as he passed by the tents of entertainment, he saw her mounting her horse. He saluted her, and she returned the compliment. Noble

rab, said Khalid, I wish to put one question to you. ave hitherto been deficient in decorum, but I now beseech ou, by the God who has clothed you in robes of beauty, and as endowed you with such dexterity in feats of arms, tell se who you are, and to what noble princes you are allied? er your equal in bravery and horsemanship I have never eheld. My heart is all anxiety-my soul is all doubt and Jaida smiled, and replied, as she opened her izor, Khalid, I am a woman, and no warrior; I am your ousin Jaida, who offered her person to you, and resigned erself to you; but you accepted her not, priding yourself on our love of arms. And she instantly turned away, and iving the reins to her charger, she sought her native land. ler cousin retired, abashed: he knew not what to do with he love and passion that now beset him. He abhorred all is warlike pursuits, on account of the troubles with which hey had encircled him; and his hatred for women was conerted into love. He sent for his mother and related the dventure. My son, said she, this circumstance only renders ou more deserving of her: wait patiently, that I may go nd demand her of her mother. She accordingly mounted er she-camel, and departed over the deserts, following the races of Jaida; who having reached home, informed her nother of all that had occurred; and greatly was she alarmed t what she had done. Khalid's mother soon arrived, and browing herself into her cousin's arms, begged her to marry aida to her son. Zahir was still absent on his excursion. lut when she imparted to her daughter Khalid's request, hat can never be, said Jaida, were I even to drink of the up of death. I only performed this deed in the presence of eroes, in order to extinguish the flame of my agony and istress, and to soothe the anguish of my heart. Upon this, Chalid's mother returned home, disappointed, and found her on in the cruellest state of misery and anxiety. He started p in haste (for his love and passion had greatly augmented), nd eagerly inquired what had passed with his cousin: and hen he learned what Jaida had said on the subject, his grief

Khalid arose, and having first thanked and commended his uncle, he demanded his daughter in marriage, and begged him to return home with them. Zahir denied having any other child than his son Jooder; but Khalid explained the whole affair, and stated to him what had happened concerning his daughter; at which Zahir hung down his head to the ground in excess of shame. For some time he remained thoughtful; till feeling that the business could only become worse, he turned towards all present, and said, Cousins, I will no longer hesitate to confess the secret; and now let us terminate the business, and marry her to her cousin as soon as possible; for he, of all men, merits her the most. So he gave him his hand for the marriage, and they immediately shook hands in the presence of the chiefs, who were witnesses to the contract; and they settled her dower at five hundred she-camels, red-haired and black-eyed, and a thousand hecamels, laden with the rarities of Yemen. The tribe of Saad, with whom Zahir had been living, were amazed at this event. But when Zahir demanded Jaida's consent to this arrangement, she stood abashed at what her father had done; however, he assured her so positively that he could not leave her unmarried, that she at last said, Father, if my cousin desires me in marriage, I will not enter unto him until he can slaughter at my wedding-feast a thousand camels belonging to Gheshm, son of Malik, surnamed the Brandisher of Spears. Khalid assented to this requisition; but the scheiks and warriors would not quit Zahir till he had collected all his property and wealth, and departed home with them; and no sooner was he settled, than Khalid conducted away one thousand horsemen, with whom he vanquished the tribe of Asmir. He plundered their property, and slew a number of their heroes, after having wounded the Brandisher of Spears in three places, and taken away with his hands more than Jaida had demanded. With this booty he returned, exulting in his success: but when he now sought the consummation of the marriage, Jaida again sent for him, and said, If you wish me to be your wife, first fulfil all my wishes, and execute the con-

# RECOLLECTIONS OF THE EAST.

tract I shall form with you. My demand of you is t on my marriage day, let the daughter of a noble fre woman hold the bridle of my camel. She must be a p daughter, and of high distinction, so that I may be ho above all the virgins of Arabia. Khalid acquiescen obeyed. On that very day he mounted, with his hor and traversed the plains and the valleys, seeking the I Yemen, till he reached the country of Hijr and those hills. Here he attacked a family tribe of Moawiyeh, Nizal. He came down upon him like a torrent of rain plying his sword among his horsemen, he took pu Amima, Moawiyeh's daughter, from her retirement; an he returned, having performed deeds no heroes of oh executed, dispersing whole tribes and clans, and plum the property of all the Arabs in these parts; and he d re-enter his own dwellings till he had collected wealt covered the country and the desert. The damsels me playing on their cymbals and musical instruments, as whole tribe rejoiced; and when he came nigh to hi home, he clothed the widows and orphans, and invited feast all his friends and companions. All the Arabs o region flocked to his marriage, and he supplied them meat and wine in abundance. But whilst the guests engaged in feasting and merriment, Khalid, accompani ten slaves, rode away into the wilds and the marsh attack lions in their dens single-handed, and to hunt lion lionesses, with their cubs, that he might carry them be the tents, where he wished to serve up their flesh as a and distribute it among all classes. Jaida knew wh was doing; she also mounted her horse, completely a and, disguising herself, quitted the tents; and as the mained still three days of carousing, she sought for Kha the desert, and found him in a den. She rushed at hir a savage lion, and assailed him with loud shouts, cryin Dismount, you Arab, from your horse-strip off your c mail, and your armour. If you hesitate, I will drive spear through your chest, and force it out quivering the VOL. I. 3 M

your back. Khalid determined to engage and attack her, and they commenced a furious combat, and after an hour's conflict, he perceived in her what affrighted his eyes. Checking his horse, and refraining from the battle, I demand of you. by the faith of an Arab, he cried, to tell me what horseman of the desert you are, for I observe that your thrust is irresistible, and your blow inevitable; and verily you have disappointed me in my wish and in the accomplishment of my hopes. At these words, Jaida raised the vizor from her face. Khalid, she cried, who like you can attack wild beasts in their dens? That this should be said to the virgins of Arabia is not the attribute of a lion-warrior! Khalid was abashed at her taunts. By the faith of an Arab, he replied, No one but yourself can resist me. But is there no one in all this desert who challenged you, or did you only wish to exhibit before me a specimen of your gallantry? By the faith of an Arab, answered Jaida, I only came forth into this desert to assist you in chasing the wild beasts, that you might not be reproached among the warriors on my account. Khalid was astonished at her expressions, and amazed at her spirit and resolution. So they both dismounted, and darted into a cavern. Khalid seized two ferocious beasts, and Jaida seized a lion and two lionesses, and they performed deeds to strike every eye with horror. This being done they congratulated each other, and Jaida was rejoiced in the presence of Khalid. Henceforth, said she, I will never permit you to leave the tents till after our marriage; and immediately she hastened back to her private apartments. Khalid also returned with the wild beasts to the horsemen, who shuddered at what he had done. and exalted his dignity above all other heroes. They thus continued the feast, and every one was satisfied with food. The maidens put the cymbals in movement, and the slaves flourished their swords, whilst the damsels and virgins sang till the evening, when Jaida was married to Khalid, and he was blest in her possession. Amima, the daughter of Moawiyeh, held the bridle of her camel, and the glory of Jaida was exalted among women and men. The hour was

lions in their dens is my glory, and to boast over others who cannot equal me; for daily I am in the wastes, making lions tremble for their separation from their lionesses, with their cubs; and the tribes acknowledge that my fame is raised above all that have preceded me. I am Jaida, and him who dares to assault me I will plunge into night, in the rocks or in the plains. I alone may exult above all mankind, in my actions, in my fortune, and in my husband."

Antar listened till Jaida had finished her verses, when turning to Shiboob, Son of my mother, said he, intercept these horsemen on the side of the tents, whilst I attack Jaida, and I will show you what I will do amongst these our foes. Shiboob obeyed, and giving his feet to the winds, sought the extended waste, till he was in their rear, and had cut off their road home: here he crouched upon his knees, and emptying his quiver before him, he remained in expectation of their approach. But Antar's assault on Jaida resembled the assault of a voracious lion; he drove his spear at her horse, and it entered his chest, and she and the horse fell together to the ground: at the instant he drew forth his nobie Dhami and rushed upon her comrades. In the twinkling of an eye he slew twelve of them: the remaining eight fled; but Shiboob received them with his arrows of death. Antar also overtook them, and destroyed some, quick as the eye-glance; so that not one of the twenty escaped. They now returned to Jaida, who had fallen, and for a time she was stunned: but soon recovering herself, she stared to the right and to the left. Seeing no one, she started up, and grasped her scimitar, and speeded homewards. She was, however, much weakened by her fall, and could not conceive who could have done such a deed. She had not gone far, when she met the horses of her companions without their riders. She mounted one of them, and as through the darkness of the night she was proceeding to the tents, lo! Antar encountered her. looking out for her with Shiboob. She no sooner heard Antar speak to Shiboob, than being convinced that he must have been the author of her own fall, and the death of her attendamong them, and separating them from the shepherds, he drove away five thousand he and she camels, with their herdsmen, having first dealt some cleaving blows among the slaves, who cried out, Quarter from thy sword and thy spear! Some of them escaped home, and exclaimed, Alas! alas! we are undone. The horsemen instantly mounted, and joining the slaves and the shepherds, What is the matter? they cried; where is Jaida? what has fortune done to her? The slaves only replied, What of Jaida? we know nothing of her. We only know that a black horseman, tawny and furious, the image of a painted death, has driven away the camels, and has slain many of us with his sword. We imagined he must have already killed Jaida. But one of the horsemen, named Jabir, exclaimed, What is this? Can any single warrior oppose Jaida, the destroyer of heroes? Can any one contend with her in battle? Had she even fallen in with a numerous host, she would not have left one alive. She must only be absent in the desert for the chase. We must keep this business secret from her, and parry this attack. Upon this, they slackened their bridles, they fixed their spears, and rode off till they overtook Antar, scattered about as they were in tens and twenties. They beheld him motionless in the waste. He had taken his feet out of his stirrups, and crossed them over his horse Abjer's neck, leaning on his overwhelming lance, nor was he moved by this sight. As they approached, they cried out, who art thou, thus exerting thy feet towards death, and drawing the bridle of perdition towards thyself? No answer deigned he to give them: but replacing his feet in the stirrups, he lifted his spear from the ground, and assailed them like a lion rushing out of his cave. He pierced one, and overthrew him; a second he deprived of life; of a third he tore out the entrails; a fourth he dashed on the earth; a fifth he left despairing of life. Now those that advanced against Antar amounted to eight hundred, all valiant scowling warriors. But where are the Pleiades, and where the earth! Where are towns, and where are villages! Where are the seas, and where are rivers even when they

flood! And in less than an hour he had destroyed numb of them; the rest escaped, and sought safety in flight, claiming, May the curse of God light on your flat-no: father, and your harlot mother! How forcible are you blows! How irresistible your attack! He pursued the till having driven them out of that land, he returned for th scattered horses and dispersed arms; and when he had c lected the whole, Shiboob followed him as he traversed rocks and sand-hills, till the best part of the day was spe when, lo! a dust arose in front of them, and darkened land. Well, said Antar to Shiboob, All paltry shifts a evasions will be useless to-day. Do you take care of booty and Jaida, whilst I show you what I will do with th foes. Thus saying, he gave the reins to Abjer, and haster But he had not gone far, when Shiboob appear onward. Where is Jaida and the plunder? he cri before him. Alas! replied Shiboob, this dust and the slaves under charge took off my attention from her, and as soon as tl perceived the dust also, they refused to drive on the came they screamed out at me, and came down upon me; I turn aside from them and slew three of them; and greatly afrai was, that, were I to attend to them exclusively, this ar might overtake me whilst you were engaged far away fr me in the conflict, and that I should be made to drink of cup of death; for, indeed, this dust announces an imme force, and you are alone in the desert. O you son of accursed mother! cried Antar, so you in your alarms h quitted Jaida and the booty. By the faith of an Arab, I 1 show you wonders this day. He slackened his reins, a galloping on till he overtook the cattle, he found that the sla had already set Jaida at liberty and were shouting out, O the warriors of Zebeed! Jaida was also mounted; but distress and indignation were intense, for she was bandag up on account of her wounds, and unarmed. Antar obse ing their situation, rushed upon them like a ravenous li and roared out a frightful roar at the slaves. Ye bastar he cried, presume not to move. He pierced the first a

hurled him to a distance; a second he deprived of existence, a third he emboweled; a fourth he made a warning to all that beheld him; he tore out the life from the sides of a fifth. But the slaves and the norsemen, seeing their own alarming position, exclaimed, O warrior of the age, quarter, quarter from your sword! quarter from your spear! and they all assembled together, and drove the cattle on before him. As to Jaida, when she marked Antar's exploits, she shuddered and her eyes were bewildered. She gave the reins to her horse, and galloped towards the dust, in hopes of assistance from it. Antar pursued her like an eagle, or a lion springing out of his den, and it gladdened his soul that he should have to plunge into the minst of that army in quest of Jaida, so that he might fulfil his object, even were he to drink of the cup of perdition. Jaida ardently gazed to ascertain what horsemen were in front of her, and lo! they were of a swarthy complexion, on steeds nimbler than antelopes, and they all shouted out, O by Abs, O by Adnan! come on, O Aboolfawaris, on to your foe! Fear not, for we are come solely on your account into this land.

It turns out that the advancing army was that of Antar's tribe of Abs and Adnan, with their king Zoheir at their head; who had, on hearing of Antar's dangerous expedition, come out to his assistance, and they thus again take Jaida prisoner. They stay three days plundering the country, and making the tribe prisoners; and on the fourth return homewards. Meanwhile, Malik having been, on the discovery of his plot. severely reprimanded by the king, and flogged nearly to death by Prince Shas, one of Antar's friends, had resolved to leave the tribe, settle in Syria, and "worship the Cross;" so setting out with his numerous friends and relations, to the number of seven hundred families, at Zatool Khirjein he falls in with Khalid returning unsuccessful from his expedition to the tribe of Aamir, and on his way to attack the tribe of Abs and Adnan. They make a rash attack upon Khalid,

and after having about a hundred horsemen killed, the rest are taken prisoners, their property plunder and their families made captive;

And a great lamentation arose among them: but the g and plaints of Ibla exceeded the rest; for when she had s that her father was again resolved to marry her to Amar she burst forth into most violent cries and wailings; but wl this sad event took place, and they were all made prisons she was a little relieved, and she cried out in a loud voice the name of Antar, never thinking of any part of her fam but to revile and abuse them. Khalid remarked how me distressed she appeared, and inquired who was the wretch mourner. Some of the prisoners, who were no friends Antar, related to him the whole story, and told him t Antar was gone in quest of Jaida, in order to carry her aw that she might attend on Ibla on her marriage night: and they added, on account of this circumstance have fallen i this disaster; for king Zoheir was incensed against father, and went off after her cousin, being greatly alarn about him, aware of your power: thus has he produced fe among the families-Rebia too has accompanied us. T report roused the alarms of Khalid. What, cried he to Absians, is king Zoheir now in my country? Yes, the replied, and with him all our troops and forces, and our las are left destitute of all protection, there being only Wa and three hundred horsemen appointed to defend the Then, cried Khalid, by the faith of an Arab, will I tear his life, and erase the tribe of Abs from the race of men, a make them a proverb in the world. Sending for Ma Kereb, he exclaimed, Away with these horsemen to the la of the Absians! Make their women and their children c tives! Slay their horsemen and troops, and go with y prisoners into the land of the tribes of Morad and Zebeed that I may occupy this country, and by some lucky cha encounter King Zoheir, and render his expedition most ins picious to him. Should he surrender himself a prisone will confine him in my tents to grind wheat and bar VOL. I.

Maadi Kereb did as Khalid directed, and departed with a thousand men; whilst Khalid turned back, a flame raging in his heart; and all Malik's sayings to Antar were reported to him, viz. I will not marry you to my daughter, unless Jaida, the daughter of Zahir, be present to hold the bridle of her camel. At this he fell upon Malik's nose with a whip; he treated Amroo, his son, in the same manner; and he gave them a thrashing hotter than burning coals. Amarah was looking at them in their tortures, and made a thousand calculations as to his own fate. Rebia had been severely wounded in three places, and he was more distressed than any one of the party, for he had been the instigator of this murderous contest in which they had been made prisoners. Corwah also had the same feelings, and he felt resolved never again to follow the counsels of the family of Zeead, for they were wicked, obstinate people; and when he heard Malik scream out in pain and torments, This, said he, is the reward of one who is every day marrying his daughter to some one or other, but never makes her over to her only friend and protector. Thus was Khalid's heart appeased; and as he traversed the passes of the desert, his soul full of Jaida, he thus recited:-

"I lead on the horses in clamorous multitudes like hideous dragons, and they sweep along with their feet and their armour: mounted on them are stubborn warriors, all strongarmed and full mustachioed. Thus they trampled down the lands of the tribes of Aamir and Kelab, and the country of the tribe of Hellal; who fled at my approach, and ran like wild animals from the lion of the forests: they passed the night on the mountains, and their armies watched my form from the summits of the sands. As to the Absians, I attacked them by day, and surrounded them with the points of the spears—I captured their chiefs, and I have left some as rotten carcases at Khirjein. How many of their high-bosomed beauties are shedding tears from their fawn eyes, crying out in their anguish, O by Abs, help us. But the Absians are in chains. Zoheir is, indeed, marching against me with slaves

#### RECOLLECTIONS OF THE BAST.

and with chiefs; but death has driven him to a land of the women surpass such men. If what I have hear true, truth is hartered for lies; for soon will it be evid the day of contention who is the dupe in the acquisitiglary. The gleaning scimitar sparkles in my hand, an pliant spear weeps in blood. I fill the ears of the wa with dread, that the nations fly away from the din an clamour; and the hero, at the very mention of my name he slumbers, sees in his dreams a phantom of my form. if time allow it, I will one day return and seize in fetten despicable Absian slave; and were I to boast of my po I would say, the whole earth is convulsed by my right and my left."

Khalid continued his march over the sand hills till he nigh unto the Absians; and he gave a shout at the mi that made the mountains tremble with horror. But the Absians heard the cries and exclamations, they s one another, These are the voices of our own women cries of the daughters of our uncles. Ruin has fallen us, and no profit have we gained in this trade. WI you think of this? said Antar to King Zoheir. I cannot prehend it, he replied, nor what has happened to us; will despatch some one to clear it up. And calling Absian horseman, Go, said he, and inquire about these tives. The horseman instantly gave the reins to his and as Khalid saw him approach at full speed, he s himself, If this horseman, whom King Zobeir has should demand quarter of me, by the faith of an Arab, not consent-I will disgrace the tribe far and near every one that I capture I will reduce to slavery. Still heart anxious about Jaida, for I have no intelligence So turning to a horseman, he said, Go forth to this A and hear what he has to say; learn, too, if he know thing of Jaida, and return, for I am in alarm about ! the evils of fortune: and my fears are great that she n a captive, or lying dead on the plain. The horseman re and met the Absian half way, and cried out, O tl criminal towards your own life, and marching towards the silence of the tomb, say, what news? before I hack thy joints. Thou Zebeed Arab, replied the Absian, what meanest thou by these threats and menaces? [After a parley and mutual information of the events that had happened] the Zebeedian returned to Khalid, and the Absian hastened back to King Zoheir; and as he advanced he thus spoke:—

"Arise, ye Absians! we have fallen into calamities; your dwellings are destroyed: loud winds whistle about them: nothing remains but the echo! They have driven away your property and your children, disgrace is let loose, as misfortunes descended. Behold your goods plundered and ruined, and your wives violated with their slave girls. The Zebeedians invaded you with their horsemen, and death has succeeded to joy, by means of their strong spears, like long poles, whose thrusts calamities accompanied. Were you to behold your wives; they are, indeed, captives, and no one listens to the lamentations—they are mourning over their land, and their enemies have accomplished all they wished. Come on! take vengeance! Avert from ye this disgrace; your wives are in consternation; tears and sorrow abound among them. Couldst thou, O Antar, behold the grief of Ibla, as she calls out, and frequent are her calls. Couldst thou but see her; how her tears flow, bedewing her garments and her robes. Ibla is among them, shining as the sun. Her charms are like the full moon in the heavens.—Come on ye cowards! engage the foe, for death, and not existence, is now most acceptable. Nothing remains but blows and thrusts; skulls and chins must fly. The enemy has made your wives captives, as ye have done, and the one has requited the other."

On hearing this, King Zoheir and the Absians wept. Antar nearly fell from his horse, though rejoiced at the sorrows of the family of Zeead, feeling assured that their own iniquity had visited them, and convinced that his uncle Malik had been the cause of the mischief, and the contriver of the expedition. But on Ibla's account he endured all.

The Zebecdian messenger also turned back, and tearing off

his garments, he related to Khalid w

him; thus speaking:-

"Hola, ye full-armed nations! ye of Abs that are marching towards y flanked, generous steeds that fly w like hideous dragons. They are driperty, leaving nothing but what is ol of your homes. Your families are e one to aid us against those who hav nocturnal depredations? Is there a pity a tribe whose women and lords a could thine eyes but behold Jaida fawn eyes! Haste thou, lion hero, as sword and the spear among them; for than life that loads man with ignore wretches who have covered us with done in the nights that have passed

Anguish and grief overwhelmed ! verses, and he ordered the Zebeedia The riders mounted their steeds and Every brave horseman stood forth; and were terrified; the warriors so the Absians did the same as the desert trembled under their charges. and tore out lives at will. King Zol (for he beheld what made him sh said he, this is indeed a frightful s destruction. By your existence, my will not fail or increase; and such a for and ardently desire. I will as perty, and our women, and destroy Great Nushirvan, or the emperor of kings of the tribes of Asfar among vivor will I leave to mourn over the tinued :-

"When a youth is content with of pleasure, and wears a veil like a

insulting lious; and gores not the chests of the chargers; and treats not hospitably the guests that come to him; and defends not the tribe with his scimitar; and attains not glory with the blow of the cutlass; and is not resolute in calamities; and upholds not with all his might him who protects his neighbour; and does not steep his spear in the blood of the chieftains: Say then to the female mourners of death. when they would bewail him—Stop, O ye mourners! Never mourn but the lion of the den, intrepid in the rising conflicts. They call me to the battles, and I meet the envious and the hostile; I smite with the sabre, when the men of combats exclaim, O thou joy of champions! I gore with the lance in quest of honour, and I strike with the severing falchion: I rush into the carnage, and I heed it not; the brave youth alone is hailed by the chieftains. Such is the fame that lasts, and never perishes through the remainder of existence: and I will defend my tribe by my exertions from the terrific calamities of war: I will rescue our property in a battle, to which the firm-rooted mountains shall bow in submission; and I will cause my darling Ibla to shout to them all in their dispersion and confusion; I will liberate our captives from them with the sword that splits the skulls of the warrior-chiefs. am Antar, and my reputation is well established among the valiant for the strokes of my falchion."

May God never abandon thy mouth! and may no one ever harm thee! cried Shas. But when Khalid beheld the Absians advance like overpowering lions, the horrors of his situation increased. Rage and fury worked within his soul, and he shrieked out to the tribe of Zebeed, Come on my cousins! the battle! the battle! Pour down punishment upon your foes; but whoever of you falls upon an Absian, let him not slay him; if he be able, let him take him prisoner. With this exhortation, he bent his head over the saddle-bow, and began the assault, and his men acted as he did. The noble Absians received them, brandishing their sharp swords and long spears, headed by Autar, the knight of the blow and the thrust, rushing down upon his foes and antagonists. Now

the conflict rayed furiously between the two armies; deaths were at hand; homors abounded; the swood fell among them right and wrong, souls were dragged out with violence; lives quitted bodies; the heavens mined turnents upon them, and made horsenen drink of tortures; the terrors of doubt anymented; cultimities stack to them with their fungs and claws. Men became old, young as they had been; the cupbearer of death made then qualf the liquor of extinction; fate decided among them, and erred not, but always effected its purpose; and bodies were suffering the severest agonies. Thus they continued the engagement; and the summits of the mountains burst at the fury of the camage and the slaughter. Antar endangered every busseman of the tribes of Morad and Zebeed; his scimitar threatened and menaced in every direction, as he stretched the heroes in the dust. But his impetucsity was principally directed towards the prisoners on account of Ibla; still be could not reach her, so numerous was the host in front of him. Khalid, too, was dealing most vigorous blows, that startled the eyes and alarmed the hearts of the bravest; saying to himself, Wherever I assail, no one can resist me; and be imagined the whole earth to be within his grasp, and verily the mountains rocked under the vehemence of his attack, and trembled in one of him. But he experienced from the Absians the reverse of what he had expected, and never could be make a single prisoner till be had completely harassed and exhausted him. Towards the evening he fell upon that part of the army where King Zoheir fought. He pierced through it and wounded Princes Shas and Mulik, his sons. And when King Zoheir beheld this calamity, his senses were disordered, and he attacked him like an undaunted lion, and engaged him till the day was clouded over, and the sun was clothed in robes of twilight yellow. and the armies of darkness threw around him the robes of obscurity. At last the troops retired from the battle, and separated to the right and to the left. Blood was still streaming and flowing, and the whole field of contention was choked un with skulls. But when the darkness became general, all

dismounted and began to eat. Then King Zoheir acquainted Antar with the exploits of Khalid, and the extraordinary scenes that had passed between them, and told him that Shas and Malik were wounded. By the Ruler of the world, exclaimed Antar, sorely grieved at this circumstance, I must make him drink of the wine of perdition! I could not give my attention to him this morning in the battle, for I sought the release of Ibla; but to-morrow, I will be the first to engage; I will challenge him to the conflict, and when I have slain him in the face of all these warriors, perturbation and dismay will seize them, and we will rescue our captives from bondage and imprisonment, in spite of the boasting of Khalid. Yes, said King Zoheir, we shall vanquish them, and bring down annihilation upon them; but, I own, my beart trembles for Maadi Kereb and his expedition against our families with his ruffian Arabs, for no one remains to protect them but my son Warea with a small party of brave fellows: and I fear much, that he will gain a victory over them, if we do not succeed to-morrow in the concussion of swords and spears. After this, they partook of a repast, and sought repose in slumber: but Antar watched till it was dark, when, mounting his horse, he went forth in order to protect his friends from any sudden calamity under the veil of nocturnal darkness, attended by Shiboob, and in his heart was a flame of fury that he had not subdued Khalid, and had not released Ibla from misery. The words of King Zoheir also, and his alarms for his children, burst upon him, and he felt conscious it was all owing to him and to the failure of his attempts: so, as soon as they had launched into the desert, he poured forth all his sorrows to his brother Shiboob, saying, in conclusion, I would not go alone on the execution of my own concerns, except in a country where there is no one that harbours evil designs against me. Moreover, I do not feel secure about the issue of this business, though truly I performed deeds in which the bravest of heroes would Thus they continued roaming about, gently moving as it were, on their tiptoes, till they came in the rear of the army, where they concealed themselves.

### RECOLLECTIONS OF THE EAST.

Now, by the first dawn of day, the two armies : anxious for the battle and the contest. King expecting to see Antar dart forward as usual, bu appear, and to all his inquiries no one could s satisfactory information: at this he was trouble nished. The circumstance was soon publicly whilst King Zoheir was expressing his distress event, lo! a great dust arose and increased; a preceded it with immense velocity, and the wild : seen running away in terror: the two armies stan eyeballs, when, behold! there came forth from dust some horsemen like lions, and at the head like the declivity of a mountain, stalking over th two feet of prodigious size and length; and in were men bound with cords, and numerous disp without riders: and the multitude shouted, O and he that led them was Maadi Kereb, whom directed to proceed from Zatool Khirjein. He on, till approaching the tribe of Abs, he said to Only drive away the horses-mind not the cam not their women and families-and let us be gon as possible, that the mass of the tribe of Ghif attack us, and whilst we attempt too much, let not to be worsted. Accordingly they assaulted Abs, and drove away the horses and steeds, and ing their hands on the daughters, they depar rocks and the plains: but when the cries of th the free-born arose, Warca mounted with the I that remained with him and pursued the ene Kereb turned upon him, and made a violent assa Absians; and before the close of the day, one fifty of the Absians were made prisoners, Warca l made captive. Maadi Kereb immediately journey with all speed, nor halted till he reac armies just as they were about to begin the cried King Zoheir, this is just what I feared; our only resource is to smite with the sword, for VOL. I.

we behold our wives reduced to infamy and ignominy. Maadi Kereb was joyfully received by his friends, who advanced and saluted him, and in answer to all their inquiries, he told them what had passed. He asked them also for Khalid. Alas! said they, we know nothing of him; last night be went forth to keep the watch, and even till now we have seen no races of him. Maadi Kereb was greatly distressed; he could neither rest nor repose—he cried out, and shouted, and made the assault of one violently afflicted. All the ranks followed him, extending their spears to grasp souls. The Absians received their spears on their breasts, and their lives spurned the calamities that overwhelmed them, and the misfortunes that overpowered them. The whole country shook as with an earthquake—blood began to flow and stream death was eagerly occupied, though at first in jest. The achievements of the feeble were distinguished from those of the brave, and the sun had not mounted high before proofs of death were manifest. King Zoheir was on the right defending himself, and boldly fighting, surrounded by his sons and a party of his brave followers, who at last seeing the calamities that were descending upon them, spread themselves over the desert in flight. In vain King Zoheir would have rallied them; they heeded him not; and the Absians were nearly destroyed: heavy evils pressed upon them; and just at the moment that death was let loose upon them, lo! a shout arose in the rear of the enemy, and a large body of horse charged in various directions, exceeding a thousand men, every warrior armed with a lance, and every one crying out, O by Abs! O by Adnan! Antar was in front of them. and Shiboob by his side, roaring out, Hey, O Zebeedians! misery awaits ye from all quarters: abandon your false hopes; and if ye will not admit the justice of what I say, behold, here is the head of your leader Khalid !-calamity has overtaken him. Thus saying, he raised up a towering spear. on which was a head like the head of a demon. And immediately Antar assailed them with his companions, plying their blows and thrusts among the tribe of Zebeed. Antar

separated, they shot their arrows, directed by the sound of their voices. In the mean time Khalid and Antar were engaged in a conflict of attacks and thrusts; of pressure and junction, neither man nor genii could have waged. They exerted all their powers and bellowed; their blows descended by thousands: the contest was fiercer than a blazing fire. The obscurity of night continued till the skirts of the garments of darkness were drawn up, and the light of day shone. when Antar saw in Khalid what he had not counted; but the flame of his fury only raged the more; he plied his blow and thrust the more violently: so likewise did Shiboob and Damis; though wearied by the vehemence of their labours. still they sprang and plunged at each other the more. The arrows of either being expended, they returned to the contest with daggers, and trusted to the blows of their poignards; and just as each raised his hand with his dagger, and aimed a blow at each other, lo! there burst forth a withering howl: and a voice exclaimed. I will not fail, for I am ever the lover of Ibla: I will not be controlled! and he that uttered this sound was Antar. Perceiving his antagonist flag in his strength, he pushed upon him like a voracious lion; he poured down upon him the attack of fate and destiny, and smote him with the irresistible Dhami, and behold! his head rolled upon the ground. When Damis saw this and heard the shout, he was struck with horror. He attempted to fly, but Shiboob overtook him, and plunged his poignard in between his shoulders, and forced it out between his paps: then turning towards his master, he congratulated him on his safety, and inquired about his adversary, and what had happened to him. By the life of the eyes of Ibla, exclaimed Antar, I never beheld a more valiant hero, nor a more impetuous arm. Very well, said Shiboob, but, this time however, you have not so much the advantage over me as to make me blush; for you have slain your man, and I mine. But, said Antar, how different were they in their advance and retreat! Upon this, he ordered him to take up Khalid's head, and thus they retired from that spot to the field of battla, and when they arrived

#### RECOLLECTIONS OF THE BASY.

he perceived the Absians discomfited, and the Zeb hot in the pursuit of his friends, who were invoking hi ance. All the troops being now dispersed over the plai there being only one hundred men stationed as a gua the prisoners, Antar, who observed this circumstance out to the slave-girls and slaves of the Absians, Why delay releasing your masters from captivity and bondage he rushed upon the hundred men, and scattered the and left, stretching many on the dust. The slaves in liberated their masters from their cords, and rescue men and women, who sending forth one universal shot the mountains ring with the uproar. They hastened scene of action, and blackened the country on all side moment Antar assailed the foe, and poured down up thrusts that anticipated death, whilst Shiboob hois Khalid's head on the point of a tall spear, and crie that voice, and spoke in those words. God now dispe gloom and sorrow from the heart of King Zoheir warriors. Flight and dismay fell upon their enemies towards their own country. The Absians retired fi field of battle exulting in the realization of their wisl the accomplishment of their hopes.

Few readers, it is presumed, can have attentively the Author's narrative up to this point, without be pressed with his vivid powers of description, and the r turn of his mind, which strikes out natural but unant trains of thought, from objects which to ordinary mind not have suggested an idea beyond that of their ovexistence. The accuracy of his descriptions of East and scenery will not be disputed; their minute reatinguishes them from the fantastic groupings of image and their fidelity, thus already sufficiently attested, roborated by their remarkable agreement with the decl

and allusions of Scripture, and the reports of other travellers who have passed through the same scenes. His delineations of that more important part of creation, the mind and character of man, as exhibited in those countries, is also accurate and discriminating; and if his deductions from the facts will not in every instance appear perfectly accordant with sound reason or correct religion, this will not impair the value and interest of his description of what he has witnessed. By a plain Bible Christian or a common-sensed Englishman, his sentimentality will not be mistaken for true piety; but many allowances must be made for the state of society and feeling, in the country of which he is a native. His frequent introduction of his private and family affairs, though it cannot fail to interest, may to many appear singular; but it must be recollected that he tells us, in the preface, that these observations were not intended for the public eye, but were designed merely for his own and his family's inspection. The intrinsic merits of the work, however, greatly counterbalance its accidental peculiarities, and it can only be regretted that the Author's travels were not as extensive as his details of those which he has here narrated are interesting and instructive.

TRANSLATOR

BND OF YOL. 1.

## DE LAMARTINE'S

VISIT TO

# THE HOLY LANI

OR,

Recollections of the Bast.

ACCOMPANIED WITH

INTERESTING DESCRIPTIONS AND ENGRAVINGS OF T PRINCIPAL SCENES

OF.

OUR SAVIOUR'S MINISTRY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE

FRENCH OF MONSIEUR ALPHONZE DE LAMARTIN

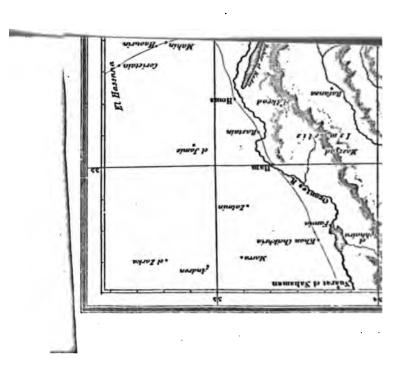
Member of the French Academy,

BY

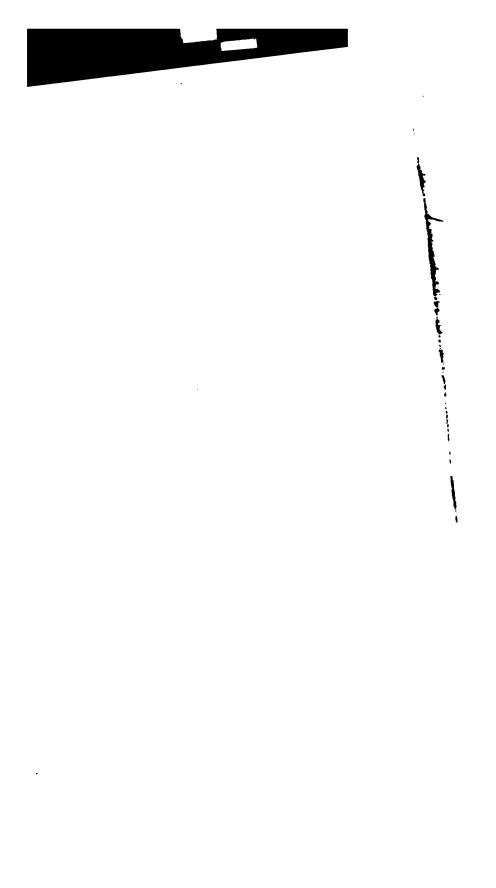
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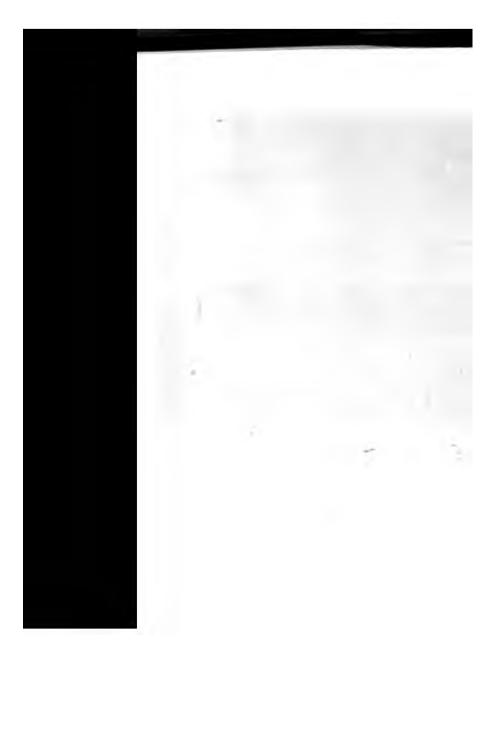
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